

# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

MAY 31 1857

MAY 31 1937



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI

# THE POPE OF THE MISSIONS

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**T**HE Foreign Missions are simply the Church growing. Like the Church itself the Missions know no boundary of time or place or color. For his faithful children as well as for those who are not of his fold, the Holy Father prays. His fatherly interest in those who are making history on the frontiers of the Church has brought to him the title of *The Pope of the Missions*.

**I**N A special manner THE SIGN is devoted to the assistance of the Fathers and Sisters of the Vicariate of Yüanling, Hunan, China. Theirs is not a story of conquest and power—except the conquest of evil and the power of Christ's Cross—but the ineffaceable record of sharing their lives with those who are unwilling strangers to the Truth.

**N**O PRICE can be set upon the tireless labors of the Church's frontiersmen, nor cold figures be listed as payment for their deeds. For who can tell the worth of cultured Sisters dressing with their own hands the forbidding wounds of outcasts that they may reveal a little of Christ's mercy? Who will say that pennies, dimes or dollars are thrown away when a missionary feeds his famished fellow creatures whose hungry bodies

are but faint symbols of their famished souls? Is glittering gold, so widely worshipped and so wildly squandered, wasted when it equips the priest of God to go where he may place souls on the threshold of Heaven?



The Holy Father prays for those who are not yet in the true Fold

**T**O TAKE the gnawing hunger from human hearts, to smile away the agony of fear from terror-stricken eyes, to heal, to strengthen, to offer the gift of life eternal — this is the unmatched vocation of the Foreign Missionary. Yet it is a startling fact that he is too often pitifully handicapped and a reproaching fact that he need not be.

His efforts at times are

fruitless, his zealous plans still-born, his heroic life in part wasted because we in the homeland do not always realize his dire need.

**T**HERE are none who read these lines, were they to spend a day in any of our Passionist Missions, but would share until they knew the strange, sweet joy of painful sacrifice. May vision be given to all to read between the modest lines of our missionaries' letters the stirring deeds that are being done for Christ and the soul-searching appeal which is made in His Name and for His Cause.

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# THE SIGN

A N A T I O N A L C A T H O L I C M A G A Z I N E

## Dedication

*To His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, who has written his name in history and in the hearts of men, we respectfully dedicate this issue on the occasion of his eightieth birthday*

**O**N May 31st the Supreme Pontiff will have rounded out eighty years of a life which has been wholly dedicated to the service of Christ. Catholics throughout the world, whether in countries where the Church is free or in lands where it is persecuted, will thank God for having spared to them His Vicar on earth.

In current years when the Church of Christ is attacked, openly or insidiously, not in a single dogma but in the very sources of faith itself—Providence has provided a wise and holy Shepherd of Christendom.

As related in this issue of *THE SIGN*, his years of scholarship and of varied experience fitted him for the task of directing the Church through some of the stormiest days it has ever known. Fervent priest, historian, diplomat—his training and his personal holiness enable him to understand and to solve the weighty and urgent problems which confront him.

Fearless and far-seeing, as well as kind and paternal, he has exposed the errors of those who would lead his children astray. And while warning mankind of the evils to which false philosophies will bring them, he has reminded them of the welcome which is always waiting for those who return to their Father's house.

No class has been forgotten by him. Priests and married people, missionaries, rulers and subjects, employers and employees have had the benefit of his experienced counsel. Through all his exhorta-

tions there runs the dominant thought that, while the rights and privileges of men are to be respected on this earth, our thoughts and our efforts are to be directed towards heaven. No one is more insistent than he that human injustices should be corrected without delay. But he has always insisted that the observance of God's law and the striving for personal sanctity can alone bring the full and lasting peace for which the soul of man craves.

The influence of his decisions cannot be fully measured now. He has given direction and inaugurated action which will continue to form Catholic life for centuries to come. He has the enduring affection of the faithful and the respect even of the enemies of the Church.

**F**ATHERS and mothers will bless him for his defense of the marriage bond. Priests will thank him for his inspiring reminder of their dignity and ideals. Missionaries will hold him in gratitude forever for his special interest in their apostolate. From mill and mine, from factory and farm, men who toil will salute the champion of the laborers. The joys and the sorrows of the world are his.

That his burden may be lightened, and his Christ-like life prolonged, is the fervent prayer of the whole Church. To him is pledged our affectionate obedience and loyalty.

*Father Theophane Maguire O.P.*



# CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

**H**ARDLY surprising is the rapid growth in union organizations which has followed the Supreme Court's decision on the National Labor Relations Act. That process of expansion is still in full swing. While the A. F. L. has not failed to benefit, the C. I. O. in particular has had a numerical increase which has taxed the

## Labor Counts Its Gains

time of its office staff. Requests for affiliation have poured in as a result of further strikes or, in some instances, from voluntary recognition on the part of employers. New fields have been covered where, not long since, there seemed little prospect that industry would budge from its long stand against collective bargaining.

Encouraged, but not satisfied, the unions continue a vigorous campaign to gather into their folds the large number who lack organization. They know that the total membership of the A. F. L. and C. I. O. is about 5,700,000. Still outside the ranks are about 30,000,000 workers who do not belong to any union. Until a larger percentage of these is won over, the movement will not be considered a success nor will it have an opportunity to exhibit the strength at which it aims.

The veteran leaders of both labor camps, it is hoped, are aware of the dangers which accompany the wholesale enlisting of large numbers in any organization. A weeding-out process of radical and disturbing elements is not only in order when these are discovered, but it is a measure which will ensure the wholehearted sympathy and support from the public. The most valuable asset of any union is a leadership which is alive to this necessity.

• • •

**A**GROWING impatience to produce further labor legislation is stirring in some quarters in Washington. Because of the claim that employers' rights have been left unprotected, as well as from actual instances of disorders in connection with strikes there will undoubtedly be serious and heated discussion

## State Labor Legislation

of the subject. Action along these lines involves a number of other questions. How soon will the issue be forced? Will time be allowed for the working out of the Wagner Act, so that its results may offer the basis for improved measures? Or will there be a hasty effort to patch over the deficiencies of that Act? Again, will pressure on the unions for incorporation or registration stop their advance? Or will it, on the contrary, compel them to forget their differences and present a united front?

While some students of the economic problem believe that the pendulum has already swung too far in favor of the working man, others sincerely disagree with this opinion. Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan, whose interview with the editor appears on page 659 of this issue, holds that the balance of bargaining power remains top-heavy on the side of industry. To his mind restrictive measures would not only embarrass, but would cripple the movement for social justice. His successful handling of several critical labor situations prove that he is not a mere theorist.

At the present time his Bill for Industrial Peace is engaging the attention of Michigan legislators. He is attempting to establish a machinery within the state, which will function to prevent, as far as possible, economic disturbances. If, after the Bill is debated, a formula is reached that proves to be workable—the example of Michigan may be followed. There is a distinct fear on the part of many informed persons, that the federal authority is rapidly encroaching on state rights. It remains to be proven how willing the people of the individual states are to provide for the problems within their borders. Unless some provision is made, they may expect a repetition of those violent outbreaks which have sent them scurrying to Washington for aid. It is time that the voting consumer, who in the end absorbs the losses of the capital-labor disputes, took some part in helping to a peaceful solution.

• • •

**C**ERTAIN recent events in Mexico have been taken as an indication that there has been a change of heart on the part of the rulers of that country. The killing of Leonor Sanchez

## Mexico Adopts New Methods

last February aroused such a storm of protest that its direct result was the reopening of a great many churches in the State of Vera Cruz—churches which have been closed for many years, as that State has long been a center of anti-Catholic activities.

Another apparently favorable move was the recent decision of the Mexican Supreme Court declaring that the Catholic percentage of population must be considered when a State government determines the maximum number of priests allowed to officiate in that State.

Together with several other events these incidents are taken to indicate a change of attitude on the part of the Mexican Government and to foreshadow an approaching era of freedom and prosperity for the Catholic Church in that country.

We wish that we could be so optimistic. But the leopard does not change its spots so easily. All that we can see at present in the apparent change of attitude on the part of the Mexican Government is a change of method. Instead of a frontal attack on the Church all along the line, the attack is to be concentrated on obtaining control of youth through education. President Cardenas' apparent desire to live at peace with the Catholic Church is perhaps no more than a conviction that he can de-Christianize the country more surely and with less trouble through Socialistic schools. To the party in control in Mexico the Catholic Church is an enemy which must be crushed, and the only diversity of opinion in leading circles is on the method to be employed.

Education in Mexico continues to be Socialistic and atheistic in character. Commenting on the fact that a teacher had been sent to Russia by the Mexican Minister of Public Education to make a study of Communist teaching methods, *El Universal Grafico* says: "Nowadays a journey to Russia is like a pilgrimage to Rome, Jerusalem or Mecca in centuries past." And *Excelsior* in a recent editorial says: "One of the deficiencies of official education is found in textbooks in which, under the pretext of sowing in the hearts of children and youth the new teachings which destroy an 'igno-

minious' past, a campaign is systematically waged against the most respectable traditions of the country by means of a scientific socialism which is gross and false materialism; and with its 'defanaticizing' propensity, is only an atheistic attack upon the religions and beliefs of the majority of Mexicans."

In *Mexican Survey* by Randall Pond on page 655 of this issue will be found a more detailed analysis of recent events below the Rio Grande.

THE EXPLANATION of the studied indifference to Loyalist crimes and the concerted, speedy and violent condemnation of alleged Insurgent offenses is the daily, inspired propaganda emanating from the Red or Loyalist sources of news. Consequently, everything coming from such sources is to be suspected

### Loyalist Propaganda

and not to be believed without evidence from unbiased witnesses. It is wonderful how the facts—not inspired stories—of the murder of thousands of Catholic priests and religious, as well as of defenseless citizens, throughout Spain, by Loyalists, have disappeared entirely from the news columns of the secular press. Who today remembers the destruction of churches, the desecration of cemeteries and ecclesiastical monuments, the burning of monasteries and convents, the inhuman siege of the Alcazar, the wholesale murder of priests and religious and a dozen or so bishops? They are all forgotten. Such things told against the Loyalist cause. Something was needed to turn public opinion against the Nationalists. This accounts for the imputation of various crimes committed by the Loyalists to the Insurgents.

Does not this prove that the sources of news are controlled by some hidden power, which suppresses the facts which tell in favor of the Nationalist cause, emphasizes beyond all credibility things which tell against them and manufactures lies out of whole cloth when it serves their purpose? It was thought that after the World War people would not be influenced by propaganda. This hope has not been realized. In fact, various international societies have perfected the technique of propaganda to a degree never before attained. All the more reason, then, for Catholics to counteract it by faithfully supporting and reading the Catholic Press.

A WORLD-WIDE appeal to "all men of good will" to raise their voices in "overwhelming protest" against the alleged bombing of Guernica, the ancient "holy city" of the Basques, is being circulated.

### Crime of Guernica

Francis J. McConnell, liberal leader of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New York and chairman of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. This Committee is a "relief organization." In other words, it is not interested in war supplies and in the victory of the so-called Spanish "Government." It merely intends to help the poor and the wounded!

The appeal claims that "the ancient Basque city of Guernica has been razed to the ground by Fascist Insurgent airmen. Unfortified and unarmed, its houses, churches, and defenseless inhabitants—10,000 men, women and children, including refugees—were bombed and machine-gunned for nearly four hours without ceasing. The toll of slaughtered innocents exceeds 800. This is the crime of Guernica."

Horrible, indeed! If such a bombardment of an unfortified city actually occurred, it deserves to be condemned by all decent men. But the question is—did it occur? The presumption is that it did not. The stories about it came from Bilbao and they were so similar in character that they had all the evidence of being "inspired." No foreign correspondent was present at the alleged bombing. Although the town was supposed to have been utterly destroyed by Insurgent airplanes, the soldiers' barracks were said to be intact. Did the Insurgents desire to respect the quarters of their enemies? or was it just an oversight? Nor did the bombs hit the Sacred Tree and the Parliament House—ancient symbols of Basque democracy. Franco, of course, felt that the Basques and their Red allies would need these beautiful symbols to bolster their failing cause and to win the support of lovers of democracy all over the world.

What is the truth about this monstrous charge? According to the foreign correspondent of *The New York Times*, who visited Guernica after the alleged bombing, there is every evidence that the town was dynamited and burned by the retreating Basques and the Reds. Irun and Eibar were also supposed to have been destroyed by Franco's men, but evidence proved that they were burned and dynamited by the retreating army.

NOT LONG AGO our ears were assailed by the wailings and lamentations from various sources at the reports that three American Protestant missionaries had been expelled from Ethiopia. To many it was just another proof that the Catholic Church and Fascism work hand in hand for the destruction of all liberty.

### Anti-Catholic News Targets

*The Christian Century*—for which any stick is good enough to belabor the Catholic Church—writes hysterically of the "joint attack upon Protestantism by papal and fascist Rome."

"Now begins," it declared editorially, "the second phase of the conquest of Ethiopia—its transformation from a predominantly Coptic Christian State with liberty for all other faiths into a Roman Catholic State 'culturally integrated' by the exclusion of all disturbing influences." And again: "In Ethiopia it is a fascist and Catholic ideology, and the Coptic clergy and the Protestant missionaries and their adherents are the victims."

But before the tears had dried on editorial faces and while echoes of jeremiads still rang in our ears, word came from Washington that Ambassador William Phillips had cabled the State Department from Rome declaring that investigation had revealed that the three women in question were still about their business in Addis Ababa. This news arrives, however, after certain news agencies had aroused the indignation of the Protestant world against "papal and fascist" Rome by spreading false reports.

No opportunity is passed over by certain publications to attempt to identify Fascism and Catholicism or to enlarge on anti-Italian or anti-Catholic reports. We recall the large space given to the "massacre" of the Ethiopians after Marshal Graziani was wounded by an attempted assassin. Far less notice was accorded the account of James Rohrbach, non-Catholic missionary and former United Press correspondent in Addis Ababa.

"Mussolini definitely did not order the killings; Graziani was in bed with an arm and a leg badly lacerated by the explosion; he ordered no killings; they were the result of hysterical anger. In many cases the soldiers helped put out fires set by the crowd. . . .

"The attempt to assassinate Graziani was the culmination

of months of misunderstanding, most of it the fault of the Ethiopians. . . . The Italians, who had given every indication of friendliness when they arrived, were growing more and more angry." A great part of the secular press is not noted for its habit of retracting news which has come from biased sources.

• • •

**C.** HORACE MORTIMER, writing of the career of Pedro de Cordoba in The New York *Herald-Tribune*, says that the publicity departments of the studios have an in-

### Pet Aversion

formation blank which they ask newly arriving actors to fill in, so as to "get a line on them." One of the questions given on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer blank is: "Pet aversion?" Here is how Mr. Cordoba answered it, according to Mr. Mortimer: "I believe that de Cordoba is the only actor who has had the courage of his convictions to answer with the single word—Sin!"

That was a courageous stroke. We do not imagine many other Hollywood actors, or actors outside Hollywood, would have answered as Mr. de Cordoba did. Not that there may not be members of the theatrical profession who have an aversion for sin, but that it is pretty certain that they would not say so. Yet, what more logical and what more truly Christian than to confess that one's "aversion" is sin? whether there is anything of the "pet" about it or not? By the way, is not a "pet aversion" a contradiction in terms?

All honor, then, to Mr. Pedro de Cordoba for his courage in proclaiming his spiritual convictions. It may be that some actors would consider such a confession rather old-fashioned—something that is not done. But since sin and glorifying sin was often the "pet theme" of Hollywood, it should not be considered strange that one actor has the integrity of character to testify that he hates sin. May his tribe increase! There is a great need of persons with such an aversion in the acting profession.

• • •

**A**MAZING are the reports which continue to flow in from Germany. And were they not so tragic we could continually smile at the antics of Hitler and his crowd. His

### Hitler Makes a New German Nation

May Day bombast directed against the Holy Father made it clear again that he has absolutely no sound idea as to what he is going to do with the future of Nazi youth. "We will take them away," he says, "from their 'old fogey' parents who oppose their Nazification and train them up to become *new* Germans. We will bring them up in the spirit of the community. They shall not escape us. They will join the party—or go into factories and offices. Later on they will do two years of military service. Who shall dare say that such training will not produce a nation?"

The question immediately comes to mind: "A nation of what?" If his program to do away with the Churches and to make Germany decidedly a nation of patriots succeeds, it is easy to see that the destruction of Germany will be the result. And do the German people want their nation destroyed?

One wonders how long they are going to sit back and let the show go on. They must know that it cannot last forever. It is hard to believe, knowing the German tradition as it is, that the German people can be in full agreement with Hitler's program. The "old fogies" must in their hearts feel outraged with the *new* Germany. Turmoil in the Churches, anti-Semitic persecutions, cliques within the ruling party itself, a

bridled press, a government in which they have no say and of which they dare not speak—a *new* Germany indeed.

How long are the other nations of the world going to suffer the insufferable and defiant egotism which Hitler has flaunted in their faces? His persecution of the Jews has raised a barrier against the chance to restore world trade and thus reduce the temptation to war. The domestic policies of the Reich are sovereign rights which Nazi spokesmen have refused to discuss with outsiders, no matter what the consequences. The Jewish persecution is important, because as long as it persists Jews will insist on leaving the country and taking with them their possessions, valued between ten billion and fifteen billion marks. This prevents Germany from lifting her foreign exchange restrictions and keeps other powers from free exchange with her in world trade. This is only one of the boomerangs. And without international collaboration how can Germany go ahead?

• • •

**I**T IS gratifying to record that the "cause" of Father Dominic Barberi, C.P., is going forward happily. On Pentecost Sunday the Holy Father presided at the public reading of the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which certified to the fact that Father Dominic practiced the virtues in an heroic degree.

### The "Cause" of Father Dominic, C.P.

The next step in the process of beatification will be the examination of the miracles which have been attributed to his intercession. If two at least of these miracles are accepted, then the clients of Father Dominic will be entitled to address him as Blessed Dominic.

Many of our readers know that Father Dominic received John Henry Newman, the future Cardinal, into the Catholic Church. This seems to have been God's earthly blessing for the years of longing and labor for the conversion of England which characterized the poor, unknown, Italian Passionist priest. From his earliest days in the Congregation of the Passion, Father Dominic (who entered as a lay brother but was advised to become a clerical student on account of his remarkable intellect), yearned to be sent to England. He longed to assist in bringing to fruition the prayers which St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists, had poured out for over half a century in behalf of that country. After thirty years Father Dominic was appointed, not without signs of heavenly intervention, to lead the band selected for the English mission.

• • •

**T**O VERY REV. TITUS CERRONI, C.P., on his election as General of the Passionist Congregation. ¶To Bernard Williams and Louis Webb, first colored novices to make

### Toasts Within The Month

their profession as brothers of the Society of the Divine Word. ¶To Sr. Mary Joseph—Sister of Charity of Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio—on the 75th Jubilee of her religious profession. ¶To Very Rev. Dr. Haas, Rector of St. Francis Seminary, on his appointment to the Wisconsin State Labor Relations Board. ¶To Fr. Joseph Eckert, S.V.D., on his recent class of 125 converts, which has brought his total number of conversions to 2400. ¶To Charles Nennig, newly appointed editor of the *Catholic Daily Tribune*—the only Catholic English daily in the United States. ¶To Cardinal Hayes and other Church and civic leaders for the gain for decency made in the burlesque ban. ¶To Dr. Heinrich Bruening, distinguished ex-Chancellor of Germany on his appointment to the teaching staff of Harvard University.



# CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

## ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

### PROPER TRAINING

SOME good old-fashioned common sense is contained in the following remarks. From "Can the Schools Save Democracy?" by Avis D. Carlson in "Harpers":

Probably there are no other words in the language over which we grow so emotional as "religion," "love," and "Democracy." Yet it would be hard to select three realms of experience from which we shy away so self-consciously when it comes to instructing our children. "When he grows up he'll make up his own mind about it" or "Give them the facts and let them make their own inferences" we decree sanctimoniously. And when some educator remarks that we should teach the implications of Democracy for contemporary life, we wither him with the cry "indoctrination."

But we shall never train up a responsible citizenry without some indoctrination. Surely the generation which has now come up without definite religious training is proof of that. In the course of a lifetime they may pick up a wide assortment of facts about Christianity, but religion rarely becomes a vital force for them. Children can be crammed with statistics about production and consumption; but unless their elders point out the inferences and economic philosophies which have been and are being built round those statistics the youngsters will never understand them. They can be taught the facts of history; but unless they are grounded in a definite political philosophy they are not apt to grow up with one, still less to give it the kind of loyalty that Democracy is going to need in the next thirty years.

### CHESTERTON AND BELLOC

FROM "The Voice," publication of the students and alumni of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, are taken the following anecdotes concerning Chesterton and Belloc:

Everyone knows that Mr. Chesterton was a large man. How large, he himself did not know. That was one fact he never faced. Rough estimates put his weight at three hundred and fifty pounds. The story goes that a foolish woman (and there are such, Mr. Sheed reminded us) asked him during the war why he was not out at the front. And in true Chestertonian manner the reply came, "My dear lady if you'll step around to the side you'll see I am!"

The popular anecdote about Belloc finds him in Westminster Cathedral on his knees praying. And when the observing sacristan reminded him that it was time to stand, Mr. Belloc calmly replied, "Go to hell." Not to be outdone, the sacristan retorted, "I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know you were a Catholic."

### RIGHTS OF CITIZENSHIP

MOST people give little thought to the rights of citizenship. Those in danger of losing them have a keen appreciation of their worth. From "Highlights of the Law" by Guerra Everett in "Current History":

Since the Edict of Caracalla, which made Roman citizens of all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire in its day of widest territorial expansion, no phenomenon has been so striking as the increase of American citizenship through naturalization in the last century. Many millions of individuals have emulated Saint Paul in claiming citizenship in the country which offers most to its citizens. The disabilities

of naturalized citizens are few (one can become a Senator or a Justice of the Supreme Court, but not President) but those which do exist are enough to cause many a stirring fight to preserve "natural born" rights. Not long ago the grandson of a great American statesman, born abroad of an alien father, wanted to undergo the experience of a "hitch" in the C.C.C. When he was rejected as an alien he took his case to court, and the decision in his favor has become a classic, along with that pronounced last December in the case of a wealthy sportsman, similarly situated, whose political ambitions were clouded with questions about his title to citizenship.

When the tiny island community of Guam sent a commission to Washington last month to petition for recognition as American citizens, it proved how highly this privilege is to be prized. And it was eloquently set forth by Dr. Ernest Gruening, who, testifying before a sub-committee of the House on the pending Jones-Costigan sugar control bill, said:

"Our protest is embodied in the fact, as I say, the bill perpetuates a new geography. It creates two kinds of territory for America. It creates a continental and an offshore America. We cannot recognize such a division. We think there is no warrant or justification for it whatever. We think it is just as unwarranted to make this division as to make a similar division on any physical or historical feature such as the Mississippi River, for instance, and to say that Americans living west of that river are entitled to some kind of consideration and Americans east of it to another kind, or the continental divide, or the Mason and Dixon Line. We only know one kind of America, and that includes the land where the flag flies, and where American citizens reside."

### THE TWO MILLION DOLLAR COMMA

THAT even so small an item as a comma can be of importance is evidenced by the following incident. By Charles R. Rosenberg in the "Young Catholic Messenger":

Of course you have seen commas, plenty of them!

But have you ever seen one that cost \$2,000,000 in real money and was the subject of a special Act of Congress? There was such a comma, and its tremendous cost was due to the fact that the comma was put where it did not belong.

This famous \$2,000,000 comma had a most significant if short-lived career. In 1872, Congress passed a tariff law imposing certain duties on imports, but added to the law a paragraph setting forth that "all foreign fruit plants, etc.," might be admitted to the country free of duty. While the bill was pending in Congress, it was copied by a clerk, who by mistake inserted an extra comma, so that the law as passed provided that the exemption from duty should apply to "all foreign fruit, plants, etc." Nobody discovered what had happened until after the bill with its extra comma had become a law by virtue of the President's signature.

Importers of foreign fruits were quick to take advantage of the blunder. Fruit from other lands began to pour into the United States duty free. Thanks to the comma, the Government was powerless to do anything about it. Computation of import duty on the volume of foreign fruit brought into the country under the authority of the comma showed that our Government had lost \$2,000,000 in revenue that it otherwise could have collected. To correct the error, Congress at its next session in 1874 had to pass an act amending the tariff law by removing the expensive comma.



## FATHER FRANCIS DUFFY

ON SUNDAY, May 2nd, a statue of the well-known war chaplain, Father Francis Duffy, was unveiled in Times Square, New York. The following remarks are from the Sports column of Bill Corum in the "New York Evening Journal":

It is the only statue in Times Square. Probably the only one that ever will be allowed there. But it belonged nowhere else, and no other individual ever left as deep an imprint, as sweet a memory, on the garish, thoughtless section as this fighting priest of the old 69th, New York.

To call Father Duffy the priest of the 69th is simply to give him a title. He was everybody's priest.

Soldier and sailor and actor and actress and down-and-out and professional bum and the homeless and the old and the sick and the weary; they knew him and they came to him for aid and comfort, material and otherwise, for the little door of his parish house at 329 W. 42nd Street was never closed.

He was, in the language of the strange section he served with such a keen insight into the difficult business of life and living, a great guy for a touch.

He never learned to say "No," and, as with all people of that generous nature, it would have required a large pump operating 24 hours a day to keep him in money for staking purposes.

While the fine, and as yet not wholly paid for, statue shows Father Duffy in his A.E.F. khaki and gas mask and helmet, the Great War in France was only one battle in his lifetime war for right and justice and a better understanding among men.

I did not know Father Duffy then. Flanders and the Somme were where the English fought their war. But knowing him later for the sportsman he was and how high his pulse beat to the end of his life, I know how eagerly he must have welcomed those visits into No Man's Land, when the chaplains of all creeds would don black coats with white crosses on the front and back and go from shell hole to shell hole in the night to minister to the dead and dying.

There was no finer sight than that along the Western Front from Belford to the sea, for it was a reminder that men such as Father Duffy still lived to help keep the torch of civilization burning even in No Man's Land. \* \* \* \*

It is not easy at this distance to do the sort of piece you had hoped to do about this statue and its unveiling. Perhaps the main thing is that the thought was there.

But more important still, I'm sure, is that when we pass it there in the Square, we'll give a thought to the life and ideals of the man it represents. Even though we do it almost unconsciously in the rush and hurry of our lives, it is my idea that we'll be better off for it.

Father Duffy would like that. It was all he tried to do.

## ENGLISH MANNERS

ONE of the many differences between English and American manners is to be found in the matter of titles. The following is from "Scribner's":

If you were caught speeding, no English policeman would dream of shouting at you or even asking you where the fire is. On the contrary, while he was writing out your ticket, he'd probably call you Sir. Nor would he feel that such politeness was either ineffective or that it was lowering to his self-esteem. The English system of titles works not, as many Americans think, for the glorification of the upper classes, but for dignifying all classes. Thus, while there are about 5000 Britons with actual titles from the lowest Sir to a Grade A Duke, every humble tradesman is addressed as *Mister*, your cook is not *Maggie* or *Hilda* but always *Mrs.* You never shout *Waitress* or *Maid* but always *Miss*, every trained nurse is *Sister*, and finally every so-called

gentleman without a title nevertheless must always have *Esquire* or *Esq.* after his name in writing, while in conversation you recognize his position by calling him by his last name only and never *Mister* unless you are a woman or he your senior. Yet the piquant part of the title system is that, where we frown on it as a bit imperialistic, the English solemnly believe it is democratic! And, curiously enough, for the Englishman it does seem to work that way.

## WHAT IS OWED THE YOUNG?

FALSE and exaggerated ideas of what parents owe their young are preventing many married people from fulfilling the destiny for which they are intended by God and nature. From "To Live and to Create Life" by Dorothy Thompson in the "Ladies' Home Journal":

The Swedish commission says quite bluntly that the love of comfort, even of luxury, is deciding the Swedish middle classes not to have children. They are a bother and they mean a sacrifice.

That, I am sure, is also true here; but to it I would add something else: an exaggerated idea of what parents owe their children.

What *do* parents owe their young? They owe them a decent inheritance of health, untainted by congenital disease, and society owes it to itself to demand greater eugenic control over prospective parents. Then, parents owe their children a home free from domestic strife and wrangling. They owe them an atmosphere of family consideration and affection. They owe them adequate food, but they do not owe them luxurious food, and if all the current ideas on diet are correct I do not see how most of us ever grew up. And they owe them an education to the point where they can shift for themselves. Above all, they owe them a pattern of behavior which the children may be proud to follow.

But parents do *not* owe their children every luxury, the indulgence of every whim and fashion, complete lack of responsibility through childhood and youth into adulthood, moving pictures whenever they want them, motorcars—even secondhand ones—college educations, and security for life. The really superior high-school student who towers well above the average of his mates can get a college education today without the aid of his parents. Many of those whose harassed parents send them to universities at vast sacrifice would be better equipped for life by an apprenticeship or actual experience at a trade. The spoiled child is a peculiarly American phenomenon: selfish, demanding, pampered far beyond the necessities of his years, growing up to expect from society what he has always had from his parents—returns entirely incommensurate with his own contributions.

\* \* \*

Therefore, neither their temporary comfort nor the apprehension that they cannot give their children vastly more than they ever had themselves is sufficient reason for many women not having children. Among my personal acquaintances I can count a dozen women who postponed having children in their youth for one of these two reasons. Almost all of them have lived to regret it bitterly. Their lives after thirty have been spent seeking advice as to how they can now have children, only to find that they have missed earlier opportunities and it is now too late. Looking ahead, a decade ago, they were afraid. Looking back now, they say, "We could have managed it, after all."

There is something basically wrong with a society in which the affirmation of life itself, the will to live and to create life, becomes atrophied. No amount of civilization, culture and technical achievement will save such a society in the end. The barbarians, with healthier instincts, will eventually inherit it.

## THE POPE IN ST. PETER'S

THE following beautiful description of the Holy Father's entrance into St. Peter's for a solemn service is taken from "In The Steps of St. Paul" by H. V. Morton. Pope Pius XI celebrates his eightieth birthday in May:

As the procession came at funeral pace up the nave, the great church, lit hitherto by the pale daylight, blazed suddenly with countless lights; and the trumpets ceased their fanfare. The sound of a solemn march now filled St. Peter's, and I saw Pope Pius XI far off at the east end of the church, seated in the state palanquin, the *sedia gestatoria*, clothed in white. There was a jeweled tiara on his head, and he sat motionless, except when he slowly raised his hand to trace the sign of the cross in the air.

Two *fiabella*, great fans of ostrich feathers, moved slowly above the Pope's head, and they reminded me of Constantinople and of the Byzantine emperors, and of the time when the representatives of St. Peter ruled the church of Eastern Christendom. There was not one meaningless thing in all this rich display. There was not one piece of embroidery that had not been pinned in position by Time. All the centuries had combined to make this progress of the Pope. St. Peter's was suffocating with its memories.

Strangely, perhaps, I was not aware of any emotional appeal in the sight before me: the appeal was purely to the mind and imagination. There was an elderly man in white, borne shoulder-high in a chair that trembled slightly as it advanced, but I was looking not at one man or at one Pope: I was looking at all history and at all Popes. It seemed to me that everything else in the world was young. I had seen the oldest living thing in the world: I had seen the visible expression of a corporate memory that goes back into the very beginning of the Christian Age.

The great chair was lowered from the shoulders of the bearers. The white figure stepped from it and walked to a white throne under a scarlet canopy. One by one the Cardinals approached and kissed his ring. High voices sounded from the Sistine Chapel, and the Pope rose and knelt before the altar. . . . It was a moment I cannot describe. I saw a line of men kneeling into the dim perspective of the past, and the first in the long line was St. Peter.

*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church.*

## WHEN MEN WERE MEN

WRITING of "The Vanishing American Male" in "The American Mercury," Stewart H. Halbrook narrates the following incident of a time when men were evidently still men:

Just when this emasculating process commenced is of course difficult to say. As long ago as the turn of the century, I thought it comical to hear an uncle of mine discourse upon what even then he termed "the disappearing manhood of the Yankee male." He held that the decay of virility had set in with his own generation. As a lad in his 'teens he had done a tour of guard duty on the Quebec-Vermont border during the Civil War, when raids from Southern sympathizers in Canada were feared. Once, with his father and a squad of men, my uncle was caught in a terrific snow storm in Northern Vermont. Wind howled down the ravines and the drifts piled high. They would have to sleep out. My uncle, fourteen years old, wanted to show his father and the other older men that he could take it like a true Green Mountain Boy. He proceeded to roll up a large snowball for pillow, lay down with his head upon it, and went promptly to sleep. He was awakened by somebody kicking the snow from under his head.

"No boy of mine," said my grandfather, "is goin' to take up with fancy furniture."

## SOCIAL SINS

UNDER the above heading, "The Living Church" publishes the following timely remarks by the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem:

The pageant of 20th century civilization . . . has profound disillusionment, for moral progress has not kept pace with the advances. In scene after scene of this pageant perils and defects occur:

politics without principle,  
diplomacy without honor,  
promises without fulfilment,  
nationalism without love,  
wealth without work,  
pleasure without conscience,  
knowledge without character,  
industry without homes,  
marriage without sanctity,  
science without humanity,  
worship without sacrifice,  
Sundays without worship,  
religion without God,  
Christianity without the cross.

As we look at this pageant we cry, "Save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord," and He will and does. For each of these perils and defects there are men and women humbly and honestly trying to counteract and repair. . . .

## NOMINATIONS

UNDER the heading "Nominations Are In Order," the New York "World-Telegram" has the following suggestions to make:

The proposal that Homer Martin, of the United Automobile Workers be elected a director of General Motors was quickly voted down by the stockholders. However, it suggests an interesting possibility. We nominate:

For Hitler's Cabinet:—Fiorello La Guardia.  
For Mussolini's Cabinet:—Haile Selassie.  
For President Roosevelt's Cabinet:—Justice McReynolds.  
For the Duke of Windsor's best man:—Ernest Simpson.  
For head of Stalin's secret police:—Leon Trotsky.  
For chairman of TVA:—Howard Hopson.  
For a seat on the National Labor Board:—Henry Ford.  
For director of the Liberty League:—Rex Tugwell.  
For the Supreme Court:—The quintuplets and Mme. Dionne.

## BEST SELLER AND RADICALS

A BEST seller affords hopeful signs to non-radicals. From O. O. McIntyre's well-known column, "New York Day by Day":

It strikes non-radicals as a hopeful sign that most of the propaganda novels—variously identified as "working class," "revolutionary," "proletarian" and so forth—after being advertised in a big way, sell less than 5,000 copies. While *Gone With the Wind*, without a trace of Communism, and full of rousing patriotism, records more than a million. Also, in spite of the fact that radical reviewers, and that includes many in the metropolitan area, either turned it down completely or gave it the faint praise that damns. Some of these days the insidious history of radical propaganda books and their tie-ups with Communists masquerading as honest critics is going to reach the open. And when it does it is going to shock a lot of people in Washington as well as the great American reading public.

# Pope Pius XI

The Holy Father's Eightieth Birthday on May 31 Is an Occasion of Universal Rejoicing. His Life Has Been One of Altogether Extraordinary Accomplishments.

By Patrick J. Healy

**A**CHILLE RATTI was born at Desio, a flourishing manufacturing town in northern Lombardy on May 31, 1857. There are records in the parish of Rogeno, at the foot of the Alps, which carry the genealogy of the Ratti family back to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Achille Ratti was born within sight of the Alps and for many years, when a boy, he spent his vacations with an uncle, a parish priest, whose parish lay under the shadow of these same mountains. It was there he laid the foundations of that skill as a mountaineer which later enabled him to make the difficult ascents of Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc.

## Early Years

**D**URING student days he was noted for brilliancy and assiduity, and after his ordination to the priesthood, on December 20, 1879, he was selected for higher studies at the Gregorian University, where in 1882 he obtained the degrees of Doctor of Canon Law, Doctor of Theology, and Doctor of Philosophy. When he returned to his own diocese of Milan, Dr. Ratti was appointed Professor of Theology and of Sacred Eloquence in the Diocesan Seminary. Six years later the position of assistant in the Ambrosian Library became vacant. Dr. Ratti applied for the post and was immediately appointed.

During the next twenty-six years he was wholly absorbed in whatever work came to his hand in the Library. He devoted himself especially to the study of Church History, archeology and the history of art. He became a recognized authority in the technical branches of historical science—bibliography, paleography, linguistics and criticism. His grasp of the methodological side of history aided him in developing the breadth of view, the sound philosophical grasp of matters historical that gave to all his numerous writings the stamp of sound, acute and painstaking scholarship. It was during these studious and secluded years that he laid up the stores of learning which he shared with investigators from Italy and abroad who came to consult him. They were impressed by his gracious generosity as much as by his learning. "This serious and reserved

man," wrote Dr. Schroers of the University of Bonn, "met strangers from beyond the Alps with engaging friendliness, even though they carried no letters of recommendation. The simple greatness of his personality at once attracted all with whom he came in contact. Willingly, but without ostentation, he shared his rich knowledge with inquirers and thus smoothed the way for their researches."

When Father Ehrle, the Prefect of the Vatican Library, petitioned Pope Pius X to be relieved of his duties, Monsignor Ratti was selected as his assistant, and in 1914 was appointed his successor. In his new position he placed his experience and knowledge unreservedly at the service of students and investigators, and during the critical period of the World War, his advice was constantly sought by the highest authorities of the Church.

Monsignor Ratti's career of calm academic seclusion was abruptly terminated in 1918. The Russian Revolution of the preceding year enabled the Polish people to assert their independence and to set up a Republic. As soon as the New Poland arose the bishops of the country petitioned the Pope to send them a Papal Representative to aid them in the work of reorganizing the affairs of the Church and to help them to meet the dangers of the future. Monsignor Ratti was chosen for the task. For three years his life was an integral part of the history of the new Polish State.

## Work in Poland

**A**S Apostolic Visitor he arrived in Warsaw at the end of May. It is doubtful whether he could have foreseen the magnitude of the task that faced him. The Germans and Austrians were still in the country, and the promises of any faction in Russia could not be considered binding on any other faction that might come into power. Pitfalls awaited him everywhere. National, racial and religious animosities had to be appeased, rivalries of the surrounding nations had to be eliminated, but in all the difficulties Monsignor Ratti bore himself with such tactfulness and understanding that a year after his ar-

rival the young government of Poland in asking the Holy See for a Nuncio, intimated that the Papal Visitor would be eminently acceptable. Both requests were granted. Monsignor Ratti was made Archbishop of Lepanto and consecrated in the Cathedral of Warsaw on October 29, 1919.

In order to report to the Holy See on the result of his mission the Nuncio left Warsaw for Rome on April 21, 1920. Six days later he was back at his post. The "Red" armies of Russia defeated the Poles in several battles, and by August were within twelve miles of the capital. The Poles rallied and drove the Russians back, and the Nuncio gained the eternal gratitude of the Polish people because he did not desert them in their hour of defeat.

## Elected Pope

**C**ARDINAL FERRARI, the Archbishop of Milan, died on February 2, 1921. At the end of March the Nuncio was informed that he had been appointed to the vacant see. He wished to remain in Warsaw until July to finish the work of drafting a Concordat, but in May he received a summons back to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat. On September 8 he entered Milan in solemn state and took possession of his see. All his plans for education and catechetical work were halted when, on the death of Benedict XV, January 22, 1922, he was summoned to Rome for the Conclave. The Conclave opened on February 3 and three days later Cardinal Ratti was elected and chose the name Pius. No Pope since 1870 had given his blessing from the loggia of St. Peters. The new Pope said, "I wish my first blessing to go forth as an earnest of that peace for which humanity longs, not only to Rome and Italy, but to the whole world."

Cardinal Mercier, in a Pastoral Letter written after he returned from the Conclave, gave expression to the thoughts which were in the minds of all who were acquainted with the new Pope. "The good training of his childhood and youth in the laborious surroundings in which he grew up; the discipline of his nerve and will in alpine climbing; his fondness for the heights



and wide horizons; patient study and quiet work; the practice of the strict methods of criticism; a profound knowledge of history; personal experiences of men on diplomatic missions of a new and exceptionally delicate kind; the energy and prudence of which he gave proof to bring them to a successful conclusion; long sojourns, first in a great industrial city, then at Rome, which is the meeting place of all the problems which disturb the world, and what, though less known, is more important than all the rest, his close intimacy with such apostolic souls as Cardinal Ferrari . . . all this life of sixty-five years in which the keenest eye sees neither break nor faltering, reveals a providential preparation, which is a presage of future success."

### The Pope's Character

FIFTEEN years have proved the accuracy with which Cardinal Mercier analyzed the Pope's character and have verified the truth of his prediction. All who came into contact with Pius in the early days of his Pontificate were impressed by his physical vigor, his graciousness and cordiality, but above all by his profound knowledge and the keenness and flexibility of his mind. The solitude of the mountains and the solitude of the study had left their mark on his frame and his character. He had climbed to the heights and he had no fear of looking down into the abyss. From the elevation of the Fisherman's Throne he viewed a world under the clouds of war, dissension, hatred and error. He believed the way to dissipate these clouds was by letting the light of faith beat on them. He showed himself a man of knowledge and a man of wisdom, but he was preeminently the historian. He saw the Church and the world in historical perspective, and he knew that the difficulties of one day become the triumphs of another. He resolved that the blessing from St. Peter's on City and World should become a reality in the lives of people everywhere.

The tempo of the Pope's life had been constantly accelerated from his days in the Library until his arrival in the Vatican. Those who are in a position to observe wonder how the Pope could bear up under the burden of work and the multifarious duties he imposed on himself. Day followed day with the same unbroken, unrelieved routine. There were audiences with Cardinals, the heads of the Roman Congregations, the secretaries and the officials of the Curia, audiences with bishops and church dignitaries and diplomats from all parts of the world, and there were the innumerable receptions of pilgrims and visitors. It has been said that no Pope has ever seen so many thousands of persons file before him as Pius XI.

Hundreds of times he has addressed these pilgrims from far places and from all stations in life, in words suited to their capacity and needs. He has had to make decisions on the matters submitted to him in the reports of Nuncios and Apostolic Delegates. He has supervised the organization of the Vatican State and the erection of the new buildings it called for. All these and innumerable other works have been carried on at a time of life when other men seek rest and relief from duties and responsibilities.

It is manifestly impossible to describe or even to summarize all that Pius XI has undertaken and accomplished. He did nothing at haphazard. He followed a definite plan. All his official acts and utterances have been bound together by one underlying purpose and directed to one definite goal. The clearest expression of his actions and aims is contained in the motto he selected at the beginning of his reign—The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ (*Pax Christi in Regno Christi*). When he became Pope there was no peace in the world. The "Peace of Versailles" had brought neither internal peace to the nations, nor peace among nations. Communism and Bolshevism threatened to engulf the world, and in some countries a remedy was found in Dictatorships, which, while suppressing disorder, did not banish discontent. Pacifism was to be the cure for the nationalistic rivalries that breed war, and pacifism found expression in feverish preparations for fresh wars. The Pope was not alone in thinking that the evils of the time were not wholly social and nationalistic: they were spiritual and needed spiritual remedies.

### Glorifier of Sanctity

THE first step towards attaining the peace of Christ is to conform to the will of Christ, to know God's law and to follow it through love. Men are individuals before they are members of the family, or of the State. The individual soul is the soil from which the family and the State must derive their strength and character. The aim of every Christian soul should be Christian perfection. Those who attain the goal are called Saints. The honorable institution of marriage needs the sanctifying influence of the Gospel; so, too, the Church, the State, society and mankind at large. All need the vivifying spirit of the Gospel and with that spirit comes peace. This, in brief, was the plan Pius set before himself. It is the plan contained in the words of his device, the plan outlined in his first Encyclical. This plan was also a promise. What about the execution? The answer is found in the fact that Pius is called the Glorifier of Sanctity, The Pope of Catholic Action, The Political Pope,

The Pope of Social Action and The Pope of the Missions.

To make clear why it is that Pius XI has been called the Glorifier of Sanctity would require an analysis of all his public acts and utterances. From the earliest days of his Pontificate he preached holiness of life as the road to the Peace of Christ. In his first Encyclical (*Ubi Arcano Dei*, Dec. 23, 1922) he said: "First and most important of all for mankind, is the need of spiritual peace. We do not need a peace that will consist merely in acts of external or formal courtesy, but a peace which will penetrate the souls of men, and which will unite, heal and reopen their hearts to that mutual affection which is born of brotherly love."

Constantly and insistently he has preached the lesson of personal holiness. Such holiness is attainable only when Christ reigns in the mind by His teaching, in the heart by His charity, and in life by His law, and when He rules family relations and governs society.

### Constantly Urges Sanctity

SANCTITY has been the theme of many of the Pope's Encyclicals. He insisted on it in *Rerum Omnium* (Jan. 26, 1923) on the third centenary of the death of St. Francis de Sales; in the *Ecclesiam Dei* (Nov. 12, 1923) on the three hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Josaphat; in the *Studiorum Ducem* (Jan. 29, 1923) on St. Thomas; in the *Rite Expiatis* (May 30, 1926) on the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi; and in the *Ad Salutem* (April 20, 1930) on the fifteenth centenary of St. Augustine. In these solemn pronouncements he admonished the faithful that the injunction of Our Lord—"Be ye perfect"—is not intended merely for some men, but for all, and he exhorted them to lead lives of virtue, detachment and mortification.

It is seldom, indeed, that any document, letter, decretal, constitution, homily, allocution or encyclical comes from his pen in which he does not take occasion to urge men to put their faith in Christ and to strive for religious perfection. He has pointed out that the necessity for spiritual retreats, and in the *Mens Nostra* (Dec. 20, 1929) on the third centenary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier, he dwelt on the excellence of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The obligation of attaining personal sanctity is no more imperative than the duty of providing for the Christian Education of Youth. That children should not be deprived of the grace of Catholic training the Pope demands with all the vigor at his command. In the Encyclical *Rappresentanti in Terra* (Dec. 31, 1929), he showed how the rights of the Church and the



family on the one hand, and the claims of the State on the other, should be harmoniously adjusted to the end that children should not be robbed of their birth-right.

Individual holiness and sound education are impossible if marriage and the family are debased. In the Encyclical on Christian Marriage, *Casti Connubii* (Dec. 31, 1930), the Pope bewailed the fact that this sacred institution was threatened with shipwreck. "Looking with paternal eye on the universal world," he said, "from this Apostolic See as from a watchtower, we see that a great number of men either entirely ignore or shamelessly deny the great sanctity of Christian wedlock, and relying on the false principles of a new and utterly perverse morality, too often trample it under foot."

### Many Canonizations

THE exhortations to sanctity of life, to sanctity of the married state, and the sacredness of the education of youth have been reinforced by the evidence the Pope has given of his esteem for those, who, in their lives gave evidence of Christian perfection. No less a person than Cardinal Laurenti states that, in the ceremonies of canonization over which Pope Pius has presided, he has raised a larger number of virgins, martyrs, doctors, and founders of Orders and Congregations to the honor of the altar than any of his predecessors except Pius IX. But, whereas Pius IX presided at only two ceremonies of Canonization, Pius XI has presided over fifteen. There have been thirty-nine ceremonies of Beatification in the reign of Pius XI and a total of four hundred and sixty servants of God have been declared Blessed. Among those canonized by Pope Pius are: Teresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower; Peter Canisius, of the Society of Jesus, the "second apostle of Germany"; Mary Magdalen Postel, Foundress of the School of Sisters of Mercy; John Eudes, Founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; John Baptist Vianney, the Curé of Ars; the American Jesuit Martyrs (Jean de Brebeuf, Isaac Jogues, Gabriel Lallemand, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel, René Goupil, and Jean de la Lande); Robert Cardinal Bellarmine; Maria Bernadette Soubirous; Louise de Marillac; John Bosco; John Fisher; Thomas More; Albert the Great and many others.

All the Pope's teachings and exhortations on sanctity are summed up in the Encyclicals, *Quas Primas* (Dec. 11, 1925) instituting the Feast of Christ the King, and *Miserentissimus Redemptor* (May 8, 1928) on expiatory devotion to the Sacred Heart. Christ's title to Kingship is unique and indefeasible. Because of His divine nature He is the

ruler of men's minds, their hearts and their souls, and because there are no limits to His authority and power, individuals, families and states owe Him love, allegiance and fealty. Their loyalty and devotion to His Sacred Heart will, in some measure, make expiation for the indifference—the treason of so many of His creatures and subjects.

Sanctity of life and devotion to Christ the King are intimately connected with the movement known as Catholic Action. Pope Pius XI did not originate the idea nor the movement. In some form or another it is inseparable from Christianity itself. In the Nineteenth Century some organized movement for the defense of the Catholic religion became imperative and from the time of Pius IX all the Popes labored sedulously to make it effective. Pius XI has worked with such success that he is called the Pope of Catholic Action. It is to him we owe the classical definition of Catholic Action—"The participation of the Catholic laity in the Apostolate of the Hierarchy." The call to Catholic Action was a summons to another crusade—not against the infidels of another continent, but against enemies that are everywhere present at home. As His Holiness declared, the Catholic Action movement was organized for the defense of religious and moral principles, for the promotion of sound and salutary social reform, and apart from and above all party politics, for the establishment in the family and in society of a thoroughly Catholic life.

### Catholic Action

ENTHUSIASM for Catholic Action in some quarters was counterbalanced by opposition in others. The opposition arose from different motives in different countries, and consequently, the movement had to be organized in a manner to meet the varying needs of peoples and places. By means of letters to the Bishops, and by other communications and utterances the Pope made his mind and his purposes clear on the means of organizing and extending Catholic Action. As conceived by Pius XI, Catholic Action is an exceedingly comprehensive program. Briefly stated this program aims at implementing all the teachings of the Pope on the spiritual life, education, social reform, economic adjustment, relations to the state, and the pastoral office and works of priests and bishops. When taken in its entirety, and examined in all its details, Catholic Action as expounded and promoted by Pius XI is an effort to replace a disrupted and decadent civilization by a new social order based on the principles of the Gospel.

To refer to the Head of the Church as a Political Pope may have invidious connotations for some minds. By virtue of the responsibilities of his office, no

Pope can be indifferent to politics, for, as Lord Acton said, "In a state which possesses no security for authority or freedom the Church must either fight or succumb." The history of the Church has been a fight for freedom not for itself alone but for all men.

### Political Action

WHEN Pius XI ascended the Throne of the Fisherman in 1922, the troubled sea of politics offered little hope for authority or liberty. Actual hostilities in the World War ended with the Armistice on November 11, 1918, but the Treaty of Versailles was not signed until June 28, 1919. Other treaties between the Central Powers and the Associated and Allied Powers were not signed until much later—that with the Ottoman Empire was not formally ratified until August, 1920. When all these various treaties were put into effect, it was found that four great Empires, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Turkey had been dismembered and that six new nations, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Finland and Poland, had become sovereign states. The people in all the countries of Europe had suffered much under the scourge of war; they were called on again to endure much under the stupidity of the peace. New frontiers did not allay the old social unrest, and in their panic the peoples, rushing blindly for relief towards Nationalism and Collectivism found themselves enmeshed in Communism or Totalitarianism, or under the heels of Dictators.

A decade of post-war reconstruction in Europe, and, in fact, throughout the entire world, led to a condition of instability in domestic and foreign matters everywhere that was detrimental in the extreme to the interests of the Church. New leaders, new parties, new policies destroyed all hope of any reasonable adjustment in the internal or external affairs of the nations, even through the instrumentality of the futile League of Nations. Only in the Church was there a consistent plan and a sound program for settlement. The Papacy had been excluded from the Peace Conference and was not admitted to membership in the League of Nations. In the eyes of the Holy See the interests of religion were paramount both for the welfare of the Church and the peace of the world. Pope Benedict XV had taken steps to have the status of the Church in all countries clearly defined, and had publicly announced that no settlement would be acceptable to the Vatican unless it was clearly understood that it contained nothing that impaired the dignity or liberty of the Church. Pope Pius took up the unfinished work of his predecessor and carried it on so successfully that he has outdone even Con-salvi in the number of Concordats he

has concluded. The following is the list: with Latvia, 1922; Bavaria, 1924; Poland, 1925; Lithuania, 1927; Czechoslovakia, 1928; Italy, 1929; Rumania, 1929; Germany, 1933; Austria, 1934; Jugo-Slavia, 1935. In addition there were special Concordats with France and Spain regarding their eastern possessions. The Concordat with Germany in 1933 superseded prior Concordats with Bavaria (1924), Prussia (1929), and Baden (1932). These latter Concordats would have become void when, on April 1, 1933, the Reichstag voted to delegate its powers to the Hitler government for a term of four years, thus bringing the Third Reich into existence.

### Terms of Concordats

**T**HE terms on which these agreements were negotiated were quite in accordance with the traditional Gelasian Theory of the Relations of Church and State in the sense defined by Leo XIII. This theory or policy demands for the Church complete independence in its own sphere from state interference or molestation. The main heads of the terms agreed upon were the recognition by the respective states of the corporative character and juridical personality of the Church; the appointment of Bishops; the political status of the clergy; Catholic education; marriages of Catholics; religious orders; and Church property. Each of these headings included a multitude of subsidiary and allied points of extreme delicacy and importance. There are two features which call for notice. First, regarding the appointment of Bishops, the prescriptions of the New Code were never lost sight of and the clause in the Italian Concordat is regarded as a model. "The selection of Archbishops and Bishops pertains to the Holy See. Before proceeding to the nomination of an Archbishop, a Bishop or a Coadjutor with the right of succession, the Holy See will communicate the name of the person chosen to the Italian government in order to be sure that the latter has no objection from a political standpoint against the nomination." The other point to be insisted on is that the acceptance of these Concordats on the part of the governments concerned—was a recognition of the international character of the Holy See and of the binding force of the Canon Law.

The Concordats mentioned above, and the already existing Concordats, require special agencies for their maintenance and enforcement. These agencies, as in the case of all sovereign powers, are the diplomatic missions accredited to the heads of states or to governments. During the Pontificate of Pius XI the diplomatic relations of the Vatican have been extended and strengthened in an unprecedented degree. Nowadays foreign governments are represented at

the Vatican by eleven Ambassadors and by nearly twenty Ministers Plenipotentiary, while the Holy See is represented abroad by thirty Nuncios and by a large number of Apostolic Delegates.

It seems strange that, after nearly two thousand years of missionary activity by the Church and the Popes, one Pope should be singled out as "The Pope of the Missions." How Pius XI acquired this title would require a full recital of all his activities. All his words and all he has done has had some bearing direct or indirect on the missions. The missions were in a very good condition, and missionary zeal was not lacking in fervor when he became Pope. The reason for his preeminence may, perhaps, be found in the fact that his plans called for a representative of Christ wherever there were souls to be saved, and in the thoroughness with which he has taken steps for the realization of these plans. He has been confronted with special difficulties arising from the same sources that were disturbing the peace of the world everywhere—Nationalism and Imperialism. Nationalistic states were becoming more race-conscious and more exclusive, and more determined to exclude foreigners and foreign influences, and imperialistic states were trying more insistently to make the missions political agencies or representatives of trade interests.

### Work For Missions

**P**IUS XI took a firm stand in this. He declared: "The Church has never permitted its missions to become political instruments of any earthly power." He issued explicit instructions to the missionaries, warning them against becoming involved in secular aims, and urging them to adhere to the spiritual purposes of their sacred calling. A still more decisive step to promote the work of the missions, and to offset the obstacles raised by nationalists and imperialists, was the creation of a native clergy. The advantages of having a clergy drawn from the people among whom they worked was recognized from the days of the Apostles. Pius XI, whenever possible, has placed the entire responsibility for the work of the Church on the indigenous clergy. He himself, in June 1926, consecrated six Chinese Bishops, a Japanese Bishop in 1928, and three Chinese, an Annamite, and an East Indian in 1933. Under his direction seminaries were erected for the education of native priests which are now sending out each year hundreds of missionaries; religious orders and congregations for men and women were established and have already grown into large communities. In many places the missionary churches are now independent of outside assistance.

Pius has interested himself in the missions in a very practical manner.

He centralized missionary work in Rome. He organized the collection and distribution of funds, he established courses of study in the seminaries and universities on missionary topics, he organized the great Missionary Exposition at the Vatican in 1923, he founded the Missionary Museum in the Lateran, and he has invoked the aid of science by urging on the missionaries the need of ethnological and ethnographic knowledge. His concern for the separated Churches of Eastern Christendom, for the members of the Orthodox Russian Church, in fact, for the welfare of churches and peoples everywhere, has resulted in the erection of schools, colleges, seminaries and institutes, all intended for the diffusion of the truths of Christianity. His zeal for the missions has already produced abundant fruit both at home and in Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Pacific.

Pius XI has placed the imprint of his energy and genius on all departments of ecclesiastical life. He will be best remembered, perhaps, for his labors in connection with what is called "The Social Problem." This problem, inseparable from any form of civilized society, became acute in the Nineteenth Century as a result of the Industrial Revolution. For a long time it was largely a matter of speculation, but the abuses of Capitalism and Industrialism forced it out of the region of theory and made it the paramount problem from the middle of the Nineteenth Century to the present. It is now the most pressing of all problems. It affects the world of art, intellect and science, it colors domestic politics and international relations. The Industrial Revolution is still in progress, and each change in industrial technique places a fresh obstacle in the way of social reform and intensifies social discontent. In the entire history of the controversy and conflict two names stand out preeminently above all others, Karl Marx and Leo XIII.

### The Social Question

**L**EO was eight years older than Marx, and survived him by twenty years. During his nunciature in Belgium (1843-1846) Leo gained firsthand information on Industrialism, being on the scene several years before Marx arrived there when driven from France. Marx viewed the problem of Capital from the materialistic standpoint of a left-wing Hegelian monist: Leo from the standpoint of the Gospel. All the earlier theories of radical and revolutionary reformers found expression in Marxism: all of the constructive and progressive thought in the teachings of Leo. Both men agreed that there were grave abuses that needed drastic remedies and serious injustices that could not be tolerated.

Reduced to simple terms, Leo's plan

called for nothing but the Christianization of modern industrial society. While he was Bishop of Perugia he wrote much on social matters, but it was not until he became Pope that he offered his full program of reform. This program aimed at clarifying the true nature of the family, the state, the economic order and the constitution of society. He published many Encyclicals on these subjects, the most famous being *Rerum Novarum* (May 16, 1891) which is still a manual of sane and progressive social reform. Leo's successor Pius X devoted his energies to Modernism, and Benedict XV was wholly occupied with the World War. Pius XI on his accession immediately took up the work of Leo.

In the interval a new world had come into being, and much which had not passed the theoretical stage in Leo's time was grim fact to Pius. It is not necessary, nor is it possible here, to deal in detail with the social teachings of Leo or Pius. They sought the same goal—social justice in a reformed social order—under the same terms and by the same methods. Pius gave the movement new life and vigor by his insistent assertion of the principles laid down by Leo, and by his repudiation of the current radicalism, Socialism and Communism. He condemned Totalitarianism, the assumptions and absolutism of the Dictators, and the secularist and atheistic teachings and tendencies which were debasing education and the family. In the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* (May 15, 1931), issued on the fortieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, Pius not only reasserted the teachings of Leo, but pointed out how these teachings might be applied to a new stage in the evolution of modern industrial society. He does not excel Leo as a leader in social reconstruction, but he has crowned and solidified the work of Leo.

### Sorrows and Joys

**P**PIUS, as he has frequently proclaimed, has had his sorrows as well as his joys. Throughout his Pontificate he has been saddened by the condition of the Church in Mexico and by the persecution of the Mexican Catholics. He has poured forth his sorrow and pleaded for peace in many Encyclicals which brought comfort to the hearts of the persecuted, but which, it must be confessed, did little to allay their sufferings. He has seen the Church in Spain rent and dismembered by a revolution in which Catholic blood is shed with a ferocity unequalled since the days of the Terror in France. His efforts for religious peace and for the safety of the Church in Germany have been frustrated by the bad faith of leaders who did not hesitate to scorn and to violate the terms of a solemn pact, the Concordat, in a manner that brought discredit on German honor.

His sorrows have been, to some extent, counterbalanced by his joys. Among these, perhaps the most significant was the settlement of the Roman Question. Since 1870 the status of the Pope had been that of a prisoner in the Vatican. Such a condition was intolerable. Pius determined it should not continue. After protracted negotiations a Treaty was finally signed in the Palace of the Lateran on February 11, 1929, which in the words of the document itself "assured permanently to the Holy See a status of fact and of right, guaranteeing to it absolute independence in the exercise of its mission in the world." Two other documents were

## POPE'S VOICE

SPEAKING to a group of Catholic journalists, the Holy Father said:

"YOU ARE my voice; I do not say that you make my voice heard but that you are really my voice itself; for few indeed would be the number of the children of the common Father who could learn my wishes without the aid of the Catholic Press."

signed at the same time—a Concordat defining the future relations between the Church and the Italian State, and a financial agreement by which the Italian government indemnified the Papacy for damages and loss suffered through the acts of the Italian State. By these agreements one of the most burdensome of the problems weighing on the Pope was removed and the Vatican State took its place among the sovereign States of the world.

Other sources of joy to which the Holy Father frequently adverts are the International Catholic Congresses held in Rome and elsewhere, and the Eucharistic Congresses held at places so

far apart as Rome, Amsterdam, Sydney, Chicago, Dublin, Buenos Aires and Manila. An innovation in the history of the Papacy is the custom inaugurated by Pius of addressing Catholics throughout the world by radio, and not the least of his joys is the success of the campaign to elevate and cleanse the moving picture industry.

### Pius a Great Pope

**I**N THIS survey it is impossible to achieve more than an outline of the Pope's activities. Because it is a survey it may convey a wrong impression of the Pope's personality and character. His activity may be taken to mean that he has lived in the midst of bustle and hurry. Nothing could be more erroneous. Those who know him best find in him a rare combination of student, scholar, administrator and Pontiff. Always gracious, always helpful, he is the embodiment of quiet dignity and majesty. It is the glory of many Popes that they were great builders, that their monuments are churches and institutions: Pius, too, is a great builder who has enriched the Vatican State and the City of Rome with many noble structures. Some Popes were patrons of art: Pius is a historian and critic whose ideas on art will be a permanent influence because of the new spirit he has infused into the artistic movements of his time. Some Popes were famous as patrons of learning: Pius is a patron of schools, universities, archeological and scientific institutes, and he will be perpetually revered for his effort to establish a norm of perfection for Catholic schools of higher learning.

He has sought to bring Christianity to the world by the missions, to infuse into the Constitutions of States the principles of Christianity, to remodel society according to the teachings of Christ, to restore the family to its high estate, and to safeguard it against the assaults of licentiousness and divorce. He has sought to bring to each soul the blessings of truth, and above all, to make available for men and nations everywhere, the sacramental graces which it is the mission of the Church to dispense.

Many people have tried to find the secret of the Pope's genius and success. It is not inappropriate to speak of his iron constitution, of his energy and industry, of his great mental gifts, his wide learning, his training in the exacting technique of literary and historical criticism, but the key to his character is to be found in his deep and abiding faith, his exemplary life as a priest, his warm and consuming piety. These are the qualities that give unity, coherence and force to his activities, and that make of his work for the Church and the world, a reflection of his inner life of faith and apostolic fervor.



# The Destiny of Democracy

The Destiny of Democracy Is Intimately Bound Up With the Christian Ideal of Mutual Help and Co-Operation Because We Are All One in God

By George Stuart Brady

**T**HERE is a legend of a holy old man, a Christian of the days of Roman persecutions, who was placed in the arena to die for his faith. Now, a short period of torture and he would reach the consummation of the ideal for which he had lived. So exemplary had been his life that the old man was not only followed by other pious Christians but was admired even by his pagan executioners.

But he weakened. Before the wild beasts were turned into the arena, he signalled the imperial stand that he would submit. So unexpected was the action that the surge of astonishment reached even to the royal box. A Roman noble, a pagan of the imperial household, rose from the Emperor's side and leaped into the arena. Addressing the Emperor, the noble insisted upon taking the place of the Christian. His thoughts were clear—seeing little future in the pagan ideals and realizing that the period of pleasure on this earth is short, he declared himself eager to take the place of this wavering Christian and face the God whom up to this moment the old man had seemed to serve.

It is the story of a man who had at least outwardly labored for years for an end which, when it came, he hesitated to grasp because it would cost him too much personal sacrifice. And it is the story of another man who had done no more than ponder, perhaps for a long time also, that the End, the God, for which those lowly Christians daily led such good lives in the midst of the evil about them, was a truer goal and would give him a safer haven than would the spirit that motivated pagan life. With one short action these two men exchanged places, and the noble Roman went before the Judge of the world bearing with him the ideal for which the other had worked a whole lifetime.

Perhaps the legend has no basis of fact. Perhaps it is only a story. But how many times has this same action been repeated in the history of the world! It is the story of individuals, of groups, of whole nations. It is the story of Jacqueline of Flanders, who for a fleeting profit threw away the opportunity for which her whole life had been planned, and then the voices of Destiny called the humble peasant girl of Domremy.

It is the story of the Jewish nation that worked and prayed long centuries for the consummation of a Destiny, but threw it aside when it came because it did not conform to its worldly desires. It may also prove to be the story of our western democratic nations if we permit immediate profit to obscure the ideals and ends for which our democracy is working. Capitalism, which has done so much to promote the material well-being of modern life may find its position in the world taken over by newer systems now despised by it, if, like the Sadducee and Pharisee, it adheres blindly to the worship of its early laws of property, individualism, and power of position, as set forth under a Capitalistic hagiarchy.

**T**HE social problems which have grown up in this country with the development of a stupendous and complicated economic system can never be solved by individual action. Individualism reached its supreme heights in America with the development of mammoth corporations ruled by the genius of individuals or little groups dominated by strong minds. But individualism at its height was found, in principle and method, to be totally lacking the means to control and balance the huge economic machine.

The terrible depression, the result of unbalance, exposed the fact that the masses that composed the motive force, and were not receiving sufficient from the system to keep it in balance, were no longer willing to be tolerant in the face of one-sided management at the top. It was also suddenly found that America's problems were the same as the world's problems—that Communism, Fascism, Socialism, were not extraneous foreign elements, but were heresies to the whole human social system and have their roots in injustices arising from failure to see the problems and honestly seek the solution. They were the results or effects, not causes, and require basic attacks at the causes in order to cure them.

The system under which we are living in the United States is popularly called the Capitalistic system, although it is clearly evident that the word "Capital-

ist" is of such broad meaning and capable of so many interpretations that it does not convey the same impression to all minds. But there has been a distinct change in attitude since Herbert Hoover wrote *American Individualism*. The Detroit situation showed that capital no longer dares to assume its old stand of sole ruler. Even the most ignorant man in the street today would grin in derision at Mr. Hoover's ponderous words of 1922 on "the right of equal opportunity." The seven fat and the seven lean years thoroughly discredited certain dogmas of Capitalism, and if Capitalism is to survive it will have to realize that it is made up of several co-operative parts—capital, labor, management, and the consuming public, not capital alone. It will have to realize that so-called "equal opportunity" does not give any right to the strong to oppress the weak, and that where the unbalance of the system makes it impossible for some workers to obtain sufficient to support their families, then the Government of the whole will see that such workers are provided for and the burden borne by those able to pay.

One of our prominent American Communist writers recently summed up the present actual state of belief of the followers of Marx. This man wrote that Marx's theory of labor as the sole source of value has long since been discredited and no longer claimed; that his anthropology is scientifically wrong; that his thesis, borrowed from Hegel, is obsolete. One would think, then, that the Communist, reasoning thus, would be an easy convert to Capitalism.

**B**UT such is not the case. This same economic writer deduces that three fundamental benefits have derived from the "scientific reasoning" of the Marxists, namely; 1) "the belief in man's essential goodness; 2) belief in his improvable, and 3) the emphasis on man's brotherhood." Those are his exact words.

Well, these are fundamentals of Christianity, you will say. In fact, they are also very fundamental to the religion of the Chosen People, the Jews. But are we surprised that certain left-wing economists and disciples of a discredited



philosophy who have actually reasoned out these three fundamentals for themselves do not know that they are essentially Christian doctrine, and are we surprised that they believe that they come by natural evolution from Marx's effort at the communization of society?

Certainly we should not be surprised. Not when we know that our Capitalistic system started out at the beginning of the industrial era to ignore and flaunt the Christian principles, insisting on "freedom of opportunity" or "individualism" so that ruthless men could exploit weaker and humbler men, ignoring the Christian family by exploiting fathers so that it was necessary to drive mothers and even children of eight years of age into the mills. Then, later, the ruthless trade practices of the Capitalistic corporations, the unscrupulous money-catching schemes of the financier, the deliberate deceit of advertising, all these and much more labelled the Capitalistic system, if not pagan in itself, as antagonistic in its leadership to the Christian principles of morality, truth, charity and love of fellow men. Why, then, should it be surprising to see now the followers of Marx jump into the arena and proclaim as their own the principles which the Christians found too irksome in their struggle for wealth?

In dealing with modern social problems there is need for more than ordi-

nary patience. In this country the Red-baiting "patriotic" societies have proved themselves in every test no less reprehensible and no less socially undesirable than the factions they were trying to stamp out. There is need for humility, rather than for the pride of a crusader. How acceptable is the offering of a crusader at the altar when he stains the aisle with his own bloody boots?

What is needed in the world today to defeat Communism is an attack on the evils that are the causes of Communism. Let the Christian Capitalist practice his faith in the business arena as well as in his velvet-padded church pew. Let these men realize that the three principles which the Marxists now claim as their own are surpassed and perfected by the two Commandments set down by Christ Himself—to love God and to love one's fellow men—commandments which they have been rejecting or ignoring. Let them realize that fighting Communism is not the badge of a Christian. Let them make their religion positive, and by example and by practice they can destroy the causes of Communism.

Communism is nothing more than a heresy, and every heresy arises from a refusal to acknowledge and correct an evil, or from neglecting to give a charitable answer to a question whose solution is yet unknown. Blind antagonism will only increase the activity of social

heretics. What is needed is to proclaim and live up to our moral doctrines, not merely in the catacombs, but when we face the burdens of life in the arena. If those trained to carry forward the destiny do not do this, then from the highways and by-ways will come those who will take up the work and sit at the banquet table.

In Communism we find the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, but on a false basis, that of brotherly co-operation for material advantage only. Our Capitalists tremble at the very word "collectivism," yet we know that our vast complicated industrial era can be operated only by co-operative action. We do not face the problem squarely and seek the right answer. Therefore the masses become attracted to the wrong answer given them by Communism. How much better it would have been if our industrial system had early incorporated the idea of the brotherhood of man with the Christian ideal of helping one another to improve the race because we are one in God, with the common Spirit of God in us, "Loving one another with the charity of brotherhood . . . for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." (Rom.10). That is the Destiny of the race. And it is the Destiny of Democracy if we are to make Democracy the means of governing and guiding our industrial era.

## Mexican Survey

By Randall Pond

**RECENT** developments in Mexico in the fields of religion and politics make it difficult to foresee what lies ahead for the Mexican people.

**S**INCE last I wrote of Mexican affairs for readers of THE SIGN, many new developments have occurred which will have their chief effects in the fields of religion and politics. Let us look, therefore, at what has happened in the field of religion since the start of the new year.

Every Catholic interested in the situation knows by now that the people of the State of Vera Cruz, aroused at the killing of a young girl attending a clandestine Mass in early February, protested so violently against the outrage that the authorities were forced to take action. Although to this date, the murderers of Leonor Sanchez have not been punished, a direct result of her

death has been the opening of scores of churches closed for five years.

President Cardenas has not made a clear statement concerning the Vera Cruz troubles, but there is little doubt about his wishing to avoid clashes with the Catholics of that State, or of any State for that matter. His attitude seems to be something like this: "Let the Church alone, make Catholics obey the laws, and stop silly attacks against both. We will break their power with our new educational system." A clear-cut quotation from the President's own press conference will be noted below, a quotation which gives us full privilege to draw such a conclusion concerning his attitude toward the Church.

The murder of Father Maldonado, S.J., occurred in Chihuahua shortly after the Sanchez killing. As is now well known, the priest was unjustly accused of urging the burning down of a Socialist school, which burned later through the carelessness of some of the teachers themselves. This circumstance, however, did not save the life of Father Maldonado, who was cruelly beaten by the Municipal President of the small town of Santa Isabel. Neither the Municipal President nor the men who accompanied him in assaulting the priest, have been brought to justice.

A recent decision of the Mexican Supreme Court is significant, particularly in view of the fact that the term of office of the judges of this Court coincides with that of the President and consequently they usually decide in important matters according to his views. This Court declared unconstitutional the law of the State of Chihuahua permitting but one priest for the entire

State. Catholics now hope that similar restrictive legislation in other States will have to be repealed. The people of Vera Cruz are still clamoring for the repeal of the law passed by Governor Tejeda five years ago, forbidding any priest to officiate in the State. At the same time, several priests have been appointed for various re-opened churches and it is hoped that Governor Aleman will soon make a statement to the effect that churches may operate in accordance with the federal laws of worship.

ON April 14, Archbishop Luis Martinez took charge of the metropolitan see. The gentle prelate, famed throughout Mexico for his piety and for his scholarship in the fields of canon law and theology, left Morelia, his former episcopal residence, with more than 15,000 people lining the streets to the railroad station to bid him farewell. Arriving in Mexico City, a monster throng was on hand to greet him and to accompany him to the old cathedral, where impressive ceremonies were held in honor of the "taking of possession."

Optimists hoped that President Cardenas' regard for the new head of the Mexican Church might have some influence on the future relations of the two men, especially since they are both natives of Michoacan. To my mind, such optimism is not in keeping with the facts, and only recently the President, in speaking of the education of the Indian, showed his true attitude toward the Church problem in no uncertain terms.

"The Indian," he said, "goes to church because he believes that he finds in it the solution of all his needs and all his misfortunes; but when he sees that the school, and not the Church, furnishes the key with which to remedy his problems, he will prefer it to any other institution. The enemies of the Revolution know this and that is why they consider the school as the fortress against which they have to direct their attacks."

"The government does not insist on removing the priests from the indigenous zones. As this would not prove to the Indians that the solution of their problems is in education, it would be an error to try to make them abandon their beliefs by such drastic means. The native does not understand how he has been obliged to live in ignorance by elements which for centuries have been in contact with him. In his backwardness and submission, he prays and hopes, and he can go on hoping until the end of his life. There is no responsible person, therefore, who can reproach the government if it can reclaim him."

These words reveal more than the President himself realizes. They show

him to be lacking in a true knowledge of Mexican history; they show that he has been so steeped in the so-called "history" of the "Liberal" politicians prevalent since 1857 and in the modern "leftist" ravings that he forgets the great civilizing mission of the Church, a mission that was carried out in Mexico as in few places in the world. Too, it shows that Cardenas forgets that religion and education are complements, not antagonists; but his attitude is the "official" one of present day Mexico, and little can be said or done to change it.

Politically, the coalition between the National Revolutionary Party and the Confederation of Mexican Workers, led by V. Lombardo Toledano, has not worked out so well. A few weeks ago, the P. N. R. held what it calls its "internal plebiscites," by which the party chooses its "candidates" for the "election." Since there are only 173 seats available in the Chamber of Deputies this July, it was difficult for the leaders to make up their minds who were the men most "fit" to run at that time. Therefore, the internal plebiscites developed into something of a mess. Almost without exception, the candidates who were not chosen on the party ticket, have protested against the choice, claiming chicanery, bribery, etc.

This dissension within the ranks of the official party is disturbing enough for the leadership which has controlled Mexican politics since 1928. But the other half of the coalition, the powerful syndicate known as the C. T. M., has not been following any rose-strewn path. Toledano has been faced by a real defection in the ranks, which, believe it or not, comes from members of the Communist Party which, almost a year ago, became affiliated with the C. T. M.

IN A convention, held in Mexico City at the end of April, Lombardo found it necessary to denounce Communist maneuvers within the C. T. M. as "dangerous for the party and as bordering on treason to the cause of the Mexican proletariat." As he saw affairs, the Communists wished to proceed at once to the organization of a social revolution; they wished to have their say as to how the C. T. M. ran its strikes and its private business; and in this last wish one finds the real basis for Toledano's objections to the Communist workers.

He himself says there is no "ideological friction," since both he and the Communists believe in the Marxian gospel and await the day when the proletariat will finish the capitalistic régime. Yet, Toledano refuses to allow the Communists to run his show; and he declares that the great mass of Mexican workers is not yet fit for a social revolution which could success-

fully end capitalism in that country. He believes in preparing the workers for the struggle, not in allowing them to go off half-cocked at the instance of Communists who do not understand the Mexican political and labor situation.

To my mind, this is one of the most remarkable developments in recent Mexican affairs. To find a "Red" like Toledano telling the Communists to behave themselves recalls the famous words of his one-time master, Luis Morones, who declared that the Mexican workers were not prepared to take over the "means of production." Toledano called Morones a reactionary when he made that remark; now Toledano says it in defending his policies against the Communists. Incidentally, Morones is back from the exile into which Cardenas sent him a year ago; and he has already made one bitter speech against Toledano and the C. T. M. The question now arises: Did Cardenas allow him to come back in order to check the growing strength of Toledano, who is said to have presidential ambitions? If not, why is this man here, a man who has been denounced on all sides as an enemy of the proletariat?

THERE is no immediate answer to this question. But one thing is certain: Cardenas knows Mexican politics—and his politicians. He knows that the men he is depending on now were Calles' sycophants a short two years ago. He knows Toledano's background and his ambitions. He knows that he must have American capital to carry out his plans for the further progress of Mexico. Those who drive him too far to the left, hurt him. Therefore, Trotsky is allowed to come in to divide the fast-growing Communist factions; to set Stalinist against Trotskyite helps to strengthen Cardenas. To set Toledano against Morones robs both of strength while it does not harm Cardenas.

One factor in the present scene that has not yet developed full strength is the part which independent political parties may play in the July elections. For months now, the older revolutionary leaders, many of them retired for years, have been stirring, writing, speaking in public. The ghostly (and never realized) ideas for which Madero fought against Diaz in 1910—"Effective Suffrage, No Reelection"—have been revived, discussed, set forth with renewed energy. The political crimes of Calles and Obregon have been dug up and flung in the face of the present government with the challenge to "do something about them." The independents may not capture a single seat in the Chamber of Deputies this July, but no one can deny their "nuisance value." The government may be forced to accept some of their ideas. And that would be a scene worth viewing.

# So You Want to Go to College!

It is Absurd to Believe that Every Boy or Girl is Benefited By the Magical Influence of Four Years of College or University Training

By Edward Connell

SEVERAL years ago Dr. Christian Gauss, Dean of the College at Princeton University, wrote an article for one of the popular magazines for which he was roundly criticized by many educational authorities. I believe that the article was one of the most truthful and logical analyses of a most important contemporary problem that has appeared.

Briefly, this article was a mild questioning of the modern American shibboleth that every boy is improved by the magical influence of four years in college or university surroundings. Dr. Gauss cited several case histories to prove his contention that many boys *lose* something valuable during the four years of forced "broadening" at a college, despite the popular belief that the "contacts" are tremendously valuable even if the boy's marks are not too good.

I think of John G—, son of a small-town retail shoe merchant, who pummeled his bewildered way through four years of university routine. John's father had a business which netted him a comfortable \$4500 annually. He handled good merchandise and was highly regarded in the community. The store was a "natural" for John if he wanted a chance to make a profitable and honest living. Most important, however, was the fact that John *liked* the retail shoe business.

But he was sent away to the university despite the *factual* part of the official high school record which indicated that he was below average insofar as mathematics, English composition, physics, and other old-fashioned intellect-testing subjects were concerned. But John was tutored in this and "certified" in that and, despite his slumbering, but patently obvious dislike of further formal education of the "all-day" variety, despite his willingness to take night courses in accounting, inventory control, and advertising layout at the local business college, he was finally eased into the freshman class of X—University.

John's four years cost his parents some \$4800. John limped through by the cream-puff method of choosing easy "electives." He "made" Sphinx, the

Student Council, a left tackle position on the junior varsity eleven, and sundry other goals. But John was determined, at the end of four years, not to return to the home town and tie himself down to fitting shoes for the rest of his life. So he landed himself a \$1200 job in high school teaching that would enable him to preserve his pedagogical integrity. In the process, secondary education gained nothing but a mediocrity, and the retail shoe field lost one of its most promising salesmen.

I realize, of course, that it is treason in America to intimate that a college education should not be reasonably available to every boy and girl. And, in my opinion, it *would* be un-American and un-democratic to deny a reasonable opportunity for a college education to (and here is the important qualifying clause) *those boys and girls who themselves are anxious and desirous of pursuing studies beyond the high school*. I would indeed be guilty of conduct un-American and un-Christian were I to dispute the wisdom of providing higher educational opportunities for qualified high school graduates. But no person who has ever propounded what is scathingly known as the "aristocracy of brains" theory, has been fully understood by those voluble critics steeped in Rousseauism, who interpret the statement that "colleges are for the intellectually qualified" to be intellectual snobbishness. But, the question—how are we to know what boy or girl is of college calibre?

**B**EFORE the introduction of complex I.Q. measurements, parents and high school teachers used an old-fashioned method of obtaining the answer to this question. They determined, without benefit of cranial calipers, if the boy or girl had the abounding *desire* for further study. They observed the boy or girl nearing the completion of high school and determined, with an accuracy that is not conceded to them by educators today, whether or not the young person evidenced intellectual congealing or a razor sharp intellectual appetite. Those were the days, of course, when boys and girls of 17 or 18 were regarded as

being mature enough to know, in a generally indicative way, what path they preferred to take after high school graduation.

Unless parents and teachers begin to admit that "youth" does not extend into the late thirties (many of our "youth leaders" are bald-headed!) they will continue to aid and abet the influx into our colleges of those who are really *adequate* (in the subjective sense) at the end of their high school years, who feel that they have received sufficient *formal* educational preparation for life's struggles and trials, but who grudgingly obey the advice of pedagogically puerile high school guidance experts, themselves often caught in the "eternal snare of preparation," and succumb to the urgings of doting parents, themselves subject to the influence of the guidance expert through the medium of a Parent-Teachers Association.

**I** DO not subscribe to the theory that a college education is endowed with virtues like a brisk walk, a good night's sleep, or the doing of a kind act. I have seen too many unfortunate cases where college experience definitely and irreparably injured young people—burdening them with feelings of inferiority, driving them into moods of bewilderment, killing off energy, ambition, good humor and confidence in themselves. It is difficult to point out the exact reasons for the amazing lack of intelligent guidance in many of our high schools but much of it, of course, is but the natural result of two decades during which the cult of "new education" has taken control of high school administration and curricular affairs.

The whole philosophy of this new pedagogical oligarchy is one of anaemic contemporariness, sugary super-optimism, and a sorry lack of traditionalism. This ruling class, a great many times, is guilty of sending the wrong boy to college because many of its leaders do not *know* human nature, do not want to know human nature if such knowledge interferes with their firmly-held convictions as to what human nature *ought* to be. They refuse to recognize the existence of such old-fashioned traits as laziness and inertia,



and every difficulty can be magically solved by the liberal application of their approved brand of "sympathetic understanding."

John Jones, who, had he been a high school senior twenty years ago, would have been advised to seek a job immediately after graduation, manages to get through the high school manned by the "new educators" with his batting average fattened by his "co-operativeness," "social consciousness," and "fine group attitude" and is enthusiastically certified for college. As Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, recently stated it: "They have given a great deal of attention to working out fearful and wonderful ways of deciding who should be allowed to come to college and who should not, but it is manifest to every one who has ever dealt with a group of undergraduates that we have not succeeded in separating the sheep from the goats."

Much of our college preparatory work is basically unsound not only because it fails to provide a good yardstick to use in the measurement of intellectual ability but because it is not even good preparation for a simple commercial job. Perhaps the solution of the errors of much in modern secondary school vocational guidance and "pre-college guidance" might come if we could convince our high school students that everything worth while isn't immediately "vital," "stimulating" and "pleasurable." They must be taught to realize that intellectual accomplishment is a matter of hard preliminary work. They must be given tough meat in the shape of Latin, English composition, mathematics and other old-fashioned fare. After all, it is a subterfuge to feed a high school student on a flimsy diet of "modern social problems" and expect him to be in prime condition for the labors of real scholarship. Following the popular contemporary educational path is comparable to doing away with the grind and undramatic laboriousness of daily football drill in preparation for the gay colors and the cheers of the Saturday afternoon crowd.

**M**ODERN secondary school educators have become so obsessed with the idea that "guidance" is a "new science," that they have fallen into the error of straining to defend this "science," subordinating the primary purposes of education to the very minor and, we might say, dangerous activity of "fitting" students for a "satisfying life pattern." The high school teacher of the "chaotic" pre-Columbia days was content to devote his or her energies to *strengthening* the student's mind and character and did not dilute his program with strange and weirdly confusing "guidance" analysis. Perhaps we might well say that the pre-I.Q. teacher appreciated fully the

enormity of the task of teaching, toughening and conditioning the runner without worrying too much about the type of crowd that would be along the race course.

I do not feel that one must have had the approved courses in "aptitude determination" and pedagogical character analysis in order to decide whether John should enter the university or take that job in the bank. I have never felt that it is necessary to make a complicated "correlation and integration" study of Mary in order to advise her concerning her future. I hope, when my rough and tumble red-haired son grows up that I will be honest about him. If I am dishonest, I hope that the teachers of that time will offset my refusal to face facts. I want to say to his mother some night in May, 1951: "Have you noticed Gerald's interest in history? And what do you think of his college bank account of \$350? I think he'll make good at college." Now the thing may not work out that way at all and I may, after studying the situation, advise Gerald to do a shift in the United States Navy or I may approve of his enthusiastic desire to take that job in the department store selling men's clothes. Who knows but that he may become a famous style authority and support his parents in luxurious splendor as they bump along towards the half-century mark.

**I** DO believe in American colleges; I believe in their great past and present accomplishments. I hope that I have emphasized, in some small way, the importance of being honest with our sons and daughters, of refusing to be taken in by too much educational "guidance" jargon and conclusions. The parents of this country must begin to shake off the spell that the modern educational psychologists and aptitude-measurers have woven.

As Mary Everett points out in the *May Forum*, the results of much of this tinny business is already obvious. "No wonder," she writes, "children reared under these shifting rules emerge with shaky and uncertain standards into a world where bad temper and laziness are, nevertheless, still regarded by employers with rather more disfavor than understanding—that word so dear to the lecturer." I hope that parents will begin to assume once more that John and Mary, at the completion of their high school work, are really *grown up* and know, to a sufficiently indicative extent, their own feelings concerning the general path they wish to take.

I believe that the pendulum is beginning to swing. Only recently I read the report of a student "curriculum committee" at a leading eastern state university, in which the following statements were made: "Our definition of the pur-

pose of the college attempts to take into consideration the *truth of tradition*, the experiences of the race as embodied in its written records, its accomplishments and achievements . . . education is concerned primarily with the *growth of the individual*, the attainment of that full stature of humanity that comes closest to the divine . . . the purpose of the college is to give the student a broad cultural background upon which to build in the future; to train him in clear logical thinking and in the formulation of sound judgments; to train him to be a useful and efficient member of society. The definition does not differ radically from many others that have before been offered; rather it recognizes the validity of Newman's statement that the college is the 'great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end'." (*Italics are the author's*).

**T**HIS does not sound like intellectual anaemia. And it is the generation whose leaders are saying these things that will, within the space of a few short years, insist that our entire educational system throw off its lunatic fringers and give *meat*, not skimmed milk, to our boys and girls.

\* \* \*

So you want to go to college? God bless you, John and Mary, and may you go with a will, once convinced that you are doing the right thing. There is a sentence from the encyclical letter of His Holiness Pius XI, *Christian Education of Youth*, that, in my estimation, is worth more to you than a roomful of much that passes as "guidance literature." "It is therefore," reads the excerpt, "as important to make no mistake in education, as it is to make no mistake in the pursuit of the last end, with which the whole work of education is intimately and necessarily connected. In fact, since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotten Son, Who alone is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education."

Above all, be honest with yourselves when you are deciding this great question. "To thine own self be true and it follows as the night the day that thou can'st then be false to no man." There is a Guidance that you should seek. It is unencumbered with wordly complexities. It pierces and illumines and inspires. You will be very fortunate indeed if you take the trouble to seek and find it.



# Social Justice Without Violence

An Interview On Labor Problems With Michigan's Governor

By Theophane Maguire, C.P.



FRANK MURPHY AT HIS DESK IN THE STATE EXECUTIVE OFFICE IN LANSING, MICHIGAN

**"SO** YOU have worked in the Far East too, Father!" Governor Frank Murphy folded his glasses and smiled. "Tell me; how did you like it?"

It was the smile of a pleasant but very tired man. For he admitted what I had learned a few minutes before, that he had been dictating through the previous night until five in the morning. His long conferences on labor difficulties and his frequent trips to the scenes of disturbance had put him far behind in his routine duties.

"I liked the Chinese very much," I answered. "Despite the difficulties, the foreign missions yield encouraging results."

"And I," he replied, "hold the Filipinos in high regard and affection. They are progressive and spiritually sensitive."

We were sitting side by side in his executive office at Lansing, Michigan. It was not curiosity that had brought me there to speak with this forty-six-

year-old, red-headed, blue-eyed Catholic gentleman. I had come to put some questions to the man whose activities in the first several months of this year have made him a national figure.

An interruption from one of his officials gave me the opportunity to recall the information on his career which I had gathered from several quarters. Because his background has so influenced his character and his policies, these details will interest readers of *THE SIGN*.

From the schools of his home town in Harbor Beach, Michigan, Frank Murphy went to the State University. His degree obtained for him a position as clerk at a very meagre salary. This he augmented by teaching law classes in a night school for several years. The first week of the World War he volunteered and saw active service overseas in the 85th Infantry. He recalls as one of his happiest memories the Christmas of 1918, when national

differences were forgotten as German and American soldiers worshipped together in the occupied territory.

His studies were continued in England and Ireland. It was shortly after making the pilgrimage of St. Patrick at Lough Derg in Donegal that he was notified to return to Detroit as Chief Assistant United States District Attorney. Almost at once he was put in charge of the prosecution of several millionaires who were charged with defrauding the Government on war materials. The case was bitterly fought against an array of brilliant legal talent. He won. The war profiteers were sent to federal penitentiaries. Some years later he remarked: "This case convinced me that an individual's career in public service should be divorced from his ambition for wealth. Somehow or other I have succeeded in getting rid of money without throwing it away."

In 1923 he was elected Judge of Recorder's Court. His six years in that

position gave him an opportunity to reorganize court administration, to drive out racketeering bondsmen and to break up a "paving trust." This last service saved the city millions of dollars. He was the first United States Judge to establish a composite sentencing board whose members were the judge, a probation officer and a psychiatrist.

### Detroit to the Philippines

**F**ACED with the worst economic situation in Detroit's history on his election as Mayor in 1930, he fulfilled his pledge that no deserving person would go without food or lodging. Criticism was heaped upon him as he took measures to carry out his principle—that government's first obligation is to place human souls and human welfare above everything else. Incidentally the Governor confirmed in conversation with me his admiration for the help of the clergy in that relief work. A member of the Third Order of St. Francis himself, he paid special and well-merited tribute to the Capuchin community which daily fed 1600 people, regardless of creed or color.

From the industrial city of Detroit to the post of Governor-General of the Philippines went Frank Murphy in 1933. Here was an entirely different field. Again, tact, consideration and firmness effected financial and social improvements. His personal example as a devout Catholic made a profound impression on the Filipinos, particularly the younger generation. This is stated not in mere praise of the man. It is taken from the records. He was in favor of independence for the Philippines. He was equally candid in warning the Islanders of its dangers.

Something of the principles that guided him can be learned in his pointing out to the Philippine legislature that "the people of these Islands received the impress of Spanish culture and became indoctrinated with Christian civilization. Through devout Spanish churchmen and administrators, the Filipino people became familiar with the institutions and customs and moral conceptions of the western world. In the code of democracy, as in the code of Christianity, all men are on a common level of dignity and importance."

It is no cause for wonder that, with an enviable record behind him, he was sincerely hailed by the Filipinos when appointed the first High Commissioner to their Islands in 1935. Rumors that he was to be recalled to campaign for the Governorship of Michigan were greeted with displeasure. But come back he did.

This was the man to whom I was waiting to put my questions.

It is a far-sighted general who can name his future battle-fields and say:

"This is where the lines of struggle will be drawn; and this will be the point of issue." At the close of his victorious campaign, he observed: "Three Michigan industrial cities—Detroit, Lansing and Flint—will be on the firing line for testing out the problem of social justice and economic democracy."

The labor struggles which focused the attention of the nation on these cities have left too vivid a memory to need refreshing. At no time in the history of the labor movement in this country has there been such an aroused public interest and concern. The tenseness of the situation, the danger of a bloody outbreak, the uncertainty of the outcome, filled the nation with anxiety and alarm.

When, after weary weeks of conferences, Governor Murphy announced the end of the General Motors strike, and later the peace at the Chrysler plants, people asked: "How did he do it? What power has this man to bring two bitterly conflicting parties to an agreement? How has he held in check the forces of industrial power on one hand, and the aroused strength of labor on the other?"

For there was a manifest unwillingness to confer on what seemed to be irreconcilable views. Would Mr. Chrysler come to Lansing? "Yes," but "we will not enter into any trade to get the men out of the plants." Would Mr. Lewis come to Lansing? "Yes," but "your message suggests that I confer under duress."

### Christian Democracy

**S**TORIES of these conferences have leaked through. I was not concerned with these. It is because labor and economic problems touch on the moral order in the matter of living wage, contracts, property rights and the public welfare that I went to Lansing to learn more of Governor Murphy's findings and opinions on the questions with which he has been so actively engaged. I was especially interested in the scope of his proposed Bill for Industrial Peace which he had just sent to the Michigan legislature for discussion.

Undoubtedly this man would have much to suggest in the way of practical legislation. The experiences he had just been through had helped him to develop a sane and Christian outlook on the relation between capital and labor. In a speech before a gathering of the Holy Name Society recently he said:

"In considering our need for compassion in our thinking upon the large problems of our times, I know of no more immediate and pressing a necessity for Christian serenity of outlook than with regard to the industrial disputes which at this moment endanger the peace of the nation. Nowhere is there greater danger than in the swag-

gering, intolerant bravado which thrives on force and violence and which, in the end, can only serve to make a bad situation very much worse. Nowhere today is it more imperative that each side concede its error and, that done, strive unceasingly and sincerely to correct it. Bloodshed, for example, may be laid at the door of one party or it may be the fault of both. Whatever the case, intelligence and reason demand that those whose actions or words may have precipitated the crisis alter their ways to guard against it. In short, the interests of the parties as well as of the innocent public will best be served by a willingness to sit with an honest and law-abiding adversary at a conference table and to place faith in his sincerity and integrity of purpose."

### New Social Order

**W**HEN he was free to give me attention I remarked that the tactics of the Michigan strikers were copied quickly and extensively throughout the United States, and that the peaceful settlements in his State must also have had a far-reaching effect.

"Undoubtedly," the Governor replied. "The steel industry, for example, noted the successful issue that followed peaceful measures after the General Motors strike. They promptly came to an agreement with the union men and averted disorder."

"From your conversations and dealings with both sides in these disputes, do you sense that both employers and employees are conscious of the arrival of a new social order, of a crisis that can no longer be postponed?"

"Yes, both sides now realize that."

"It would be encouraging for the public to know that you have observed an honest effort on the part of industry and labor to reach a just decision on their problems, and that the recent impasse has been due to differences in approach rather than to unyielding stubbornness."

"There has indeed been an honest effort on both sides. I am convinced also that labor will take its enlarged responsibilities seriously."

"We expressed editorially in THE SIGN some time ago the question which must be in the minds of many: 'Why don't the individual States provide an organ of arbitration which will eliminate many differences before they reach a critical stage?' Certainly such a procedure should appeal especially to those who are concerned with State rights. For if the States do not control such situations, the Federal authorities must eventually be called in. It appears now that this question has been answered in your message, transmitting your labor relations bill to the legislature."

"That is so, Father. Industrial strife can best be forestalled by progressive and enlightened laws to prevent un-

healthy conditions and unfair practices which provoke distrust and antagonism."

"You suggest that a board of industrial relations be established in your State to deal with problems of this nature; a board which will have authority and facilities to deal with industrial disputes and power to investigate conditions inimical to the public, employers or employees?"

"Exactly."

"If I understand the Bill correctly, the Governor is to step in only as a last resort; only after the proposed machinery fails to function to a satisfactory conclusion."

"That is correct."

"Some critics of the Bill take the position that you would deny altogether the right of workmen to strike. Is that so?"

"Absolutely no!"

"Others accuse you of weakness in not using force to eject the strikers from private property."

"I know that many people were demanding the use of bayonets and bullets. They wanted us to shoot down the strikers and argue with them afterwards. They asked for violence, instead of the friendly consideration of the rights and grievances of both sides. Whatever wrongs workmen may commit in regard to property rights, they can be taught what is correct by other means than force."

"It is a very strong argument in favor of your methods, Governor, that you actually established a peaceful settlement in such a major crisis without bloodshed."

### Peaceful Settlement

"FATHER, I wish you would emphasize that. These ends can be reached by patience and reasonableness. I have not been guided by emotions. Despite the arguments of friends and foes, despite pressure and appeals, I tried to follow the line of reason. Force only leads to more force; to bloodshed and to greater property loss. This is government's duty: to help in an impartial manner as a guiding and neutral influence."

"Then the heart of the whole matter is that these means have succeeded. You now wish to form them into laws to eliminate as much as possible, for the public good, future industrial unrest?"

"That is the purpose of the Bill. I have offered it simply as a framework. Undoubtedly there will be many changes in it. But three provisions must be written into it before I shall sign it."

"What are they?"

"They are: (1) The security of collective bargaining by workers, with a guarantee to employees that they may choose their own bargaining representatives. (2) The creation of a Labor Relations Board to mediate and investi-

gate labor disagreements. (3) The restraint of the use of injunctions in labor disputes, and the legalizing of pickets."

"What of the demands made in some quarters for the incorporation of unions?"

"I do not believe this demand should be pressed in the present condition of the unions. The power of bargaining is still top-heavy in favor of industry. A more equal balance of strength must first be achieved. Restrictive and oppressive measures will only cripple the efforts that are being made for lasting peace."

### Influence of Encyclicals

"THE proposed Bill is a protective measure for labor; a further attempt to help it get on its feet."

"That is the idea."

"By insisting on the principal points in your Bill, you hope to work out a legislative formula for labor difficulties which may serve as a working model to States?"

"Yes. Violence must be taken out of the driver's seat. The use of patience and reasoning should be the normal procedure in all these cases."

"Are we correct in reading in your program the influence of the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI—*Reconstructing the Social Order* and *The Condition of Labor*?"

"Yes. I referred to this in my talk on *Christianity and Democracy* at a Holy Name gathering. I have been acquainted with the Encyclicals for some time. We wish to protect—as they direct us to do with the counsel of Government—the rights of employers and employees."

We chatted a while and I advised: "You had better take a nap. You need sleep badly."

He smiled wearily: "I have several other appointments this afternoon and a long drive ahead of me. I'll rest in the car."

As I left I recalled the words the Governor had spoken in the address I have already quoted—words which show that he realizes the influence which religion must bring to the solution of our industrial difficulties:

"Admittedly, if we are to solve our industrial difficulties without sacrifice of human values, we must have a government possessed of a high-minded, progressive attitude toward all whom it serves as well as toward the situations which arise within its jurisdictions. Of course we must protect the public interests above all others. We must at once think of new ways to create agencies that will assure the public that protection."

"But, having done all this, we shall still be pathetically lost unless in our hearts and in our minds there is the in-

spiration which brings us here today. We shall be lost, also, if we forget the warning written decades before our present troubles began by that great Christian leader, Pope Leo XIII, that the Church is not 'so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests, temporal and earthly.'

"I pray that the day will come when all who embrace the faith of the Man of Gaililee may come to accept that wholesome belief, and what is more important, that they will practice it by fighting militantly for justice and the joy of living for the many who today are oppressed and weary."

Reason, patience, sincerity and tenacity of purpose. Because Frank Murphy keeps these as his principles—because he loathes the use of force, it must not be thought that he is soft. He is no evader of facts. He has a habit of saying hard truths and making his listeners like them. His seeking of compromise is not a dodging of issues.

He is getting his ideas recognized and is inspiring confidence in the men with whom he deals. When Mr. Knudsen was asked about the use of force to eject sit-down strikers, he answered: "We don't intend to force anybody's hand. Let's get away from the talk of force." And when questioned about the prospect of Federal intervention, Mr. Knudsen declared: "As long as Governor Murphy has matters in hand we should let him go ahead with them. . . . We have found that he has an intelligent understanding of the subject."

Both sides have come to see the wisdom and fairness of his policy of conciliation. Perhaps both sides know, too, that he is one of those quiet men who has an iron fist under the velvet glove, and who—were he driven to the use of force—would do a thorough job.

### Formula from Michigan

THE outcome of his Bill for industrial peace will be followed with interest by the people of the entire United States. What will be its final form? How willing are the individual States to assume the control of their own labor problems? What success can be expected from the functions of a State Labor Relations Board which will have power to investigate and abolish those elements in industry and labor which are at the root of disturbances?

Much thought and time have gone into the preparation of the Bill. Its suggestions are based not on mere theory, but on wide experience. Discussion will further clarify the issue. It is at least a step in the right direction. If instrumental in evolving a process to preserve peace and advance social justice, it will write a happy ending to many of the major problems which have long made for unrest in the economic order.



# Back Stage in Spain

A Close Student of Spanish Affairs Interprets the Present Situation in Spain and Exposes the Vicious Propaganda Which Is Confusing Public Opinion

By Bernard Grimley

**I**N RECENT addresses and Encyclical letters the Holy Father has warned us against being duped by the propaganda machine which is everywhere so active against the Church and so curiously favorable to the enterprises of Moscow. The warning was needed. Most of us find it difficult to resist the power of suggestion, which is the most important factor in good propaganda—by which I mean only well-conducted propaganda. Thus, to quote a few instances from the Spanish affair, when we see a picture of a priest saying Mass for the Spanish Red troops, how many of us react against its suggestion? Do we not at once feel that all we have heard and read about the cruel persecution of our Catholic religion by those same Reds and their masters must be in some way false? Do we realize that a picture like that could be “posed” as sheer propaganda? Actors are cheap, and picture-making is cheap.

## Propaganda Technique

**E**VEN supposing that the picture is not a fake, it is curious how quickly the mind generalizes from one particular fact. We have a vague feeling that the Mass which was photographed was only one of many Masses, that it is just as ordinary an affair for the supporters of the Reds to have chaplains and Masses as for the Spanish Nationalists. An atmosphere has been created in our minds, and stray wisps of spoken propaganda come back to memory. “There are Catholics on both sides in Spain,” “the Church has allied herself with the reactionary and Fascist elements in that country,” “the Spanish Church was decadent, weak, ridden with scandal,” “many priests are supporting the Government against an unjust rebellion,” and so on.

If, after that, we see a film of the bombardment of Madrid, we hardly notice that selection has been at work, selection of particular scenes and incidents. Only the bodies of dead women and children are shown. Apparently nothing is accomplished of military importance by such bombardments. Only savage cruelty, inhumanity and destruction. The commentator’s zeal for one

side is clear in the tones of his voice to a dispassionate listener, or to one who is a partisan of the Nationalists, but to a doubtful person it seems so natural. Propaganda is doing its work, and doing it well. A doubter is being confirmed in his doubts, and perhaps being won over to the side of the propagandists.

## Effects of Propaganda

**T**HEN comes a broadcast, carefully prepared. In imagination we are amongst fugitives from Malaga or Eibar or Durango. We feel all the anguish which afflicts the innocent sufferers in all wars as they plod the *Via Dolorosa* of flight before the unknown enemy. The sounds of crying children and the agonized voices of tired and pregnant women are skilfully introduced into the narration. Then we hear the low drone of aeroplane engines, rising gradually in pitch and coming nearer. Screams and scurrying. Shouts of warning. The screech of a falling bomb rising to an ear-splitting pitch. Crash! Silence. The moanings of a dying woman. The cries of children. Silence. Then the commentator’s remarks about Franco’s victims, “Fascist” victims. And all the time it is propaganda, selection, lying by implication.

All the same, it is hard to resist this kind of thing, especially if one is not conversant with the facts. Facts are stubborn things, but they are hard to come by when the propaganda machine is at work. The press is strictly controlled by the propaganda department in time of war, and perhaps that may account to some extent for the unfair treatment of the Spanish war by British and American newspapers. Their correspondents with the Reds in Spain know that they are expected to send out a certain type of story under pain of expulsion. They also know the policy of their owners, and the attitude of their reading public; but there is still a great mystery in the unanimity with which our newspapers have adopted the cause of the Reds in Spain. Is it due to anti-Catholic prejudice? Or to some secret alliance or arrangement? The Pope marvels at it, and well he may, for the newspaper men can easily get to

know the truth if they want to know it. The chances are that they do know all about it, but that only deepens the mystery which envelops their attitude. Here are some of the things that they know, but which they do not stress:

First, the Spanish war is scarcely a civil war at all, but a war in which Spain is fighting for its existence against the hordes of the Communist International Brigade. I say that it is Spain which is thus engaged, and not the Moors, not the Italians, nor the Germans. From the beginning of the struggle it has been the habit of the Reds to pretend that Franco does not represent Spain, nor is he fighting for Spain, but that he and a few other Army chiefs, representing the forces of reaction, are fighting the rest of the country with the aid of Moorish troops, the Spanish Foreign Legion, and Italian and German mercenaries.

That is sheer propaganda and sheer lying. It is true that in the beginning the Army was small. Azaña had taken care of that. Remembering with hatred the dictatorship of the Army under Primo de Rivera, whose government was materially the best which Spain has had for 100 years, he dismissed 60,000 officers after the fall of the monarchy, and connived at wholesale evasions of military service by the rank and file. Those who were left were subjected to continuous Red propaganda. Officers were continually transferred from one post to another, so that they should have no contact with their men. Military risings were to be precluded in future by the simple process of disbanding the Army.

## Nationalists and Basques

**I**T WAS no giant army, no brutal military machine, which the Insurgents commanded in the early days. There was the rising of a cadre Army, a skeleton force, and as the days go by one marvels more and more at the epic courage of the men who dared to rise with so little power behind them. It meant that Mola had to hold the Guadarramas front for nearly two months with a force of 700 men, that Seville had to be held against Red hordes 2,000 strong for three weeks by

a handful of Civil Guards, and for another three weeks by them and a small detachment of Moors together.

Remembering the ability of the Spaniards in guerilla warfare, we may perhaps ask why such puny forces were not cut to pieces by the populace, who could have destroyed their lines of communication and supply in a night. There is but one answer to that question: the Spanish people welcomed the Army as its deliverer from the Red anarchy which had raged since the elections in February 1936. It has rallied with enthusiasm to the Army's call for national unity in the war against the internationalism of the Reds and their anti-God spirit.

Now, to-day, instead of a skeleton Army, helped out by some 30,000 Moors and a small Foreign Legion recruited entirely in Spain and called "Foreign" only because it served abroad, Franco commands an army of 250,000 Spanish front line troops, with another 500,000 in reserve and in training. Amongst them are 60,000 Basques belonging to the organization called the *Requetes*, whose bravery has distinguished them time after time. Yes, Basques, the people who are supposed to be fighting against Franco! The Press knows that these Basque soldiers are with Franco, if it knows who are the *Requetes* whose doings it constantly reports, but sometimes I doubt if the Press does know the meaning of its own news.

### What of the Basques?

THERE are four provinces of the Basque country, the Vascongada. They are Navarra, Alava, Guipuzcoa and Vizcaya. From the beginning Navarra and Alava and part of Guipuzcoa were solidly and enthusiastically with Franco. Vizcaya, or Biscay, was betrayed into siding with the Reds by the men who were so anxious for Basque Home Rule that they would accept the gift of it even from the enemies of religion, the Reds who formed the Popular Front for Moscow at the 1936 elections. To them the Cardinal Primate addressed a burning appeal a few weeks ago, asking them to put the things of the spirit and religion first, to abandon the Reds who have worked such desecration and havoc wherever they are in power, and to join the national movement for Spain and God.

This appeal fell on deaf ears, and at the time of writing Mola's army is marching on Bilbao, Santander and Gijón, their last strongholds; but let no Catholic repeat the lie which makes the splendidly Catholic Basques the allies of Moscow. Let him repeat what is written above, and point out that even the misguided Basques who are fighting alongside the Reds have not allowed their priests and nuns to be killed, and their churches and towns to

be burned. They are to be credited with saving San Sebastian from the flames when forced by the Army to withdraw from it, even though it meant coming to blows with the Red incendiaries. Let us pity those of the minority who were fooled by the politicians, and let us remember that in the time of trial the Basques as a whole were faithful to the ideals of their religion.

Spain is fighting the Communist International. That is the true explanation of the Spanish conflict. Even the affair of Cataluña, the province of which Barcelona is the capital, must not blind us to that. Like the Basques, the Catalans claim to be a separate race, and if the claim is less obvious to a foreigner than the claim of the Basques, it is not thereby proved false.

### Azaña's Part

BECAUSE of its geographical position, close to France, with which it has railway communication through Port Bou and Cerbere, and easy sea communication through Marseilles, Barcelona has for long been a center of agitation for Grand Orient Freemasons (recall the Ferrer rising in Barcelona in 1909) and other international pests, such as the Anarchists and later the Communists. All of them have tried to use the Home Rule aspirations of the Catalans for their own purposes, and in the 1936 elections the Red Popular Front lined up Catalan Separatism under their own banner. They did more. They established Barcelona as their headquarters, and so well known was that to the Army chiefs that General Goded, in command of the military there, was ordered not to attempt to hold Barcelona for the Army, but to march on to Valencia and to secure that town. Valencia is in the southern part of the Province, in an area where Separatism has little following, but Monarchism and Traditionalism have considerable strength. He either disobeyed orders, or else failed to receive and understand them. His attempt to hold Barcelona failed disastrously. The garrison was soon forced to surrender, and he met his death bravely at the hands of a firing squad for alleged rebellion.

Alleged rebellion is the correct phase, for there was no rebellion. There was no government to rebel against, but only anarchy on an ever-increasing scale after the elections of February last year. Azaña may have hoped, like Blum, to curb the Communists and Anarchists who had promoted the Popular Front, but if so he over-estimated his strength. He was powerless to maintain order from the beginning. The Communists held him to his pledge not to interfere with their plan of action, and they were intent on fomenting anarchy as the preliminary to their

*coup d'état*, at first fixed for July 25 last year, and later for August. Azaña must bear the chief responsibility for all that has happened. He is a Grand Orient Freemason, which means a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church, for Grand Orient Freemasonry is, unlike British and American Freemasonry, openly and unashamedly anti-God. That is why British and American Lodges have no official connection with it.

Because of his hatred of the Church Azaña worked for the expulsion of Alfonso XIII, with whom he conceived the Church to be in alliance. The monarchy destroyed, he gave Spain the infamous anti-Catholic Constitution of the Republic, which so provoked good Catholics all over Spain that they rose and gave him a sound thrashing in the elections of 1934. He staved off the admission of defeat by forming a coalition with the Centre groups under Alejandro Lerroux. When successive scandals at last forced Lerroux to admit Catholics to his Coalition Cabinet it was Azaña's followers who staged the Asturian and Catalan rebellions of 1935. *When at the end of the year it became apparent that the Catholics would have to be given the government, it was he who decreed that fresh elections should be held. He had chosen to ally himself with the Reds and Anarchists in Moscow's Popular Front rather than have the Catholics undo his anti-Catholic Constitution by the processes of democratic government. The Communists used him after the elections whereas he had hoped to use them, and it was they who, when they found that their plans were known to the Army, determined to rush forward their scheme for transforming Spain into a Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.*

### Communist Activity

THE Army's rising was the signal for the Communists and Anarchists to push their plans. In Madrid a call was made to every able-bodied man and woman to come forth for the defense of a government which had never governed, but which was now forced by the Communists to assume the appearances of government and democracy. In one afternoon 60,000 rifles, revolvers and pistols were handed out at the Communist Casa del Pueblo to the rabble, to the sweepings of Madrid's gutters. Every armed man and woman was urged to go out and get the "Fascist" enemy, and the definition of Fascist was, any man who owned wealth and property, any man who was known for the religious fervor of his life, and above all any priest or religious of either sex.

Actually the real Fascists of Spain at the time of the Army's counter-revolution were a negligible factor, a few thousands only, under the leadership of

young Primo de Rivera, son of the deceased Dictator, who was even then under arrest, and who has since been executed by the Reds. It is a regular trick of the Reds to label all their opponents Fascists, so as to bring them under the opprobrium of those who hate dictatorships, but who curiously fail to realize that the worst dictatorship is that of the proletariat, sponsored by Moscow. The Third International pays a lot of lip service to democracy, in order to preserve the sympathy of ignorant democrats until it is ready to end democracy for ever.

### Vicious Propaganda

THE radios of Madrid and Barcelona kept up a torrent of abuse and calumny against priests and religious. Every citizen who possessed a receiving set was bound to keep it operated at full strength, with all the windows and doors of the house or apartment open, so that as many as possible of the people could hear the broadcasts. The most fantastic "hate" stories were told over the air in both cities. The priests were on the roofs shooting the people! The Bishops' houses had been found full of gold and treasure! The nuns had been caught in their immoralities and luxurious lives! The Sisters who looked after the poor were living on the fat of the land, whilst serving broken and dirty victuals to their charges. The clergy were conspiring with the rich to overthrow the Republic.

The result of all this was that the Anarchists and Communists started raiding religious houses and private houses, shooting all the "Fascists." In Madrid 60,000 of them perished, and another 50,000 in Barcelona, according to conservative estimates! Those who wished to save their lives removed every religious object from their houses and dressed like workingmen. Some escaped. We have hundreds of them in London, and thousands throughout Great Britain, the pitiable Spanish Refugees, for whom my paper, *The Catholic Times*, opened a Relief Fund which now totals over \$30,000, most of it already spent.

Every single church in Madrid is now either destroyed or converted to secular uses. No Mass has been said publicly in that Catholic city since last July. Every church in Barcelona and Cataluña has been either burned or turned over to secular uses, and no Mass has been said publicly there since July of last year. In Cataluña and Madrid over 15,000 priests and religious of both sexes have been killed! The figures emanate from the Vatican and are reliable. Even the dead have not been spared. The bodies of deceased priests and nuns have been dug up and exposed for derision round the

desecrated churches. Death was the least of the sufferings inflicted on our nuns and priests. If that is democracy then may the Lord spare us from it!

As soon as the Red revolt got into its stride Azaña was pushed to one side. Largo Caballero was made Premier, the man who has such a passionate devotion to the person and works of Lenin, the man who has boasted for years that his destiny was to be the Lenin of Spain. About that time, too, the Soviet Ambassador, Marcel Rosenberg, began to attend and preside at the meetings of the Spanish Cabinet, and the Soviet supply ships started to arrive at Barcelona, where the brilliant renegade Czarist general, Ossienky, was acting as Soviet Consul-General, and no doubt as military adviser as well.

The worst fight of all will be for Cataluña and Barcelona. The defense will be as much diplomatic as military.

## SPAIN

THE TRUTH about the war in Spain, its causes, background and implications will be found in the articles on this subject appearing monthly in THE SIGN.

THESE ARTICLES help to correct the distorted picture presented by much of the daily press.

Note that carefully. We do not yet know the meaning of propaganda in this Spanish affair. Wait until, having cleared the Vascongada and Madrid, Franco turns his attention to the reconquest of Cataluña from the Reds. Then you will see what wiles can be practiced by newspaper men, diplomats and others. Peace overtures on the basis of the separation of Cataluña from Spain, accompanied by every appeal to humanitarian sentiment and pacifism, will crop like flowers in the Spring. If Franco agrees to that suggestion moral victory will be with the Reds, who will have the satisfaction of having established in Spain the first European Soviet. Fortunately there is very little chance of Franco agreeing to the dismemberment of his country, so this war will go on for the rest of this year at least. So it appears to me.

This is not the time to go fully into the background of the Spanish conflict,

a thing I have done elsewhere, and intend doing again before I leave the States, but this can be said. There were things in Spain calling for reform by the ecclesiastical rulers. There are such things in nearly every country of the world. At the same time the Church is innocent in this struggle. She was not identified with any of the Spanish factions who made trouble. She was not on the side of the rich. Her condition was one of great poverty and feebleness owing to the succession of Grand Orient controlled governments which have misruled Spain for 100 years. Her lands and property were confiscated almost exactly a century ago. Her comforts were the only ones given to the poor and illiterate of Spain, who were abandoned by every government till that of Primo de Rivera. She has been lined up with the rich and the landowners, not by her Bishops and clergy, but by those who have slaughtered her ministers and religious. Spain's riff-raff were a big enough problem. Armed, incited and aided by the Communist International Brigade, of whom there are at least 80,000 in Cataluña and Madrid at the present moment, they became an argument against the Church in the mouths of the Church's enemies. The Church, we were told, must have neglected the poor, or they could not have turned on her in this fashion!

No, it was not the Church which abandoned the poor. On the contrary she was made poor with them. It was the governments of Spain which abandoned the poor, and it was the Communists who told them in their despair that the Church was guilty. But then we know that the Communists sincerely believe that "religion is the opium of the people," and if the Church were everywhere a church of saints the Communists would attack her just the same. And by the same token, when they laid waste the Church in Cataluña they disproved the whole argument, for there the Church was at its best in the whole of Spain.

### Spanish Martyrs

NEED we lend our ears to the Reds slandering our brethren in the Faith? Ought we not rather to look with pride on the thousands of martyrs given to Spain in the past year, men and women, laymen, priests and nuns whom the Pope himself has twice praised, in his address to the Spanish Refugees and in his recent Encyclical on Communism? Then perhaps we might say a prayer for the maligned and calumniated men in Spain's armies under Franco, who wear the Badge of the Sacred Heart on their uniforms, whose first act is to set up the altars in re-occupied territory, and who go into battle invoking the Sacred Heart and crying *Viva España!*



# What Are Priests Doing?

## Interesting Data on Clerical Activities

By Paul Stroh, C.S.S.R.

**T**HE Encyclical of Pope Pius XI, *The Catholic Priesthood*, contains this striking statement: "All the good that Christian civilization has brought into the world is due, at least radically, to the word and works of the Catholic priesthood." Throughout the document, Pope Pius proves this statement and shows how "the experience of twenty centuries fully and gloriously reveals" civilization's debt to the consecrated ambassadors of Christ.

It would be an interesting project if a group of Catholic scholars in the United States were to make a systematic and comprehensive investigation of America's debt to the Catholic clergy. Because the record is not printed and published, some are apt to leap to the conclusion that it does not exist. They close their eyes to the facts and then complain that they cannot see much evidence of sacerdotal zeal and influence.

Some criticism of the clergy has been heard, for instance, because of their supposed indifference to the interests of industrial justice. While something may be said that seems to substantiate this claim, there is another side to the story.

Some time ago, I started to collect material for a study on clerical mediation in American labor disputes and set out to gather some facts that relate to the intervention of bishops and priests in industrial warfare in the United States since the beginning of the twentieth century. Perhaps the readers of *THE SIGN* will be interested in getting a few facts about this particular field: the clergy and strikes.

Before we begin to survey clerical activity in a particular field, however, we ought to have a general idea of the ordinary work of the clergy as a class. Just what are our priests doing, anyway? Let's look at the record!

There are approximately 32,000 priests in the United States; about one-third are members of religious communities. Not all priests do parish work; many have non-parochial offices of great importance. At least 4,000 are engaged in educational work: teaching in nearly 300 seminaries and colleges for young men with a total enrollment of 100,000 students; assisting as instructors in women's colleges, in normal schools, and in high schools; supervising the educa-

tional system as diocesan directors of schools. To this list may be added the chaplains of Newman Clubs and the directors of diocesan Confraternities of Christian Doctrine.

Hundreds of priests are busily engaged in over five score chancelleries, functioning as secretaries to bishops, or giving their full attention to other administrative duties that escape the notice of the public. Sixty-nine dioceses have a diocesan bureau of Catholic Charities; we have our diocesan youth organizations and other social institutions; chaplains in hospitals, in prisons, in orphan asylums, in the Army and Navy, etc.

Then there are the important posts as editors of the diocesan papers and other periodicals. Many hundreds of missionaries are going up and down the land, preaching missions and retreats and conducting the various spiritual exercises so much commended by our Holy Father.

Many of these priests who are assigned to non-parochial offices prefer to be doing other kinds of priestly work. Duty calls them, for instance, to the class-room or to the editor's desk; and there they remain, not out of personal preference, but from a sense of loyalty to their superiors who command them in the name of the Great High Priest.

If we eliminate those who are appointed to non-parochial offices and those who are disabled on account of sickness or old age, we would find, I think, that the number of priests engaged in parish work can hardly be much more than 20,000.

**A**CCORDING to the 1936 *Catholic Directory*, we have 12,720 churches with one or more resident priests and 5,667 "out-missions"; therefore 18,387 churches taken care of by 20,000 priests! Many priests throughout the country must live alone and like it; they seldom meet their confrères; they cannot share in the brotherhood of the priesthood to the full extent. The Catholic population within our boundaries is estimated at around 20,000,000 or about 1,000 souls for every priest in parish work. In many districts, especially in the south and in the middle west, the pastor's flock is scattered far and wide. Not every diocese has a concentrated

population like some of the dioceses on the eastern sea-board.

Statistics are dry. Yet, a judgment of the activities of the clergy as a class based on any other form of reasoning is "all wet" (pardon the slang!) It is much easier and more interesting to make snap judgments about the whole priesthood from a few isolated instances, without being hampered by the rigorous logic of figures. We must face facts, not fancies.

**B**ECAUSE many parishes (priests and people) are poor, not every parish is able to erect and maintain its own school. Nevertheless, due to the tireless zeal of our parish priests and the co-operation of the faithful, we have almost 8,000 parochial elementary schools, attended by over 2,000,000 children. And more than 1,000 parishes have their own high schools.

Three-quarters of a billion dollars are invested in buildings and grounds for the elementary schools; their annual maintenance cost is at least \$50,000,000. The yearly per capita cost for educating a child in the parochial school is \$26; in the public school it is over \$75.

The average Catholic is proud of his Church, his school and his priest. He knows that the pastor cannot wash out debts with holy water or buy fuel for church and school with a prayer. It is not those who give who criticize; it is usually those who do not, even though they are able. Those who go to church and have children to send to school know that it costs something to erect and sustain these institutions. They co-operate generously and loyally. The protest comes only from those who neither know nor understand.

Besides their ordinary parochial duties (and they are much more than the foregoing rapid summary would indicate), priests in parishes have other claims on their time and energy. There is, for example, the hurried call to the local hospital. Our Catholic hospitals alone number 671. Where there is no resident chaplain, the parish priest is responsible for the patients. Very few of them are his ordinary parishioners. And patients in the thousands of non-Catholic hospitals need the care of the physician of the soul, too.

Very few persons realize all the calls that are made on the priest from an al-

most limitless number of sources; in many cases he may not be strictly obliged to respond, but in most cases he does what is in his power.

Even the "knights of the road" ring the priest's doorbell. So soft-hearted is the priest that in the hobo vernacular, "the buck" means the "Catholic priest, many of whom are good for a dollar." (Cfr. *Literary Digest*, April 10, 1937, p. 12.)

**T**HE deeper we go into this survey the more we must admire the work of the American clergy as a class. Priests in the United States need not be alarmed if the search-light of investigation is thrown on them. The stronger that light, the more resplendent the glory of the American priesthood.

"The priest," says our Holy Father, "is both by vocation and divine commission the chief Apostle and tireless furtherer of the Christian education of youth; in the name of God, the priest blesses Christian marriage and defends its sanctity and indissolubility against the attacks and evasions suggested by cupidity and sensuality; the priest contributes most effectively to the solution, or at least the mitigation of social conflicts, since he preaches Christian brotherhood, declares to all their mutual obligations of justice and charity, brings peace to hearts embittered by moral and economic hardship, and alike to rich and poor points out the only true riches to which all men both can and should aspire." (Encyclical on the *Catholic Priesthood*.)

This eloquent portrayal of some of the functions of the priest is an accurate evaluation of part of America's debt to the Catholic clergy.

Now to get back to our original query: What have priests done in American labor disputes? We would hardly expect them to do much. They have enough to keep them busy without meddling with strikes. But let's investigate anyway.

We are not concerned with lectures, articles, pamphlets and books produced by priests on the subject of industrial ethics. The quantity and quality of such productions are growing constantly. Neither are we concerned with the radio, which priests are using more and more in order to make the attitude of the Church on economic matters better known. Father Raymond McGowan has just given a series of such talks over a national hook-up. Nor shall we survey the fifty-nine Industrial Conferences held in various parts of the country under the auspices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Our particular question is: "What have priests done as mediators in labor disputes?"

In order to answer that question, you will have to follow me on a tour of in-

vestigation. Like G-men, we start out by looking for "leads."

One of the first persons I interviewed in my search for clues was Mr. Hugh L. Kerwin, Director of the Division of Conciliation in the Federal Department of Labor at Washington, D. C. He has been engaged in this work for a quarter of a century.

"Father," he said after I told him the purpose of my visit, "I am not a Catholic, but I often wondered why some one did not write up that subject long ago. You will find plenty of material if only you have the patience to dig it out of its hiding place. There's Father Boland in Buffalo, Father Siedenburgh in Detroit, Monsignor Wynhoven in New Orleans, Father Thompson in Oregon. You have the exciting story of the Anthracite Coal Industry in Pennsylvania with Bishops Spalding, Hoban and O'Reilly and Monsignor Curran, the 'miner's friend.' You could write a book about Monsignor Ryan and Father Haas in their relations with labor in every phase. And . . ." The rapid whirl about the country would make anyone dizzy. "Just a minute, please," I gasped. "Let me take some notes. Have you anything about their work here?"

In a few minutes, the reports on one strike, a lumber strike on the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1935, were before me. The bundle was about six inches thick.

**W**HILE I was examining the material on that strike, the mail arrived. It contained a letter from one of the federal conciliators. He was reporting a labor dispute wherein the intervention of the local pastor was being solicited to settle the difficulty, because "he has such a hold on the people."

"We have plenty of material for your study," interjected Mr. Kerwin. "Unfortunately it is not catalogued under the priest's name. If you get the location and dates of the various strikes on which priests were engaged, we can help you with the details. We won't be able to help you in all cases, because not all disputes are reported to us."

The next day, I went to the Press Department of the N.C.W.C. and studied some of the news releases for the past few years. The person in charge cautioned me not to expect a complete record. The remark made was similar to the one editors of Catholic papers all over the country are making every day. "It is the hardest thing in the world to get news items from priests. They won't let us know what work they are doing."

In a short time I had some more names on my list: Father Maguire of Bourbonnais, Ill.; Monsignor Smith of Cleveland, Ohio; Monsignor Dempsey of St. Louis, Mo.; Father Burke of San Francisco, Cal. In two days, I had

the names of over thirty prelates and priests who acted as mediators and the location and dates of over one hundred disputes on which they were engaged. Many more have been added since.

Getting clues is just the beginning. You must follow the long trail winding into every section of the country and establish contacts with these clerical mediators.

**W**HEN questioned about his activities as peace-maker, one priest replied as follows: "I have been engaged in numbers of labor disputes and unfortunately I have taken them in my stride as they came along. I have not kept any record of the facts you want. I do not think I can remember them all. If you will be a little patient, I shall try to get together some of the material on some of the larger and more important strikes."

There you have a fine example of a typical priest. He goes about doing good without a press agent or recording secretary. Priests take things "in their stride," and forget all about it. The public is not informed.

Another priest, who is chairman of a regional National Labor Relations Board, when pressed for information, answered: "I have handled close to five hundred cases. I am sure you could not want me to cover them all."

A third priest was requested by the President to be director of a local mediation board. Under his direction, the board adjusted about 480 cases, involving 22,800 workers.

And so the accounts file by, each new one more interesting than the rest. Time and space do not permit a complete account. That requires more than a magazine article. For a thorough survey we must delve into each labor conflict, check and recheck to ascertain the facts, and observe the rigid requirements of research technique. That I am now doing. I welcome the assistance of those readers who may have knowledge of such instances.

Just what are priests doing? The complete answer would startle contemporary Americans—Catholics and non-Catholics alike. But the complete answer is hard to get because priests take things "in their stride as they come along."

The more we look at the record, the more we understand why priests are the most respected and admired group of men under the Stars and Stripes. We take off our hat to the Roman collar; it is a badge of honor.

No more fitting resolution could be made by the laity as well as the clergy than to take up, read, and ponder the Encyclical *Ad Catholici Sacerdotii*, the authoritative document on *The Catholic Priesthood*.

# THE ANTI-MAN

By Enid Dinnis



THE ANTI-GOD man was having his lunch at the Blue Lion. His appearance belied the name that the village folk had given him as completely as did that of the gentle-looking creature on the sign-board. He had a pleasant countenance and a kindly eye, and his meal was simple enough to suggest that it went with high thinking.

The anti-God man (he had barely reached manhood) was out to preach happiness, human happiness, and the means of obtaining it. He had staked out a claim last night on the village green up at Over Melton and had there collected quite a number of listeners— young people like himself for the most part. The middle-aged villager was, for the most part, set fast in a kind of prejudice against anti-religion, definitely set forth as such, however negligible his own theism might be. The aged clung to a pathetic belief in the "dope" which he, the anti-God man, was out to denounce—in the interests of human happiness.

He had drawn a picture of the earthly paradise which the new order was to establish in place of the war-ridden, poverty-stricken world of to-day. Happiness was the right of every human

being. The tyranny and selfishness of men had robbed the greater number of their right. The new régime was to bring within their reach the things essential to happiness.

Now he was down at Nether Melton, which nestled at the foot of the hill and was quite a fair-sized place. The village interested him. It possessed three "places of worship" testifying to the so-called "theocentric inclination" in the mind of man. There was the ancient parish church, an imposing Gothic structure, which with a sturdy persistence continued to carry out its medieval mandate as the house of God and to preside over the secular habitations which supplied it with a sparse and diminishing congregation. Then there was a non-conformist chapel, a small but solidly-built stone building; and, lastly, just outside the village, he had passed a wooden hut with a cross on the top which proclaimed itself to be the "Catholic Church."

Something about the claim contained in the word "catholic" struck him, first as quaint, then as food for thought. Catholic meant universal. This was the species of theism that, like the Communist movement, was international.

This little wooden conventicle held out the only real challenge to the great "Faith" of the future—the faith in Humanity. The others were negligible. The imposing Gothic church, all said and done, in these days only represented the British Empire. A far-flung organization but with its material limitation signalized by the Union Jack. The non-conformist chapel possessed no interracial organized contacts. It was a frank "little Englander."

The little wooden hut with a cross on the top stood for that redoubtable thing—a united front. And it was the arch-enemy of human happiness, of humanity. It served out dope to the dregs of human misery.

The anti-God man recalled to mind a man whom he had seen emerging from the said church door—a ragged tramp of a fellow who he somehow felt convinced had not been after the money-boxes. He asked himself why he had been so convinced? There had been an expression of satisfaction on the man's face which might have suggested success at that illegal pastime. The New Order would end all that—the poverty that was indicated, that is to say, by the poor fellow's rags.



He finished his lunch and strolled out into the village street. His plan of campaign was to get into conversation with individuals. As he strolled down the street two children passed him. One nudged the other. "Look, there goes the anti-man!"

"Tisn't, it's the anti-God man."

The first speaker repudiated the correction. "My mummie says it's not reverent to talk about an 'anti-God' man, so I calls him the anti-man."

THE apostle of Humanity was quite properly tickled by this new title. "Anti-man" forsooth! for a pro-humanity protector of the human race against theistic incursions. So his fame had come down into Nether Melton.

The thing now was to get into touch with the natives, with the typical inhabitant. He scrutinized the row of hovels that lined the narrow street. The lives must be miserable enough that they sheltered although they gave a certain picturesqueness to the village. He paused before a window which was displaying strips of leather and a selection of cork soles. The name, Silas Silt was written over the door and the word, Repairs.

The anti-man had hit upon the village cobbler—surely a promising subject? Cobblers had a tradition of enlightenment attached to their calling, possibly because the great John Bradlaugh came from the place where boots are made. Here was a place for the anti-man to peddle his wares—he felt himself to be a peddler with an earthly paradise in his pack, to be offered to anyone who would give in exchange scrap, that is to say, the old worn-out beliefs and principles that were boosted in the three places of worship.

The cobbler's shop was a stuffy little place. There was just room for the cobbler and his plant and a reasonable-sized customer. A black cat managed to squeeze itself in close to the cobbler's elbow. The latter looked up from his boot-mending at the newcomer. He was an elderly man spectacled and blur-eyed as from much cobbling.

The anti-man had no visible pack to betray his purpose. He said, "good-day" and asked for a pair of cork soles. The other laid them on the counter, took the money and returned to his last. The customer lingered.

"Might your boots be wanting seeing to?" the cobbler suggested.

The anti-man smiled. No, there were no leakages so far as he knew. "I bought the soles," he explained, with engaging frankness, "because I thought that I'd like to come in and have a chat. I'm stopping a day or two in this neighborhood."

The other pushed his spectacles well onto the tip of his nose and took a long look over them at the speaker.

"Was it you," he asked, "that was speaking on the green up yonder last night?"

The anti-man admitted the impeachment. He wondered if it was a soft one?

"I'm one of those," he said, "who think that the present condition of things might be improved upon."

He threw a glance round the tiny place. He ought to be finding a sympathizer.

The cobbler had picked up a shoe. He was pressing his finger-nail into the sole. "Might be worse," he opined. "Anyway, it won't last forever." It was an open question whether he was alluding to the sole of the shoe or the world in which an imperfect condition of things prevailed.

His next remark settled it.

"According to Parson," he said, "the next world will be all right."

"But supposing there isn't a next world?" the anti-man queried.

The old man set the shoe down and gave himself to thought.

"I suppose we shouldn't be none the wiser," he reflected. Then, quite unexpectedly, he turned what was almost a fierce eye on the man in front of him. "At any rate," he retorted, "there wouldn't be any world for you young fellers to get up in and say, 'I told you so.'" He added, grimly: "You must find that a bit vexing at times."

The anti-man sorted out a rejoinder.

"But, on the other hand," he said, "you can't prove to me that there is another world. You can't point to it and say, 'I told you so' on this side of what you call eternity."

Mr. Silas Silt appeared for the moment to have been silenced. Then he eyed the other with renewed defiance.

"If my old woman had been alive," he said, "she'd have proved it to you. The next world was as real to her as this shoe is to me."

THE anti-man smiled as wide a smile as a reference to the dead would decently permit.

"But being real to her wouldn't make it real to me," he pointed out. The mentality of the yokel was quaint beyond words—it was the mentality of all religious folk, bucolic or otherwise.

"Anyway it made all the difference to her," the old man said.

"Life's a hard business at times and we like to think of a better land." The reference to his "old woman" had softened the rugged face.

The anti-man caught up the phrase. "A better land, yes, but why not have it here? Social injustice, the grinding down of the poor—that's what makes people look out for a 'better land'—and not to be wondered at either." He gave a disparaging glance round.

"Do you make much of a living by this?" he queried. "I suppose your minister comes in and tells you about a better land where he won't have to pay rates and taxes on your betterment. I suppose you could do with larger premises?"

Silas Silt looked just a trifle bewildered.

"What's the matter with the shop?" he asked. "I make a good enough living. I never have to ask my children for anything, although they'd give it soon enough. Me and the Missus were always very happy here." He heaved a sigh. "I'm all alone now." He suddenly cocked an eye that had what was almost a flash in it on the agent of the earthly better land. "I don't suppose your Better Land could bring back my Missus to live in it," he challenged. "I'm all alone—that's the trouble and it can't be remedied." The challenging eye became blurred behind a tear; it still fixed the apostle of mortality.

"Well, no," the anti-man admitted. "We don't cater for the dead." He paused. He didn't want to be brutal to the husband of Silas Silt's missus by rubbing in the deadness of the dead.

THEN I darned well don't want to have anything to do with it," was the sharp rejoinder. "Bring back them what's gone and I'll call it a better land."

He dug his thumb-nail savagely into the sole of the shoe which he had picked up, producing evidence of it's having done its work.

"Lets in water," he muttered. "There's hard wear for soles in these parts." It was a kind of apology for the warmth of his remarks. "All the pressure goes on one spot, you see."

"Well, you've let me have two to make shift with," the anti-man said, laughingly. Being definitely pro-Human in his sympathies he was feeling sorry for the lonely old fellow who had lost his wife. "I had hardly realized before that my boots possessed soles, let alone what makes them wear out always in one place."

"You hadn't thought about it," the cobbler replied. "One doesn't always think."

There was nothing to be done with Silas Silt. He possessed the deplorably contented mind of the poor. His little hole of a shop was in his eyes as good as a big town store. True, it was his own. He might consider that he scored over the manager of the Bigminster branch of the Fitt-All Shoe Company—that pernicious principle of private property would no doubt assert itself. The inspiring thesis of Communism was less attractive to human nature. Human nature needed readjusting. It demanded a better land in which everybody lived forever to enjoy its equities.

Death was undoubtedly the fly in the ointment in the balm manufactured by the makers of the earthly paradise. It was a cute expression, that—the fly in the ointment. It came out of the Bible, a book which contained many queer sayings. He had once tried to fathom the meaning of the proverb: "The eye cannot be filled by seeing, nor the ear by hearing."

Well—since the village cobbler had disappointed him the only thing was to offer his goods elsewhere. How about the village tailor? A village usually possessed a tailor, and tailors had something of the reputation of cobblers. There happened to be a most opportune hole in his jacket pocket caused by the hot bowl of his pipe. He could call on the village tailor and get it seen to. He might then start peddling his goods if the opportunity offered.

**O**PPORTUNITY more than offered. It pressed forward as though it had been in the pay of Moscow. The anti-man discovered the tailor's whereabouts. It was a neat little private house with a plate on the door bearing the legend: Walter Longman, Tailor. There might well be a willing listener inside.

The door was answered by Mrs. Walter Longman—a rather thin lady with careful manners. She showed the visitor into a parlor which was decorated with pin-cushions and a tape measure in addition to the usual ornaments peculiar to that type of un-lived-in room. The best parlor is always a dead rather than a living room. The anti-man stood there and began to feel rather abashed at the trivial nature of his business. Had he better order a suit? No, he didn't think he could endure a suit made by Mr. Walter Longman, even for the good of the Cause, which had its martyrs just as much as any other.

When Mr. Walter Longman appeared, however, things went quite easily. He was stoutish—round rather than long, and inclined to be hearty in his manner. He was smoking a pipe into the bowl of which he thrust an extinguishing thumb, in deference to the best parlor rather than to the visitor. The visitor was able to explain his business, with due apologies.

The knight of the needle invited him to be off with his coat and the trouble would be remedied in a jiffy whilst he was waiting. So the anti-man stripped off his coat and the other carried it away. A moment later there was a tap on the door and a little girl of about four years old trotted in and presented him with a newspaper, holding her head sideways, as she did so, out of shyness. The anti-man inquired her name but she seemed disinclined to part with the information. She trotted back to the door and vanished.



ONE NUDGED THE OTHER. "LOOK, THERE GOES THE ANTI-MAN."

The newspaper offered another opportunity. There was news in it, the discussion of which would offer an excellent gambit to the game before the packman of the terrestrial paradise. Mr. Longman returned with the coat, almost within the jiffy that he had specified. (Has any one ever measured the exact length of a jiffy?) and in the course of revesting himself the visitor commented on the political news in the *Daily Fudge*.

Mr. Walter Longman was evidently quite pleased to be conversing with one who showed himself to be an advanced thinker on subjects of political economy. They entered into conversation and the anti-man with practiced skill worked his way down to the root of the evil—the superstitions which were combated by Communism.

The listener gulped down the momentous word without having any apparent trouble with his gorge. "The wife goes along to chapel," he com-

mented, "but I've given it up myself. Too strait-laced for me." This sounded promising.

"Corsets are for women, not for men," the speaker continued. He took a long pull at his suppressed pipe and watched the other's polite enjoyment of the joke.

"Quite so," the anti-man said, "they talk about a better land and put prohibitions on everything that makes this life enjoyable. They rob men of their freedom for the sake of a chimerical happiness in a world to come that never will."

The listener was impressed by the long words and the rounded sentence. Especially as there was one word that he did not recognize. (He had only come across "chimerical" on paper.) All the same he felt it up to him to say something on the other side.

"My wife gets her bit of happiness out of life," he remarked, "in spite of it. They aren't keen on dancing, but

she enjoys the tea-meetings and the sewing parties. She gets her sprees up at the chapel, and it keeps her in a good temper." He winked knowingly.

"Yet they are depriving her of her rights," the other persisted. "Look at their ideas about marriage in some of the churches. Incompatibles tied together for life. Every man and woman ought to be free to rectify a mistake made in youth. I'm sure if your wife got tired of you you wouldn't wish to be standing in her light."

There was a sudden change in the man before him. His face went very red. Then he took the pipe out of his mouth and pointed with its stem at the door.

"THERE'S the door," he said, "you can clear out if you are going to insult my wife."

The anti-man was taken aback. It took him aback in the direction of the door. "I was merely speaking by way of hypothesis," he murmured. But the village tailor—after all, he was only the village tailor—had had enough of long words. The wisest thing for the peddler of unwanted wares was to clear out.

He turned on his heel. His friend the tailor had come to regard it as a cloven hoof. As he walked away the little fair-haired girl who had presented him with the newspaper peeped out at him. He felt rather like the bogey-man that she had suspected him to be. He had fallen foul of the ingrained prejudice of the little man who had given up going to chapel. The parlor that smelt of stale Sunday reunions was the shrine of family life sanctified by the kink in the mind of man that the old pagan philosophers called a theocentric inclination. And of course there was the same old trouble of proprietorship. This fellow liked to own the wife he made jokes about.

It had begun to rain. He passed the cobbler's shop. The cobbler would be singing "Jerusalem the Golden" to himself as he bent over his bench. "Poor old boy!" The anti-man loved his fellow-men without the least difficulty.

By the road-side he caught sight of a ragged figure. A tinker was sitting there mending a pot. "Tinker, tailor," the anti-man said to himself. "I'll have a shot at him." He paused.

"Bad weather," he remarked, "but I expect you're used to rain."

"That's so." It was said without any rancor.

A big touring car flashed past them.

"We haven't all got cars to go about in," the anti-man said, "but perhaps we shall some day." It was a tall claim, for all that redistribution would place a number of touring cars at the disposal of the "have-nots."

The other chuckled. "Bad traffic jam

if we did," he said. "Many a time I've felt sorry for the folks in a traffic jam as I passed 'em by. Tedious business it must be, stuck there."

The other surveyed him with curiosity. "You don't seem to envy the rich folk," he said.

The tinker had put his pot down. He had a singularly attractive face. He sat with his hands clasped across his knees. "Why should I?" he asked. "Look at them yonder"—He pointed along the road. "I reckon they haven't been to Holy Communion this morning."

The anti-man took a long look at his companion. Yes, it was the man whom he had seen coming out of the wooden church, whom he had judged not to be a thief. So he had hit upon a fanatic. For all his poverty it would be useless to offer him the goods in his pack.

"How often do you go to Holy Communion?" he asked.

"Most mornings. The priests know me all along the road. I keep on the move. Tinkering's not such a bad job in the fine weather."

The anti-man glanced down at the other's boots. He thrust his hand into his pocket. "I have a pair of cork soles here," he said. "Will they be any use to you?"

"That they will! The Lord reward you." The tinker had already removed one leaky boot.

"But I didn't give them to the Lord," the anti-man objected.

"Ah, but you did. And sure the Lord will be saying to you: 'I was foot-sore and my boots were letting in water and you gave me a pair of cork soles—fine thick ones.' And you'll be saying: 'Asking your pardon, but I didn't do no such thing.' And the Lord will say: 'Because you gave them to the least of my little ones you gave them to Me.' He claims everything that one does

for them that's down on their luck and takes it to Himself, and then He gives you Heaven."

"But I'm quite content to do it for my fellow-men," the anti-man protested.

The old man shook his head. "You can't get away from God except by doing dirty tricks," he said. Then he added. "It's going to Holy Communion every day that keeps one off dirty tricks."

There was something extraordinarily, arrestingly, attractive about the old man. The anti-man took out his tobacco pouch.

"Would He like some tobacco?" he asked.

The old face became one big smile. "He'll be very grateful," the tinker said; "you be sure of that."

The anti-man emptied his pouch. He handed the contents to his companion. He accepted the thanks almost shyly. A strange feeling had come over him. In giving the tobacco to this tramp he had inadvertently been betrayed into an act of worship. Someone had said, "Thank you, kindly."

Someone who was neither pro-man nor anti-man but—Man.

The anti-man was continuing his way to Damascus—to Over Melton, I mean. Nether Melton had been a wash-out. He had not tried the butcher nor the baker, but he seemed to have lost faith in his peddling. He had proved for himself that there is in the mind of man a natural theocentric inclination—a hunger that implied the existence of food. The eye of Silas Silt had not been filled by seeing nor the ear of Walter Longman by hearing—it had strained after the Voice that proclaimed a supernatural sanction. His wares were still in his pack—unless the tinker had proved to be a thief after all and robbed him of them?

He was passing the churchyard. A gravestone peeped at him from the rising ground beyond the low wall. He read the name: "Elizabeth, beloved wife of Silas Silt." And, below, the words:

"Until the Day dawn."

SOMETHING had happened. A theocentric inclination, strong and unbridled was playing havoc with the anti-ness of the anti-man. Why refuse the food which appeased the hunger in the heart of man? The realest thing in him at this moment was this hunger. It had come upon him so suddenly—in exchange for a pair of cork soles and a wad of tobacco.

"Until the Day dawn." A strange thought came to him. Was Elizabeth, wife of Silas Silt, saying, "I told you so?"

HILAIRE BELLOC continues in this issue his keen analysis of the terrible assault being made on the Church in this modern world.

IN HIS NEXT and final article he tries to foresee the outcome of this attack.





By Joachim Beckes, C.P., Wuki, Hunan

## WE ATTEND A WEDDING

By Reginald Arliss, C.P.

**T**HE LITTLE hamlet of Chung Chi Keo was astir rather early that morning. It was November the sixteenth:—a day, so the inhabitants said, that was to be an outstanding one in the annals of the little village's long history. Two Catholic priests were to make a visit to this settlement in order to assist at a celebration scheduled to be held on the morrow, when Chung Chi Keo would give one of its noble sons in marriage. Rumor had it that never before had a Catholic priest set foot within the boundaries of the village. What made the affair more exceptional was that these priests were foreigners, and the majority of the folk in the hamlet had never before seen the face of a white man. So the entire community anticipated the visit of the strangers with no little curiosity.

Chung Chi Keo was so small that it had not even a main street, nor could it boast of one store. Its homes were poor and low squat, and scattered along paths that ran haphazard through stretching farmlands. The inhabitants made their livelihood, for the most part, from the soil, while some of the families lived on the meager revenue that came from work on the river, by boating and fishing.

In the center of the village there was an old ancestral mansion, once inhabited by a well-to-do family, but through some unfortunate turn of events, the family was forced to vacate to a more modest abode.

Chung Chi Keo was the home town of a certain Mr. Chiang who was head catechist at Father Basil's Mission in Wangtsun, a city about fifty miles to the north. The catechist and his family, though they lived at the mission all year round, had a little home in Chung Chi Keo. Arrived at his tiny dwelling, and seeing it so inadequate for carrying out an elaborate marriage celebration, Mr. Chiang was at a loss what to do. He realized only too well that a marriage celebration was one of the most important events in the life of a Chinese, hence he wished to give to the bride and groom every happiness possible on that day. As he paced up and down the village road the thought suddenly struck him: "How about hiring out the old mansion for a few days?" In short time the homestead was rented, and Mr. Chiang and a few workmen were soon busy cleaning rooms, whitewashing walls, and embellishing the entire house with decorations suitable to the occasion.

The marriage might well have been celebrated at Father Basil's mission. It would be much more convenient, much less expensive, and would avoid many of the dangers consequent on traveling in those parts of the country where bandits held full sway. But to hold the wedding at the mission would be a grave violation of the sacred Chinese custom which ordains that the son be married at the abode of his immediate

ancestors. Now Mr. Chiang was not one who wished to be disrespectful to a conventionality hallowed by centuries. (To make an incidental remark—I mentioned dangerous traveling; it happened that Mrs. Chiang and daughter, when returning to Father Basil's mission, after the wedding, were captured by bandits, and robbed of all their possessions.) At any rate, all was in readiness for the visit of the two Fathers, and for the great celebration.

Early in the morning of the same day, in Yüanling, a little boat lay offshore ready to receive the two priests. "Do you think we will reach Chung Chi Keo today in this weather?" I said to Father Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P. The atmosphere was clouded with a heavy fog, and it looked as though we were in for a miserable day. We were assured, however, by the head boatman, that we would arrive at our destination at about five o'clock that evening. After a slight delay, we boarded our sampan.

**T**HE going was difficult, since there was a heavy current against us, and our boatmen zigzagged their way upstream as best they could. The progress made was so slow that after the lapse of a half hour we were still in sight of the city wall. A few minutes later we were tarrying in the midst of a group of boats lying off the opposite shore. We saw a few curls of smoke ascending in the air, and we knew that



"ITS HOMES WERE POOR AND LOW AND SQUAT, AND SCATTERED ALONG PATHS THAT RAN HAPHAZARD THROUGH STRETCHING FARMLANDS. THE INHABITANTS MADE THEIR LIVELIHOOD FROM THE SOIL."

we were destined for a lengthy delay. Each boat had its fire with a pot of simmering rice placed over it. It was breakfast time for the boatmen.

Our oarsmen rested from their work and straightway made preparations for the morning fare. All then squatted around the fire for their morning smoke. They chatted about everything under the sun, and concluded the conversation, as they invariably do, with comments on the pecuniary gains that would be theirs at the end of the day. The rice cooked, all partook of the favorite morsel. It was very amusing to see the little group, each one dexterously manipulating his chopsticks as he held a bowl of steaming rice to his hungry mouth. It was not surprising to see the plentiful amount each one ate, for that meal must needs sustain them until after nightfall.

**W**HEN it was time to resume our journey the head boatman threw a long bamboo rope to his three assistants who were waiting ashore. This rope, fastened to the top of the mast, was pulled by the boatmen as they walked along the broad path on the river bank. This primitive means of locomotion—as old as China itself—is used when the sail is of no benefit, and when the water is too shallow for rowing. Mile after mile we covered, as the pullers made their way alternately over high cliffs and low inclines.

About ten o'clock that morning, the fog lifted, and the sun came out strong in an oriental blue sky. It was a characteristic Chinese autumn day; a dense fog, followed by a cheerful warm sun. Throughout the day, our attention was drawn to the picturesque landscape on either side of the winding Yuan River, and to the mountains in the distance, which were neatly terraced off by numerous rice fields, thus giving the

appearance of huge sets of steps leading from the foot to the summit of the slopes.

As the red sun fell upon the horizon, we expected that we would soon arrive at Chung Chi Keo. Darkness overtook us and still we moved on. The going became more difficult now, as the boat pullers were forced to pick their way through the darkness by the aid of a lantern. We breathed a sigh of relief, however, when we saw in the distance a few dim lights moving on the shore. But the distance was deceiving; it was not until a half hour later that we arrived at the place of the lanterns. At last we were at Chung Chi Keo, just two hours behind schedule time.

True to Chinese courtesy, the villagers showed every mark of respect when we alighted from the boat. Firecrackers went off by the hundreds, and shouts of welcome filled the air, as we made our way through the winding paths to the ancient mansion. Here and there groups of curious peasants stood by, eager to catch a glimpse of the strange white men. At this juncture, Father Bonaventure disappeared from the scene. He is noted for his sure-footedness, but somehow or other, he missed his step and landed in a rice field a few feet below. We were rather apprehensive as to his safety, but our fears vanished when the light of the lantern discovered a face beaming with a broad smile.

Arrived at the old mansion, Father Bonaventure and I were very politely invited into a large guest room. There we partook of some hot Chinese tea. It was a welcome refreshment, for the night was chilly, and we were cold. We then proceeded to set aglow a large gasoline lamp that we had brought with us for the utility and "big face" of Mr. Chiang. Meanwhile, the peasants, crowding about us on all sides, showed

no little interest in what we were doing. They observed us from head to foot and occasionally made a comment on our white complexion and foreign mannerisms. When we pumped the mantle of the lamp to an intensively bright glow, the Chinese looked on and simply marveled. They had never seen the like of it before, and the surprise that they expressed was as though the novelty dropped out of the sky.

**W**E were invited to a dimly lighted room in the rear of the house, and there we sat down to a delectable Chinese fare. The course comprised of about ten dishes, including fish, eggs, vegetables, rice, and three kinds of meat. Of course the other guests of the house accompanied us to the table and crowded around to see how the foreigners ate. The chopsticks were not strange to us. Nevertheless, we felt a bit nervous in the presence of this critical group. But we managed to do quite well, I think, in spite of the few slips we made in trying to pinch some of the greasy viands between the sticks. At any rate both of us did justice to the savory meal, for we were hungry after the day's journey. Before we left the table hot towels were served to us, and we gladly seized the opportunity to give our dusty faces a washing.

We were next invited to our sleeping quarters, a small room but nicely equipped for a Chinese country home. No sooner had we entered, than we began to read English. The walls on either side of us were papered with newspaper sheets, and the news they contained was not more than six weeks old—and all this from dear old America. Indeed, we felt right at home. This insignificant little hamlet was the last place in the world one would expect to find an American journal. When the time hung heavy on our hands, therefore, we could leisurely glance over the affairs that occupied the minds of men on the other side of the globe. It happened that Mr. Chiang, the week previously, had occasion to visit our Yüanling Mission. While he was there he managed to collect a few of the newspapers sent to the Fathers from the States. "They make good wallpaper," he said, and we agreed.

As the moments slowly went by, we sat in a small guest room chatting with the Christians. There were only about five in the whole village. They expressed the greatest delight in having us in their midst. A half hour later we went over to the spacious guest room to observe how the celebration was progressing. Thirty guests sat on low benches and stools under the bright lamp. Some gazed up at the light as if they were extremely pleased in having it there; others were engaged in merry

conversation; some sat in a pensive mood, no doubt enjoying a well earned rest after a hard day's labor; while others, in subdued tones, accompanied the village orchestra which played on the other side of the hall. If it was the purpose of the musicians to lend volume to their plaintive strains, they succeeded quite well, for I think they could be heard throughout the whole countryside.

At about ten o'clock Father Bonaventure and I agreed that it would be a convenient time to retire for the night. But out of courtesy we waited for the orchestra to stop and go home. The minutes ran into an hour and still there was no let up. Rather the music seemed to play more mirthfully as the time went on. Each player seemed determined to be heard above the others. But there was no use in waiting. We learned eventually, that the musicians were engaged to play throughout the night and on through next day till nightfall. So we retired, expecting to spend a wakeful night in spite of our weariness. But strange to say, we presently fell asleep.

**E**ARLY the next morning, we awoke with gongs and tom-toms, violins and flutes ringing in our ears. I was to say Mass at seven o'clock. As I walked up and down the adjoining hallway, I saw a large altar nicely set up and decorated in the guest room. Presently my attention was drawn to an interesting incident that took place before the altar. I saw a woman kow-towing most religiously. Her eyes were gazing steadfastly on an object on the wall. I followed her eyes to see what it could be. It was the pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Holy Family. I suppose she thought the pictures represented some of the pagan deities.

The next observation I made was that the altar was situated not far from where the orchestra sat. I then had visions of the musicians accompanying me through the Mass with their choicest selections. But this did not happen. Except for a conversation struck up between the guests now and then, there was comparative quiet in the hall. I began the Holy Sacrifice at seven o'clock. There was a little group of peasants standing at a slight distance from the altar and gazing on in wonderment. It was all so strange to them. As the Mass progressed the onlookers grew in number, and still there was comparative quiet, so that I could consider myself fortunate in having such tranquillity in the midst of these pagan merry makers.

All of a sudden a fierce racket broke out. Noises came from every side. Deafening firecrackers boomed in rapid succession right in the room, shouts of greetings and congratulations rent the air and every instrument in the or-

chestra seemed to be going at full force. I stood at the altar bewildered. The reason for all the tumult was the arrival of the bride. This part of the wedding celebration in every Chinese marriage is accompanied with much pomp and ceremony. At any rate, I was forced to pause before the Consecration of the Mass until the noise died down. But I had no complaints to make. The poor pagans had not the slightest notion of the tremendous mystery that was being enacted in their presence.

Had they been Christians how different would their attitude have been. Perhaps some day God will give them the light to understand the significance of the eternal Sacrifice and to partake of its merits. In any event, the devil lost much "face" that day. He must have been ill at ease when he saw an encroachment being made on his dominion; well might he have raged with anger, when he saw the Sacrifice of the Cross re-enacted in the midst of a people held under his cruel thralldom for so many centuries. My Mass over, Father Bonaventure succeeded me at the altar. All was in readiness for the nuptial ceremony.

I was singularly impressed by the sight now before the altar. On a large red satin cushion knelt the bride and groom. The bride wore upon her head a crown made of bright glistening trinkets, a few of which hung over her face. Her eyes were constantly downcast and the blush on her face betrayed her shyness. She wore a long silk gown of many colors. Her tiny slippers were made of red silk and adorned with sil-

very trinkets. The groom was dressed in a long blue garment—commonly worn by the upper class—with a broad red silk band stretching from his right shoulder down to his left side. He was a tall, fine looking young man, and cut a handsome figure among the folk.

**A**LL through the sacred ceremony, the spectators—they were very many now—observed with remarkable respect, each detail as though they were familiar with the Mass. Before Father Bonaventure had time to unvest, the merriment began. The orchestra again went into full swing, and the conversations became loud and boisterous.

All was ready for the banquet. There were two dining halls, one for the men and one for the women, according to custom. The women occupied the front of the house, while the men sat at table in the rear. Each guest courteously invited the other to be seated first. All sat around small tables on stools and benches. First wine—the famous rice wine of China—was served. Then came dishes of many varieties; bamboo sprouts, various kinds of fresh and pickled meats; shark fins and other kinds of fish, a large variety of vegetables, followed by rice, hot tea, and cigarettes.

In the afternoon the guests assembled in the large hall to present their gifts. All the women were attired in their pretty silken gowns, silvery head-dress, and colored shoes. Even the little children were dressed with such care and attention that they looked like little



"EACH BOAT HAD ITS FIRE WITH A POT OF SIMMERING RICE PLACED OVER IT. IT WAS BREAKFAST TIME FOR THE BOATMEN."



gods. As the guests stood chatting away, a comical old gentleman stood on a platform before the crowd and called aloud for attention. Written on the paper he held in his hand were the names of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

He read these names aloud, one by

one; beginning with the grandparents, and going down the line to the distant relatives that were present, and the friends. His first call was something like this: "Grandfather and grandmother Chiang, the bride and groom now bow profoundly in your presence."

Father Bonaventure and I took our

leave much after the same manner on the next morning. And as we wended our way down the winding path to our sampan, we heard the booming of fire-crackers, and friendly shouts dying away in the distance: "Thank you, *Shen Fu*, thank you. Go away slowly, go away slowly."

## Mostly About Gifts

By Germain Heilmann, C.P.

A FAIR picture has been drawn on more than one occasion of the dangers and trials common to missionaries in China. To understand how surely grace takes hold of the souls of the people for whom we labor, one must also understand something of their temptations and difficulties. Though it is past New Year time, the circumstances of those festive days will serve well as an illustration of what I am attempting to point out.

With the smudge of blessed ashes still upon their brows and the doctrine of the day still filtering through their minds, my Kienyang Christians go forth to brave ten thousand temptations—the tenacious superstitions of the Chinese New Year. It demands heroic virtue and steadfast faith for less than half a hundred Catholics to detach themselves from the pagan atmosphere and the time-honored customs of thousands who are their relatives, friends and neighbors. This spirit is doubly hard to escape in this walled city where most of the citizens know each other so well.

The superstitious dread which forever haunts a large portion of the sons of Han seems to border on a touch of lunacy at the birth of the New Year. It may be because they are then given an opportunity to express intensively the instinctive fears which have been silent during the year's round of exacting toil. The greatest importance is then attached to the most insignificant things since these, it is thought, bear on the future and portend happiness or misery for the next twelve months. The list of "do" and "don't" and "must" and "may not" would fill a volume. Yet on their observance, it is believed, depends the year's measure of health, wealth and happiness.

Fortunately a few of the customs of this season, when exorcised, can be received into the fold of Christian charity and good-will. Therein my Christians enjoyed themselves to the limit; especially in the custom of well-wishing, substantiated by gifts. This is one time of the year when Mother Hubbard and

her brood would certainly envy the usually uninviting cupboard of the pastor. Eggs and ham and native puffed rice, candy, cakes, sugar, oranges and cigarettes are the ordinary presents. Added to these for the first time is the latest commodity on the Kienyang market—one sure to please the American missionary—*Sun Maid* raisins from the golden hills of California.

Thirty packages of these now guarantee me my bit of iron for many a day. There will be occasion, of course, to share these with honored guests and with the sick to whom they will be a welcome luxury. Let me not forget to mention that the presentation of every gift is accompanied by a formal phrase from the donor, signifying his deep embarrassment that he has so little to offer. The missionary, however, knows fairly well both the black and the red figures of every Christian's budget. Many do indeed give of their poverty.

Holy Scripture, if I remember rightly, records that "Job had boils." In this year of grace Kienyang's Job's son presented his gift with the following well memorized lines: "*Sen Fu* knows that my father, this past year, was sick unto death because of boils on his neck. For two months he could not work. In fact, had not the *Sen Fu* ministered to him so patiently and so successfully, he would not now be alive to celebrate this New Year. We have but little; yet of our little we share with deep gratitude and with the wish for your prosperity. Accept, if you will, my father's humble gift." We graciously accepted; and Job's son, more graciously still, tipped his hat and bowed his exit.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the patron of my departing donor.

Later two representatives of the beggars' guild appeared for their annual alms. After their little act of the day had passed the board of censor, their congratulations and good wishes were chanted to the rhythmic clat-clat of Chinese castanets. One trooper recited the verse while the other punctuated every wish with "*Hao*—So be it!" For

their shower of blessings they received a donation, and departed.

This ditty of the beggars fascinated me. Luck was mine, for a boy in the Mission once played the same rôle and still remembered the words.

"The New Year: a season new arrives. May you become very rich. So be it."

"May wealth of every kind abound in your family. So be it."

"May gold and silver be in your home. So be it."

"May you purchase land and there extend your happy domain. So be it."

"May a thousand acres come into your possession. So be it."

"May your extensive acres bring you thousands of dollars in rent. So be it."

"Amidst your fine rents we cast flowers of gold. So be it."

"May you rank, if not the first amongst the rich, at least the second. So be it."

IN noting that I gave them their annual alms, I did not mean that this is the only time in the year when we give even to these professionals. Not even the hardest-hearted merchant in town dares to refuse them their regular donations. For what the western world considers a new technique, is centuries old here. If an alms is consistently refused them by a shop-keeper, they simply "sit down" at the entrance. Neither promises nor curses will dislodge them. They want cash. They always get cash. No customer will pass through that crowd of whining, filthy beggars. With good or bad grace the shop owner must come to terms.

These tactics, of course, belong to the class which lives on alms from one end of the year to the other. Quite different are the farmers and other folk who have been stricken by flood, famine or bandits. These people are anxious to get back to the soil and to a secure and honorable way of living. We give them what help we can.

# Our Modern Enslavement

The Fruits of the Modern Struggle Against the Church are Seen in Slavery to the State and Slavery to Private Corporations and Individuals

By Hilaire Belloc

THE Modern Attack on the Catholic Church, the most universal that she has suffered since her foundation, has so far progressed that it has already produced social, intellectual and moral forms which combined give it the savor of a religion.

Though this Modern Attack, as I have said, is not a heresy in the old sense of the word, nor a sort of synthesis of heresies having in common a hatred of the Faith (such as the Protestant movement was) it is even more profound, and its consequences more devastating than any of these. It is essentially atheist, even when the atheism is not overtly predicated; it regards man as sufficient to himself, prayer as mere self-suggestion and—the fundamental point—God as no more than a figment of the imagination, an image of man's self thrown by man on the universe; a fantasm and no reality. Among his many wise pronouncements the reigning Pope uttered one sentence, the profound judgment of which was most striking at the time and has been powerfully confirmed by events ever since. What he said was that whereas the denial of God had been confined in the past to a comparatively small number of intellectuals, *that denial had now gained the multitude and was acting everywhere as a social force.*

This is the modern enemy; this is that rising flood; the greatest and what may prove to be the final struggle between the Church and the world. We must judge it principally by its fruits; and these fruits, though not yet mature, are already apparent. What are those fruits?

First, we are witnessing a revival of slavery, the necessary result of denying free will when that denial goes one step beyond Calvin and denies responsibility to God as well as lack of power in man. The two forms of slavery which are gradually appearing and will as time goes on be more and more matured under the effect of the modern attack upon the Faith, are slavery to the State and slavery to private corporations and individuals.

Terms are used so loosely nowadays, there is such a paralysis in the power

of definition, that almost any sentence using current phrases may be misinterpreted. If I were to say, "slavery under capitalism," the word "capitalism" would mean different things to different men. It means to one group of writers (what I must confess it means to me when I use it) "the exploitation of the masses of the people by a few owners of the means of production, transport and exchange." When the mass of men are dispossessed—own nothing—they become wholly dependent upon the owners; and when those owners are in active competition to lower the cost of production the mass of men whom they exploit not only lack the power to order their own lives, but suffer from want and insecurity as well.

But to another man, the term "capitalism" may mean simply the right to private property; to yet another it means industrial capitalism working with machines, and contrasted with agricultural production. I repeat, to get any sense into the discussion, we must have our terms clearly defined.

WHEN the reigning Pope in his Encyclical talked of men reduced "to a condition not far removed from slavery," he meant just what has been said above. When the mass of families in a State are without property, then those who were once citizens become virtually slaves. The more the State steps in to enforce conditions of security and sufficiency; the more it regulates wages, provides compulsory insurance, doctoring, education, and in general takes over the lives of the wage-earners, for the benefit of the companies and men employing the wage-earners; the more is this condition of semi-slavery accentuated. And if it be continued for, say, three generations, it will become so thoroughly established as a social habit and frame of mind that there may be no escape from it in the countries where State Socialism of this kind has been forged and riveted on the body politic.

In Europe, England in particular (but many other countries in a lesser degree) has bound itself to this system; below a certain level of income a man is guaranteed a bare subsistence should he be out of employment. It is doled

out to him by public officials at the expense of losing human dignity. Every circumstance of his family life is examined; he is even more in the hands of these officials when out of employment than in the hands of his employer when employed. The thing is still in transition; the mass of men do not yet see to what goal they are tending; but the neglect of human dignity, the potential if not actual denial of the doctrine of free will, has led by a natural consequence to semi-servile institutions, which will become fully servile institutions as time goes on.

NOW against the evil of wage-slavery there has been long proposed and is now working in actual function a certain remedy. The briefest name for it is Communism; this is the second form of slavery, far more advanced and thorough than the first.

Of modern "wage-slavery" one can only talk by metaphor; the man working at a wage is not fully free as is the man possessed of property; he must do as his master tells him, and when his condition is not that of a minority nor even of a limited majority, but of virtually the whole population, except a comparatively small capitalist class, the proportion of real freedom in his life dwindles indeed—yet legally it is there. The employee has not yet attained the status of the slave even in the most highly industrialized communities. His legal status is still that of a citizen. In theory he is still a free man who has contracted with another free man to do a certain amount of work for a certain amount of pay. The man who contracts to pay may or may not be making a profit out of it; the man who contracts to work may or may not receive in wages more than the value of what he produces. But both are technically free.

This first form of social evil produced by the modern spirit is rather a tendency to slavery than actual slavery; you may call it a half slavery, if you like, where it attaches to vast enterprises—huge factories, monopolist corporations, and so on. But still it is not full slavery.

Now Communism is full slavery. It is the modern enemy working openly, undisguisedly, and at full pressure. Communism denies God, denies the dignity and therefore the freedom of the human soul, and openly enslaves men to what it calls "the State"—and what is in practice a body of favored officials.

Under full Communism there would be no unemployment, just as there is no unemployment in a prison. Under full Communism there would be no distress or poverty, save where the masters of the nation chose to starve men or give them insufficient clothing, or in any other way oppress them. Communism worked honestly by officials devoid of human frailties and devoted to nothing but the good of the slaves, would have certain manifest material advantages as compared with a proletarian wage-system in which millions live in semi-starvation, and many millions more in permanent dread thereof. But even if it were administered thus Communism would only produce its benefits through imposing slavery.

**T**HESE are the first fruits of the Modern Attack on the social side; the first fruits appearing in the region of the social structure. We came, before the Church was founded, out of a pagan social system in which slavery was everywhere, in which the whole structure of society reposed upon the institution of slavery. With the loss of the Faith we return to that institution again.

Next to the social fruit of the Modern Attack on the Catholic Church is the moral fruit; which extends, of course, over the whole moral nature of man. And throughout this field its business so far has been to undermine every form of restraint imposed by human experience acting through tradition. I say, "so far," because in many parts of morals this rapid dissolution of the bonds must lead to a reaction; human society cannot co-exist with anarchy; new restraints and new customs will arise. Hence those who would point to the modern break-down of sexual morals as the chief effect of the Modern Attack on the Catholic Church are probably in error; for it will not have the most permanent results. Some code, some set of morals, must, in the nature of things arise, even if the old code is destroyed on this point. But there are other evil effects, which may prove more permanent.

Now to find out what these effects may be, we have a guide. We can consider how men of our blood carried on before the Church created Christendom. What we chiefly discover is this:—

That in the realm of morals one thing stands out, the unquestioned prevalence of cruelty in the unbaptized world.

Cruelty will be the chief fruit in the moral field of the Modern Attack, just as the revival of slavery will be the chief fruit in the social field. Here the critic may ask whether cruelty were not more the note of Christian men in the past than it is today. Is not all the history of our two thousand years a history of armed conflict, massacre, judicial tortures and horrible executions, the sack of towns, and all the rest of it?

The reply to this objection is that there is a capital distinction between cruelty exceptional, and cruelty the rule. When men apply cruel punishments, depend on physical power to obtain effects, let loose violence in the passions of war, if all this is done in violation of their own accepted morals, it is one thing; if it is done as part of a whole mental attitude taken for granted it is another.

Therein lies the radical distinction between the new modern cruelty and the sporadic cruelty of earlier Christian times. Not cruel vengeance, nor cruelty in excitement, nor cruelty in punishment against acknowledged evil, nor cruelty in repression of what admittedly must be repressed, is the fruit of an evil philosophy; though such things are excesses or sins. But the cruelty which accompanies the modern abandonment of our ancestral religion is a cruelty native to the Modern Attack; a cruelty which is part of its philosophy.

The proof lies in this: that men are not shocked at cruelty but indifferent to it. The abominations of the revolution in Russia, extended to those in Spain, are an example in point. Not only did people on the spot receive the horror with indifference, but distant observers do so. There is no universal cry of indignation, there is no sufficient protest, because there is no longer in force the conception that man as man is something sacred. It is at root that same force which ignores human dignity which also ignores human suffering.

**I** SAY again, the Modern Attack on the Faith will have in the moral field a thousand evil fruits, and of these many are apparent today, but the characteristic one, the one presumably the most permanent, is the institution everywhere of cruelty accompanied by a contempt for justice.

The last category of fruits by which we may judge the character of the Modern Attack consists in the fruits it bears in the field of the intelligence—what it does to human reason.

When the Modern Attack was gathering, a couple of lifetimes ago, while it was still confined to a small number of academic men, the first assault upon reason began. It seemed to make but little progress outside a restricted circle of what are called "Intellectuals." The

plain man and his common sense, which are the strongholds of reason, were not affected. Today they are.

But reason today is everywhere dethroned. The ancient process of conviction by argument and proof is replaced by reiterated affirmation; and almost all the terms which were the glory of reason carry with them now an atmosphere of contempt.

See what has happened for instance to the word "logic," to the word "controversy"; note such popular phrases as "No one yet was ever convinced by argument," or again, "Anything may be proved," or "that may be all right in logic, but in practice it is very different." The speech of men is becoming saturated with expressions which everywhere connote contempt for the use of the intelligence.

**B**UT the Faith and the use of the intelligence are inextricably bound up. The use of reason is a main part—or rather the foundation—of all inquiry into the highest things. It was precisely because reason was given this divine authority that the Church proclaimed mystery—that is, admitted reason to have its limits. It had to be so, lest the absolute powers ascribed to reason were to lead to the exclusion of truths which the reason might accept but could not demonstrate. Reason was limited by mystery only the more to enhance the sovereignty of reason in its own sphere.

When reason is dethroned, not only is Faith dethroned (the two subversions go together) but every moral and legitimate activity of the human soul is dethroned at the same time. There is no God. So the words "God is Truth" which the mind of Europe used as a postulate in all it did, cease to have meaning. None can analyze the rightful authority of government nor set bounds to it. In the absence of reason, political authority or mere force is boundless. And reason is thus made a victim because Humanity itself is what the Modern Attack is destroying in its false religion of humanity. Reason being the crown of man and at the same time his distinguishing mark, the Anarchs march against reason as their principal enemy.

\* \* \* \* \*

So the Modern Attack develops and works. What does it presage for the future? That is the practical, the immediate question we all have to face. The attack is by this time sufficiently developed for us to make some calculation of what the next phase may be. What doom will fall on us? Or, again, by what good reaction shall we benefit? On that doubt I will conclude in my next and last article of this series.



# A Woman's Fancy

By Douglas Newton



HAVING FAILED TO FIND ANYTHING THEY WERE COMING DOWN TO SEARCH ELSEWHERE

THE assembled nephews and nieces grew more gloomy as the reading of the will went on. Five hundred dollars only to each of them—chicken-feed, considering Aunt Hetty Arnold's wealth. Who was getting the bulk of her money?

Mr. Crowley droned on, reading out personal legacies to friends and servants, a few subscriptions to charities, all small amounts, making it more than ever apparent that the residue must be a big one. The lawyer paused and coughed as though coming to the most important clause of the will, and went on in a half-apologetic voice:

"... And now my final word to

my nephews and nieces. I have been aware for some time that all of you laughed at my old maid's vanity, making jokes about the clothes I wore and the time I spent at my dressing table 'trying to make myself girlish,' as one of you put it. My vanity, as you call it, has meant much to me. I have therefore decided that it will be the test to mean much to you. It will be the one who understands my old maid's foibles who will benefit most. It will be only by understanding my vanity that a paper entitling the finder among you to the residue of my fortune will be discovered at all. Thus only a really sympathetic

nature will get my fortune—if at all. For I have left instructions with my lawyer that if this paper is not found within six months, or if it is found by other than one of you, he will apply the rest of my fortune to charity according to the arrangement I have already made with him. . . ."

"That—ahem—ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Crowley ended, "is the whole of the late Miss Hetty Arnold's last will and testament."

"Cracked to the last," Roger Arnold, the eldest nephew, said bitterly. "What the deuce is behind it?"

"Miss Arnold was eccentric, mildly

eccentric," Mr. Crowley said. "I warned her that such a clause might mean trouble . . ."

"Which was the reason why the will also declares that anyone trying to contest it will forfeit all claim on it," Herbert Jeffrey said.

"Yes," sighed the lawyer. "You see, she at first decided that you were all unworthy, and meant to leave her money to the charity she speaks of."

"Some home for pathetic spinsters, I'll bet," Emily Arnold put in, and as the lawyer nodded. "Thought so. Characteristic of these self-absorbed old virgins."

"I don't know," Ellie Ingram said. "We weren't too kind to her. We did rather mock at her poor attempts to keep young."

"And no wonder," Mrs. Jerome Walm sniffed. "A woman of sixty dressing herself like a skittish matron, and painting herself like a manikin parade . . ."

"I think it was really pathetic," Ellie persisted. "She'd been such a pretty woman. Think of what life might have held for her if she'd not devoted all her best years to her father . . ."

"Well, she got what she was after," Adrian Osborne snapped angrily. "He left her every penny he had."

"I know—but too late," Ellie pointed out. "Her youth had gone, and you can't blame the poor old thing for trying to recapture it."

"Yes we can," Roger Arnold said, "since it turned her head and this batty will is the result. No wonder we all laughed at her, we had a right, I say. . . ."

"Not *all* of you laughed at her," Mr. Crowley interrupted here with a faint smile at Ellie. "That was how I was able—ahem—to make her will a little less final. She came to me after her birthday celebrations this year. She was hurt and angry. You may remember she had invited you all to this house to dine in celebration. It appears she came down late and heard you discussing her little vanities while you waited in this drawing-room."

"THAT'S so, she kept us hanging about for twenty minutes," Adrian Osborn said. "We were all fed up . . ."

"Knowing she's been hours merely applying that schoolgirl complexion," Emily Arnold scoffed.

"Naturally the thing struck us as absurd and comic," Roger Arnold declared, "and we said as much to each other."

"It was beastly, all the same, to pull her to pieces in her own house, when she was treating us so splendidly," Ellie said.

"Quite, and you said so at the time," Mrs. Jerome Walm sneered, "but it didn't prevent her barring you out."

"One moment; you may be wrong, there," Mr. Crowley put in. "She came to me angry, as I've said. Her one thought was to cut you *all* out of her will. I tried to sooth her. In fact, I succeeded in getting her to admit that she had heard one of you taking her part." He smiled at Ellie. "In her agitation and the confusion of voices, she could say no more than that the voice was female."

"What a good thing the family voices are alike," Emily Arnold sneered to Mrs. Jerome Walm. "Otherwise Ellie, out little kind-heart, would have pouched the lot."

AS IT was, it gave you another chance," Mr. Crowley said quietly. "It was through Miss Arnold overhearing that much that I was able to persuade her not to be so drastic. But she was too hurt at your attitude to do any more. She said she would make her vanity the means to test you, and so dictated the clause that I have just read out. I argued that it seemed hard to understand, but she held that whichever of you had sympathy enough for her would be able to get to the real meaning in it. And as it was that or complete reversal of her fortune to charity, I had to leave it at that."

"Yes, but what's the key to it?" Emily Arnold demanded. "Just what is this mysterious something that will give us the right to take the bulk of her fortune?"

"Our sympathetic hearts have got to find *that* out," Mrs. Jerome Walm jeered. "I presume, from the wording of the clause, that it is some letter or written message she's hidden in a place that only an understanding of her vain habits can find."

The lawyer nodded, and Roger Arnold burst out:

"As batty as they're made. The will ought to be upset. I mean if all of us agree to act together. . . ."

"We'll all of us be cut out," Herbert Jeffrey said. "You've seen to that, haven't you, Mr. Crowley?"

"It was my duty to carry out my client's instructions," the lawyer said stiffly. "She had resolved to bar one or all of you if such steps were taken and I had to frame the will to that effect."

"In that case it's sheer waste of time waiting about any longer," Emily Arnold said as she rose. "If you'll excuse me I'll go and get my car."

She went out in her swaggering way, the others scowling after her. Adrian Osborne muttered:

"I suppose there is some sort of letter or message for us to find, Mr. Crowley?"

"I'm sure of it," the lawyer said. "She did not let me into the secret of what it was or how it was to be—ahem

—hidden. But I have no doubt at all she had such a scheme in view."

"The point is," Roger scowled, "how to find it." He glared at Ellie. "How can one get inside that vain old rag-bag's mind, as it were, and find out just what she was driving at?"

"Since she made it plain that it centres on her vanity, I think—" Mrs. Jerome Walm began, then she said "Who's walking about overhead? Wasn't the room above Aunt Hetty's bedroom? There—did you hear?"

They all had heard the sound of something falling.

"Her bedroom—by gum!" Adrian Osborne gasped. "That's where she spent all her time administering to her vanity—"

In a flash they all understood and were out of the drawing-room running upstairs. Ellie and the lawyer following more slowly, heard their outcries as they entered the bedroom . . .

"Emily Arnold! . . . So *that's* why you slipped out to your car! Stealing a march on the rest of us. . . ."

Arriving at the bedroom door Ellie and Mr. Crowley saw the others crowding about Emily Arnold, who stood by their dead Aunt's big dressing table. Emily had plainly been making a swift search, opening up cosmetic boxes, ruthlessly turning out and examining other of the dead woman's pathetic aids to beauty. And caught red-handed she snapped angrily:

"SHE expected us to use our wits. She told us point blank that her vanity would lead us to the paper. This room was the holy of holies to her vanity, wasn't it? And her dressing table the altar, so to speak. She spent hours and hours at it, so that whatever she hid must be here. That's why I came to look, and I warn you that if any of you find anything I shall claim chief share as the one who first thought of the place."

They all understood how shrewd her wits had been. This was the place of places where their dead Aunt's vanity had functioned. They paid little attention to Emily's warning, however, being suddenly swept by the greedy desire to beat her and each other in the hunt. They all jostled and scrambled about the table, snatching up powder, trinket and other boxes and the rest, emptying them out wildly in their search. They pulled out and disemboweled the table drawers, scattering gloves and handkerchiefs and bits of lace as they rummaged, grabbing hungrily at all poor Aunt Hetty's most pathetic mementoes and knickknacks, examining them, tearing them apart, even, and then dropping them on the floor as they dived for something else.

With feminine guile Mrs. Jerome Walm stealthily turned to the wash-

stand, exploring even the medicine cupboard beneath it. Roger Arnold made a foray on the wardrobes, while both Herbert Jeffrey and Adrian Osborne squabbled over the little writing bureau.

It all seemed horrible—wolfish, to Ellie standing with Mr. Crowley in the doorway. The others seemed abruptly to have lost all sense of decency as, with avid fingers, they snatched up frocks, old letters, trinket boxes and the rest, examined them and flung them aside. The quiet and old maidenly room quickly looked as though a cyclone had struck it, yet still they panted and sought, snarling like animals when they brushed against each other, or tried to snatch something before the other.

Then, when they had examined everything movable and stared at each other with suspicious eyes, wondering where they could hunt next, Emily Arnold slid something off the dressing table and sent it crashing to the floor. There was a sound of smashing glass and Roger Arnold cried:

"Good lord, you've broken her hand mirror!"

"Seven years bad luck," Adrian jeered, but Mrs. Walm cried:

"But, of course—the vanity of vanities! She must have spent half her life staring at her old face in the glass . . ."

They all pounced on the broken mirror, trying to jostle Emily Arnold aside as they sought among the fragments for something hidden in the frame.

"Nothing!" Roger growled. But Herbert Jeffrey said: "A good clue, anyhow. What about the three big hanging mirrors on the dressing-table itself? We can take their backs off . . ."

That was enough for Ellie. She said to Mr. Crowley: "I can't bear this. They'll tear the room to pieces before they've finished. Let's go . . ."

**S**HE led the way downstairs and found herself unable to enter the big drawing-room where the exhibition of greed had begun. She turned to the shabby little sitting-room at the back of the hall, overlooking the garden.

"Let's go in here," she said. "Nobody will disturb us—it's such a shabby little room they won't think it worth searching. And Aunt was so fond of it, too. It used to be her only sitting room and special refuge when her father was alive, and she clung to it even after he was dead. . . . And I don't wonder. It had all her small personal possessions, all the precious things she had collected about her in her girlhood. . . . I feel she used to come in here to contemplate her lost youth . . . what might have been if she'd only had her freedom and her money in time. . . ."

She picked up a heavy old-fashioned silver frame containing two photographs, that stood on a table by the chair her dead aunt had always used.

## Wood Carver's Meditation

By Ethel H. Butler

**I** FASHIONED Her with garment as of flame  
And fringed with gleaming gold; and in her arms  
I placed the Holy Child, praising His Name.  
I carved His wee arms folded, all alarms  
Of childhood lost within her loved embrace.  
Her eyes, cast down, upon her heaven-born Child  
Were Mother-eyes. "Hail Mary, full of grace.  
Hail, Son of God, and Mother undefiled."  
I carved in wood the Child and Mother sweet;  
And as I worked my thought was travelling wide  
To Calvary's Cross of wood, and 'neath pierced feet  
The sword-pierced Mother of the Crucified!  
His outstretched arms held me, though soiled with sin,  
His Mother pure, and all the world within.

"This is what she must have dwelt on most, poor darling," Ellie went on, "the photos of herself and Donald Hill. He is the man she should have married, only she felt that her duty to her father came first. He's good looking, fine looking isn't he? He must have been a dear, too, for he couldn't bring himself to marry anybody else. He went abroad and died there. And the other photo is Aunt, of course, but as she was at the time she was in love with him. She was not more than nineteen then, but you can see for yourself she had the sweetest, loveliest face. What couldn't she, the pair of them, have made of life, if she hadn't been so big hearted as to put her own desires aside for the sake of her father? Yes, I think she must often have sat in this chair contemplating these photos of the girl she had once been, of the happiness that might have been hers. . . ."

She sat as her aunt must have sat, holding the photo. Mr. Crowley taking the chair opposite murmured:

"So you—ahem—think that that might have been the cause of her vanity?"

"Vanity?" Ellie said. "I never called it vanity, you know. I always felt that the poor old thing was merely clinging to her memories, making pathetic attempts to keep herself as she had been when she loved Donald."

"Ah, you are very understanding, Miss Ellie," the lawyer breathed. "You saw the—ahem—heartache beneath the old maid's foibles . . . Dear me, that's what she said, that's what she expected someone to do. She felt that someone with sympathy would—ahem—track down the cause of it."

He spoke quite earnestly, staring at

the back of the photo frame that the girl held in her hands. He did not know, and, of course, he might be wrong, but it seemed to him that the back of that frame bulged in an unusual way.

"Tracked down!" Ellie lifted surprised eyes from the photographs. "What do you mean, Mr. Crowley? I'm not attempting to track anything down. I'm not hunting for her money."

"Nevertheless, it seems to me that your sympathetic nature alone appears to have found the real source of her vanity—which was surely what she was hinting at in that strange will of hers," he spoke urgently. He heard the feet of the others on the stairs. Having failed to find anything they were coming down to search elsewhere, perhaps they had remembered how intimately the dead woman had used this room.

Ellie caught the urgency in his voice, cried in surprise: "You mean . . . these photos, perhaps? . . . Oh . . ."

Clasping the photo frame in nervous fingers she at last felt the bulge behind. She turned the frame over just as the others burst into the room, cried out in astonishment:

"Mr. Crowley—how extraordinary! I believe there's something behind this frame."

She pressed aside the metal holders that held the back in position, and, before them all, drew out an envelope addressed in Aunt Hetty Arnold's hand, "Last Instructions to my Lawyer."

She handed it across to Mr. Crowley, who opened the envelope, read, smiled: "Yes, this is the paper you have been looking for. I congratulate you Miss Ellie. Your sympathetic understanding has won you your aunt's fortune. The instructions here leave no doubt of it."





# Woman to Woman



By Katherine Burton

## Modern Frontiers

**T**HERE is something that sounds enchantingly like the days of an earlier century, when priests and friars in the south and the west of America labored in the wilderness, in a news story from the far north. Nowadays most of the hierarchy are settled in cities and are a part of city life or at least a part of the rural life. It is a pleasure then to read of the Most Reverend Pierre Falaise, Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of the Arctic region and the North Pole, who came down here to see the sun for a while. Not, however, for the sake of change or pleasure but because his lot had been cast away north of the magnetic pole and the unending night had affected his sight. "No pain," he said, "just a dimness." Last winter icebergs closed him in as he returned from his mission supply trip and his ship, the Our Lady of Lourdes, was driven into the ice jam. He and his party of eight lived for one hundred and twenty days on fish caught through holes in the ice and cooked them by means of a blow torch. Everyone had a different job assigned to him. The Bishop's was to mine a coal vein they had found twenty miles away. A plane finally picked them up and the Bishop was able to deposit four of his fellow castaways, Eskimo children, in school, and then he went on to rest up at Fort Resolution, which one feels must have been named for him.

He has gone back now to his six hundred thousand square mile diocese, his eyes quite well again. And yet we hear people moan that there are no more frontiers, no more pioneers. There are always frontiers for the courageous—there is always pioneering to do. But you have to have the spirit in you to do it. Even here, close to us, there are frontiers—of pain, of poverty, of disease, and they take souls as strong as that of the Bishop of the Arctic to push them back. Consider Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, beginning her work for the cancerous poor in two miserable old rooms, with only her two hands to help her. Consider Father Purcell, trying almost single-handed to put over his hope for the Negro—not pampering, which the Negro has had at times—but simple justice, which is very difficult to get for him. Consider Dorothy Day down on Mott Street in New York, fighting the Communist hate with Christian love. Consider the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Charity, all the sisterhoods in our great cities who fight on frontiers that they know are very real.

Frontiers of pain and disease and poverty—they can be conquered. But none of the people who set out to do so are primarily interested in new laws to help put over their ideas. Nor are they interested in wars to establish their position. They are armed though—and with the most powerful of weapons—with the love of God and love for their neighbor.

## A Verse From G. K.'s

**I**N THE *Autobiography* of the late Chesterton he quotes a quatrain written for his *Weekly* by some woman he does not name. There was much discussion at the time of the strange lack of religion, or even more lack of any coherent philosophy in the work of Thomas Hardy. He denied that whoever or whatever ran the universe had any will but was

carried on by some formless Thing. At the same time he wrote a play in which the Immanent Will shaped the world to suit itself. In the great novel wherein, at the close, Tess is hanged for slaying the man who had betrayed her young happiness, he wrote—with a mighty pity but little understanding—"The President of the Immortals had had his last jest with Tess." Here is the verse from the *Weekly*:

Who can picture the scene at the starry portal?  
Truly imagination fails.  
When the pitiless President of the Immortals  
Shows unto Thomas the print of the nails?

## An Egg-Throwing Venture

**W**E HAVE all suffered as we rode along some beautiful countryside at sight of the ugly signs along the way. Some localities have done away with them and we can now see the woods for the signs but many a landscape is still disfigured by them. It was then with great pleasure that I read the unusual idea of one woman on ending the nuisance. Mrs. Beatrice Ward is an expert in typography and therefore sensitive to some of the ugly signs she finds when she ventures into the countryside. She has a beautifully simple remedy. She thinks people should all band together and throw eggs at the ugly signs. Just one egg apiece in the hands of a large earnest group of beauty lovers would no doubt bring about a great reform. And it would be fun to obliterate the ugly with a splash that would make it even uglier, and bring it the sooner down. It was suggested to Mrs. Ward that clubs might be formed throughout the land—all that was needed was someone to start the thing going.

Here, however, Mrs. Ward showed her feminine timidity. "I merely suggested it," she said, "but far be it from me to throw the first egg."

## Our Sisters

**I** CULL from the letter column of the *World Telegram*, which recently published a series of articles on the work of some of the Sisterhoods in New York City, the following letter: "I was delighted to read the articles on the Catholic institutions of charity. I have seen this charitable work at first hand for years. These sisters will not have anything to do with newspaper publicity and go on quietly with their work, day in and day out." This letter is written by a Jew who does not think that words can adequately describe the charitable deeds the Sisters perform.

## Unreasonable Reason

**A**ND here is a quotation from the review of a book in the *Herald Tribune*, called *We Would Know Jesus*, by John A. Scott. At the end of the article the reviewer says, as if a bit surprised, "He thinks that Jesus must have been something more than a man." Then, feeling he must counteract such a remark, he adds forgivingly, "But his discussion is never dogmatic and dwells always in the field of reason."

# THE SIGN-POST

## QUESTIONS ♦ ANSWERS ♦ LETTERS

*The Sign-Post is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent.*

### WIFE OF CAIN

*Who did Cain, who killed his brother Abel, marry?—J. D. BOSTON, MASS.*

Cain married one of his own relatives, probably but not necessarily his own sister. Adam and Eve begot not only sons, but also daughters (Gen. 5:4). St. Augustine in this connection says: "As there were no human beings except those who had been born of Adam and Eve, men married their own sisters [this term may be used in a wide sense]; an act which was as certainly dictated by necessity in those ancient days, as afterwards it was condemned by the prohibitions of religion." In other words, when mankind had been sufficiently propagated, it was unlawful to marry within certain degrees of consanguinity. But in the beginning this prohibition did not hold; otherwise the human race could not have been propagated.

### NO DIVORCE FROM BOND EVEN IN HARD CASES

*A Catholic man marries a non-Catholic woman before a priest. There are no children. The woman commits adultery and the man secures a civil divorce for his own protection. The husband is young. Is it expected of him that he go through the remainder of his life without the privilege of re-marriage in his own Church because of the infidelity of the other partner? Why can't he re-marry and enjoy the companionship of a good woman and have the family he desires, inasmuch as he is not the guilty party? We know that God instituted marriage for various reasons, one of them being the legitimate satisfaction of the sex instinct. What, then, does the Church expect one to do in connection with this instinct, in the case cited?—N. Y.*

The Church expects that those who marry according to her rites obey the laws of marriage which have been laid down by God, which laws married partners explicitly agreed to observe when they entered into marriage. Marriage is essentially constituted by the free, mutual consent of the contracting parties. By entering marriage they mutually agree to live according to the laws of marriage. Their lives henceforward are to be regulated by these laws, not by their individual notions of what is convenient for them. In the Catholic Church each party takes the other "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part."

When a Catholic is united in marriage with a non-Catholic,

*Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters.*

*Questions should be kept separate from other business.*

*Questions are not answered by personal letter.*

*Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor.*

*Anonymous letters will not be considered.*

after having received the required dispensation, he is as truly married as though he married a baptized Catholic. If the non-Catholic was baptized the marriage is called a sacramental marriage, which, if consummated, is not dissoluble by any human power and for no cause save death. In regard to re-marriage it is well to recall the explicit teaching of Christ our Lord, Who proclaimed "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6.)

Adultery does not dissolve the bond of a valid marriage, but it does give the right to the innocent party to separate from the guilty spouse, provided the other conditions laid down in Canon Law are fulfilled, viz., that the other party did not give cause for the adultery, or condone it either explicitly or implicitly, or has himself committed the same crime. (Canon 1129). On account of the gravity of separation, it is well to consider reconciliation. Good will and a spirit of forgiveness will enable both parties to smooth over many rough spots and to continue in a state where each is more likely to find happiness. Charity is the solution of many marital difficulties.

Perpetual separation from bed and board, with the consequent obligation of observing perfect chastity, is not restricted to cases such as this. There are thousands of married persons whose partners are separated from them for long periods, sometimes for life, being confined to prisons, hospitals for incurables, or simply deserters whose whereabouts are unknown but who cannot be proved to be dead. The spouses remaining at home would have as much justification for re-marriage as one in the case mentioned above. Yet they may not, for re-marriage in such cases is forbidden while the other partner lives.

And what about those who are obliged to live celibate lives because of physical, moral or social reasons? Could they not with as good reason plead for sexual license?

While separation is full of hardship, it is well to be reminded that God never allows those who suffer temptations to be overcome by them, but will give the necessary graces to be faithful, if He is humbly and sincerely asked for them. Though there are not many who spontaneously desire to be tried by God, there are many who, making a virtue of necessity, endeavor to rise to the occasion and to do the hard thing, confident that God will never desert them, but will make provision for them as only He can.

This is a case for the attention of the man's Pastor, who will give him the necessary advice and encouragement. Besides, the Pastor will be able to obtain all the details of the case. The above difficulty moves us to note that it is for-

bidden by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to petition a civil court for a civil divorce, even though there is no intention to re-marry during the life of the other party, without permission from one's Ordinary (Bishop).

#### CATHOLIC PARENTS AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

(1) *What is the teaching of the Church regarding the duty of parents to send a child to a parochial school? (2) May a priest in his discretion deny absolution to a parent because of continued refusal, request first having been made, to send a child to a parochial school? (3) Does the refusal of a parent to send her child to a parochial school make her subject to expulsion from a church society, when the constitution and by-laws of the society are silent on that point?*—N. N.

(1) The law of the Church regarding the education of children is as follows: Catholic children shall not attend non-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools, that is, those which are also open to non-Catholics. It belongs to the Ordinary of the diocese *alone* to determine, according to the instructions of the Holy See, in what circumstances and with what safeguards, in order that the danger of perversion may be avoided, he may tolerate attendance at such schools. (Canon 1374). There is, therefore, a grave obligation on parents and guardians of Catholic children to send these children to schools approved by the Church, and not to send them to other schools, except in the manner stated above.

(2) If parents have received permission from the Ordinary and the conditions laid down by him are observed, it would be unlawful for a confessor to deny them absolution, if they send their children to other than Catholic schools. If, however, the parents or guardians have no such excuse, it is left to the prudent judgment of the confessor to refuse or to grant absolution, according as the malice of the parents is such that refusal of absolution is indicated or not. He will take into account the gravity of their disobedience to the law of the Church, the scandal given to other Catholic parents and the dangers to which they voluntarily expose their children. (Theol. Mor. Sabbetti-Barrett, p. 257, ed. 1919). The confessor will also follow the diocesan statutes on this matter.

(3) Every Catholic church society is presumed to be composed of "good Catholics." Catholic parents who, without justification, disobey such a grave law as that concerning the education of their children cannot be considered as good Catholics. Hence, it does not seem unjust that they be removed from membership in the society.

#### UNBAPTIZED INFANTS DEPRIVED OF BEATIFIC VISION: NO INJUSTICE TO THEM: SOULS IN LIMBO

(1) *Is the belief that infants who die unbaptized are deprived of the beatific vision of God and only possess natural happiness a dogma of the Catholic Church? May one have his own opinion concerning this question? (2) Why does God, although making all equal, allow these infants, who are wholly unconscious of the necessity of Baptism, to be deprived of supernatural happiness, to which others can attain? (3) Were the just, who were detained in Limbo before Christ re-opened Heaven, baptized? If not, how could they enter Heaven?*—C. G., DUNMORE, PA.

(1) It is a defined article of Catholic faith that infants, that is, those who have not arrived at the age of reason, who die unbaptized, do not enjoy the beatific vision. This belief was defined in the Council of Florence. Hence, Catholics are not free to maintain their own opinion in this matter. But concerning the nature and the extent of the suffering which the deprivation of the beatific vision entails in the case of unbaptized infants, there is a considerable latitude of opinion. Cardinal Gasparri in his *Catholic Catechism*, p.

452, says: "As regards children who die with original sin only, the doctrine given in our Catechism is the one generally held in the Church today, namely that they do not enjoy the beatific vision of God; in other words they suffer the penalty of original sin, namely the pain of loss; but they do not suffer any penalty for personal sin, namely the pain of sense." According to St. Thomas Aquinas, whose opinion is generally followed, "the souls of children are not aware that they are deprived of this great good thing [the beatific vision], and therefore do not grieve over it, but the good they possess owing to their nature they enjoy without any grief." (*De Malo*, v. 3).

(2) Why God permits that some infants die without the regenerating effect of the Sacrament of Baptism is a mystery known only to Him. But in any case it is false to assume that there is any injustice in God. The beatific vision is *not* something to which human beings have a natural claim. It is the free gift of the Creator, Who can make what conditions He chooses for imparting it or withholding it. No injustice is involved when an *undue* privilege is not conferred upon a person. Original sin deprived the human race of an unearned right to Heaven. Through the Divine mercy this bar to the supernatural enjoyment of God is removed by the Sacrament of Baptism, but if Baptism is not conferred original sin remains, and the unregenerated soul, having no claim to Heaven, is not unjustly excluded from it. This is the theological explanation of the matter, to which sentiment should conform. Though the loss of the beatific vision in the case of unbaptized infants is something calculated to wring the heart of loving parents, it is well to repose with confidence in Christ our Saviour, whose goodness and kindness are simply infinite. Though God is not bound to grant the grace of the Sacrament of Baptism to every infant, Christian parents who culpably neglect to provide the Sacrament for them would be guilty of grave sin.

(3) The obligation to receive the Sacrament of Baptism in order to enter into eternal life and enjoy the beatific vision did not begin to bind until the Gospel began to be preached by the Apostles. Hence, the just of the Old Law who were detained in Limbo were not subject to this necessity, but they had to have faith in the future Redeemer, for it is from Him that all justification and every supernatural help towards eternal life must come. "No one cometh to the Father but by Me."

#### BIRTH CONTROL AND EUGENICS

*A Catholic wishes to straighten out in her own mind the attitude of the Church on birth control, particularly in regard to imbeciles. She feels that people of this type should practice birth control.*—ROCHESTER, N. Y.

In his masterly Encyclical *Casti Connubii*, Pope Pius XI condemns birth control, or contraception, as something essentially vicious: "any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated of its natural power to generate new life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin." He sweeps aside as of no weight all the arguments advanced in its favor: "no reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything *intrinsically against nature* may become conformable to nature and morally good." This ought to be sufficient for a sincere Catholic, who must believe in the teaching authority of the Church.

In regard to the marriage of those who are called "defectives," we must distinguish between the insane and those who are sane, but weak-minded or physically imperfect. The habitually insane, of course, are not capable of giving matrimonial consent since they are incapable of making a contract. Those who are considered by eugenicists as trans-



mitters of physical or mental defects the Church advises not to marry, where this fear is well-founded. But such people cannot be charged with grave sin for neglecting the advice. Their condition does not deprive them of the natural right to marry, nor is it certain in every case that they will beget defective offspring. While the Holy Father acknowledges that eugenics is legitimate and praiseworthy in itself, he does condemn the attempt to supplant the moral law and the natural right of the individual to marry because of the veto of eugenics. He says: "there are some who are oversolicitous for the cause of eugenics and not only give salutary counsel for more certainly procuring the strength and health of the future child—which, indeed, is not contrary to the right reason—, but they put eugenics before the aims of a higher order, and by public authority wish to prevent from marrying all those who, even though naturally fit for marriage, they consider would, through hereditary transmission, bring forth defective offspring, according to the norms and conjectures of their investigations. And more, they wish to legislate to deprive these of that natural faculty by medical action despite their unwillingness; and this they do not propose as an infliction of grave punishment under the authority of the State for a crime committed, nor to prevent future crimes by guilty persons, but against every right and good they wish the civil authority to arrogate to itself a power over a faculty which it never had and can never legitimately possess."

"Those who act in this way are at fault in losing sight of the fact that the family is more sacred than the State and that men are begotten not for earth and for time, but for Heaven and eternity. Although often these individuals are to be dissuaded from entering into matrimony, certainly it is wrong to brand men with the stigma of crime because they contract marriage, on the ground that, despite the fact that they are in every respect capable of matrimony, they will give birth only to defective children, even though they use all care and diligence." (italics ours)

Since the Holy Father teaches that "no reason, however grave" may be put forward to justify contraception, it follows that even so-called "imbecile" parents may not practice it. Although defective children are naturally not as desirable as healthy children, it needs to be emphasized that such defects do not deprive them or their parents of rights which derive from nature. Adorers of the modern Germanic cult of "Aryan blood" may consider all Jewish offspring to be undesirable or even worse, but this belief does not entitle those who foster this cult to deprive the Jews of the right to marry and to beget children.

#### HOW THE MATERIAL WORLD CAME TO BE

*I have been taught in science class that in the beginning the sun every so often had explosions, but by the force of gravity what the sun threw off in its rotations went back to the sun. During one of these explosions a passing star got in between the sun and the matter thrown off. This stopped the force of gravitation and the speed of the star started the matter whirling in its orbit around the sun, and this was the beginning of the world. Now, in the catechism it says that God made the world. What is the answer of the Church to the above theory?—N. E. W.*

That God in the beginning made the world is a truth taught expressly by divine revelation, but how He brought it into the form it now has is explained in a popular, not a scientific manner. It is the part of the physical sciences to attempt to find out more definitely how the material universe came into being. The above is a crude and simplified explanation, which appears to adhere to the nebular theory of cosmogony which posits an immense gaseous globe whirling in space, in which the matter of the heavenly bodies was collected. According to this theory, the rotations of this body

caused matter to be thrown off from time to time, which by condensation through long periods became the planets and our earth. This, of course, is only an hypothesis or theory. The "passing star" is very convenient, indeed. Whatever of truth there is in it, it is necessary to stress the fact that the matter of which the universe is made was created by Almighty God, and that its evolution was due to forces with which it was endowed by an infinitely wise Creator.

#### THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS

*Kindly explain the apparent contradiction between the text of St. Matthew's Gospel, 12:39-40: "for, as Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the son of man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights"; and St. Matthew 28:1, where it says, "and in the end of the sabbath, when it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalen and the other Mary to see the sepulchre, etc." If our Lord died about three o'clock on Good Friday afternoon and rose again on Easter Sunday morning early, He was "in the heart of the earth" but two nights. This would seem to be at variance with the prophecy contained in the first quotation.—B. B., WEYMOUTH, MASS.*

The expression "three days and three nights" is a manner of speaking which does not necessarily mean three whole days and nights, but only parts of three days and nights. The Hebrews computed their day from sun-down to sun-down. St. Matthew, 12:39, seems to be the only text which contains the phrase "three days and three nights." Its true meaning is found in that other phrase which is used later on by the same Evangelist, (Matt. 17:22, 20:19), "the third day he shall rise again." St. Luke's expression is "the third day," and St. Mark's "after three days." There is no real contradiction between the first text cited above and the other texts which refer to the time of the resurrection. Fr. Lagrange, O.P., thinks that Matt. 12:40 serves as a connection between the other two expressions.

#### ST. PATRICK AND LITANY OF SAINTS

*Who composed the Litany of the Saints and when was it first used? I am interested to know why such a noted saint as St. Patrick was ignored. Don't you think more honor should be given to the beloved Apostle of Ireland?—M. C., QUINCY, ILL.*

The Litany of the Saints is very old, just how old it is difficult to state. It owes its origin to the ancient Christian supplications and the Roman Stations. Why St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was omitted, it is not given us to know. But we do not think that any slight was intended. All the saints who might well be included could not be mentioned, otherwise there would never be an end to the invocations. Perhaps, at some later day, St. Patrick will be included in this Litany. There is nothing wrong about praying that he will be.

#### "TEST-TUBE BABIES"

*After reading an article entitled "Test-Tube Babies" in a widely read secular magazine, I wish to ask what is the Church's attitude towards this new scientific development?—G. H., BOSTON, MASS.*

The method of artificial fecundation described in the above article is reprobated by the Church; and not only by her, but also by every man and woman with the instinct of decency. It is positively shocking to every moral sense, a refinement of bestiality and a disgrace to the medical profession, if it is endorsed.

## CATHOLIC ACTION: PRIESTS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

(1) Please explain what is meant by Catholic Action. (2) Why is it that Catholic priests in the U. S. do not speak on Social Justice and help Father Coughlin?—M. K., MASS.

(1) The technical definition of Catholic Action, as given by Pope Pius XI, is "the participation of the Catholic laity in the apostolate of the Church's hierarchy." This apostolate has for its object to sanctify souls and to bless every form of human activity that conforms to the teachings of Christ. It may take a hundred different forms, such as study clubs, catechizing, workmen's guilds, supporting Catholic education and the Catholic press, etc. There is no Catholic who sincerely wishes for the supremacy of the supernatural order in the world, and for the true benefit of his fellow man, who cannot find something tangible to do in the cause of Catholic Action.

(2) This question assumes that the test of priestly action in favor of Social Justice is unqualified endorsement of Father Coughlin. It is a false test. Father Coughlin, we think, would be the first to reject it. No Catholic who habitually reads the Catholic press would be ignorant of the part that many priests have played and are still playing in this great movement. Readers of the Catholic press and those in touch with Catholic social activities are familiar with the names of Msgr. John A. Ryan, V. Rev. Francis J. Haas, Father Raymond A. McGowan—all of whom have written on social topics for THE SIGN—and many others, including Catholic editors. To mention a specific case in which a priest not only spoke on social justice, but also worked to bring it about, Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara, when a priest of the diocese of Portland, Oregon, played a leading part in drafting Oregon's minimum wage law, the first of its kind in the U. S. He was appointed chairman of the Industrial Welfare Commission by the Governor of Oregon. When the law was contested before the Oregon court, Father O'Hara was named defendant, the case being known as Stettler vs. O'Hara. This law was upheld by the Oregon Supreme Court and later by the U. S. Supreme Court. The Washington State minimum wage law, recently declared constitutional, is virtually identical with the Oregon minimum wage law for which Father O'Hara worked. He is now Episcopal Chairman of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, an organization which is doing much for the establishment of Social Justice in this country.

The above mentioned Catholic clergymen, as well as the many other champions of Social Justice, do not command so large an audience as the radio priest; hence, they are not as well known. But they are working for Social Justice just the same. If Catholics were wide awake and more interested in the Catholic press, they would know about them.

## SYNDICALIST PARTY IN SPAIN

Who forms the Syndicalist Party in Spain, and what is its position in the present civil war?—E. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Syndicalism, which was founded in France in 1895, is one type of anarchism. The name comes from the French word *syndicat*, which means trade union. The syndicate, however, must not be confused with our trade unions, as we know them. The Syndicalists are workers who aim at the complete elimination of the central government of the State. In its place they would set up industrial and other syndicates, each syndicate including all the workers engaged in the industry and owning and controlling it completely. The State in a syndicalist society would be a kind of federation of syndicates. The syndicalists aim at realizing their

idea by means of sabotage, general strikes, revolution and confiscation. The Industrial Workers of the World (I. W. W.), founded by Eugene Debs and William Hayward in 1905, professed syndicalist doctrines in this country. They were repudiated by the legitimate trade unions.

In Spain syndicalists, of whom there appear to be many and with many alliances, are naturally on the side of the so-called "government." They quickly put into effect their revolutionary doctrines by means of their favorite practice of "direct action." On Red Sunday, July 19, 1936, they took over the function of government in Cataluña and a great part of what was Republican Spain. They have been among the most savage forces of Red Spain. At their doors lies the responsibility for an incredible amount of destruction of life and property. A graphic account of the activities of the Syndicalists and their allies, *Black and Red Over Spain*, was published in the January, 1937, issue of THE SIGN.

## REBELS IN SPAIN

Who are the "Rebels" in Spain? Are they the Catholics who are fighting?—M. S., CINCINNATI, O.

The "Rebels" in Spain are those who are fighting under the banner of General Francisco Franco, in order to put down the forces of anarchy and Communism which threaten to destroy Christianity in Spain and to make it another Soviet. While most of those in the armies of General Franco are Catholics, it is also true, at the time of writing, that there are Catholics fighting on the side of the so-called "Loyalists," that is, those on the side of what the secular newspapers call the "government" of Spain. Most of the Catholics on the Loyalist side are Basques. While they protest that they do not endorse the anti-democratic and anti-God attacks of the Loyalists, they do act in concert with them, in order to achieve what they call the "independence" of the Basque country from the rest of Spain. But they have done so contrary to the solemn protest of their Bishops, who declared it a crime to divide the forces of Catholic Spain in its struggle against the forces which would destroy, not only all religion, but also the fundamental human rights of the people.

FROM THE EDITOR  
CATHOLIC CONTEST QUESTIONS

Several Catholic contests have been conducted by Catholic papers, which consist of questions concerning religion or kindred topics, for the solution of which money prizes are awarded. Many of the questions have been submitted to this department by contestants. The similarity of the questions naturally made us wonder what was the reason for this. We found out.

Frankly, we are not interested in answering questions which appear in prize contests, nor do we intend to honor those requests which have been sent in without the writers telling us about the contest. Only one person who has written to us, asking for answers, confessed that she was trying to win a prize. If one is anxious to win, why not consult the standard Catholic works, such as *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, *The Catholic Dictionary*, *The Question Box*, etc. Whether you win or not, the information in these books is good for you. Catholics should always be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. There is no reason why they should not be able to do so. Certainly, it is not for lack of books of instruction.

It is not to be expected that the service of *The Sign-Post* is intended to help others to win prizes. Our purpose is the genuine instruction of Catholics who send in bona fide questions in which they are personally interested, with the idea of profiting intellectually and spiritually from the information obtained.

# Letters

**LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.**

## A Letter from Spain

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wrote to the Postmaster General of Gibraltar for information about travel in Spain. He has just returned from a travel around Nationalist Spain including Cadiz, Seville and Malaga. He says that in the whole of Nationalist territory life is quite normal, travel (with passport) is quite easy. "You would find Seville brighter than in 1933 when you were here." There is an abundance of fresh food. "All are thriving under Franco." There was not one soldier to be seen in Malaga. The army had a triumphal march from the sea to the gates of Madrid, and could have taken Madrid in November but hesitated so as to save the city until the "enormous help received from France and from Russia through France" organized and armed the defense of the city.

Although the Red Government had the gold reserve of the country the Franco peseta is quoted on the London and Paris exchanges for nearly double that of the Government. All the English at Gibraltar and resident in Spain are for Franco and are indignant at the attitude of the English press at home. "You will find all your reckonings upset as regards church attendance. People now attend Mass in numbers, just as in Ireland." His reference to my "reckonings" means that when I was there I used to go to the churches in various places on Sundays and try to estimate the proportion of people of a locality who went to Mass.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

OWEN B. MCGUIRE.

## Guide to French Literature

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is considered to be a distinctive characteristic of the educated to be *au courant* with foreign literature as well as native. But very few have the time and money to read a sufficient number of foreign works to sift the wheat from the chaff. Hence, there is always the imminent danger of being cajoled by booksellers and blurbs into accepting mediocre or even inferior productions as "four-star" values. This is why we look for a directing guide in the person of the critic who knows a particular literature.

Consequently, with reference to French literature, I consider Dr. Baisier's articles to be invaluable as well as instructive. He speaks authoritatively as a French professor. The problem of Mauriac, discussed in the April issue of THE SIGN, will undoubtedly clarify the questionings of those who find in this celebrated French author many puzzling discrepancies between the man and his work.

I have sat under Dr. Baisier, know his ability as a teacher, and look forward to future articles on French literature, which always has an appeal for American readers.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

B. B.

## Denis Gwynn and England

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article by Denis Gwynn on *The Coronation and the Future* I consider insidious British propaganda, worse against Italy, at least, than what we get daily in the New York press. Of course it is part of the system to magnify the King and all belonging to him. That is all right; but surely it is too much for Denis Gwynn to expect us to believe that Edward was "a born orator!" Denis Gwynn's concept of the British Government as a great democracy is quite different from that of Belloc and the two Chestertons. Belloc has just told us that England is "the most anti-Catholic country in the world," and that that is the main reason of the hostility to Italy. Mussolini never said that the Mediterranean was "an Italian sea." He said Italy had vital interests there as well as England. In fact, they are more vital; for Italy is practically an island surrounded by the Mediterranean, whereas England and the British Empire could go on living even if they lost the Mediterranean.

I agree with every word Mussolini said in his speech at Milan in January. What England wants is not a just partnership in the Mediterranean, but to be lord and master there, to control it. And what would that mean for Italy? Simply that if Italy in any crisis did not obey England, she would be crushed.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOSEPH H. MILTON.

## Collecting Subversive Literature

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The *Trinity League*, an organization devoted to offsetting atheistic Communism and publishers of the paper, *Wisdom*, is gathering a collection of Communist and other subversive literature for an exhibit. The purpose of this exhibit will be to show Catholics and non-Catholics how powerful and active these movements are.

For this reason we are asking all who are interested to send us whatever publications of this kind they are able to procure. It should be marked for the attention of the undersigned at the Trinity League, 32 West 60th Street.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

JEROME MONKS, JR.

## Pamphlet Sales of C.T.S. (London)

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We appreciate the mention of the *Catholic Truth Society* of London in Eugene P. Willing's recent interesting article on *The Silent Apostolate*.

In 1934, our jubilee year, our pamphlet sales reached the record of 1,374,085. For the past year this was exceeded by 20,200. These figures do not include booklets or books priced at more than twopence.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

JOHN P. BOLAND.

## Information on Sisterhoods

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For the convenience of M. K. of Brooklyn, N. Y. inquiring in the March issue about Catholic Sisterhoods, and for those seeking like information, I would like to refer them to *Come Follow Me*, a quarterly published by Rev. J. J. Strauss, C.S.S.R., 389 East 150th Street, New York, N. Y.

This little publication contains small summaries of the various communities in the United States, taken in alphabetical order, with three or four excerpts appearing in each issue. The *Come Follow Me* is twenty-five cents a year.

TORRINGTON, CONN.

V. A. M.



## Wisconsin Catholic "Big Brothers"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your April issue has just been handed to me by a friend. I was particularly pleased to read the article, *Friends of the Friendless*. I have been familiar with this work for some time, and as far as I know yours is the first national Catholic magazine to give such prominence to the movement of the Big Brothers.

I am enclosing our program which you will note is carried out in conjunction with the existing Catholic charities. We have been operating three years, at the invitation of the Bishop. The activity has now been well developed in twenty-two counties, under the direction of Father A. N. Shuh.

We have two juvenile penal institutions in Wisconsin. Records show that preventative work counts. Of course we have a fine CYO program and other groups which wield a strong influence. While we are strong for prior assistance we also help boys who are discharged from these institutions. Unfortunately many do not want help after years of confinement. They want to "go it alone."

I should like to know how many copies of the April issue you can let me have, and at what price?

BIG BROTHER COMMITTEE,  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS,  
LA CROSSE, WIS.

T. F. KEEGAN,  
Chairman.

*Editor's Note:* Special importance does attach to preventative work. As noted by the long-termers who wrote *Life in Prison* (May issue of THE SIGN), the hardening process is hard to escape. For the information of schools, clubs, etc., we call attention to the fact that bulk orders of THE SIGN are given at a reduced price.

## Cicero on Mercy Killing

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The recent paper on "mercy killing" was strong and it was timely. The pagans of old believed in the "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." The new paganism is hopelessly atheistic and therefore insensate. One of the finest sayings, if not the finest saying on this subject, is from the pen of the pagan Cicero in his *De Officiis*: "*Vetat ille dominans in nobis Deus nos dehinc injussu suo demigrare*—That God Who is our Lord and Master forbids us to go hence without His orders." Those who practice and advocate "mercy killing" so-called will have to reckon with this Lord and Master.

EPISCOPUS.

## Monsignor Sheen's Articles for Non-Catholics

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just re-read Monsignor Sheen's articles on Communism in the November, February and March issues. They are a breath-taking revelation of the latest plot against religion, the home and patriotism.

Now that the articles appear in pamphlet form I hope to purchase as many copies of them as I can possibly afford, in order to distribute them among various Protestant collegiate groups to which I have access through friends among faculty or students; for I feel that these articles with their directness, simplicity and clear documentary proofs are a unique contribution to our national defense.

As a descendant of those who formed and fought for this country in every emergency, from the leadership of Miles Standish down, I deeply and reverently appreciate the sturdy bulwark which the Catholic Church is so loyally rearing against the greatest peril which has ever threatened our people's present and future—both here and in the hereafter.

Let me add urgently that members of the Catholic Clubs

of non-Catholic universities, and most of all the Catholic faculty members of those clubs, have in these pamphlets a great opportunity to warn both the young and those who guide their ideals about this terrible menace now hanging over us all. They can easily circulate this revealing document widely among the Protestant students and teachers, remembering that these key-groups to coming American thought do not have access to any of the anti-Communist material already familiar to readers of Catholic magazines. Moreover these key-groups probably do not listen to similar Catholic warnings on the radio, except when these are voiced so spectacularly that their value is discounted.

In Monsignor Sheen's article we find, not oratory, but fact; not mere accusation, but proof. May God inspire many willing hands to spread it far and wide.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

THEODORA BATES COGSWELL.

## Keeping in Touch with Catholic Action

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A confession to make! When I subscribed to THE SIGN last year I did so principally to assist your missionaries in China. I had never seen a copy of the magazine. Now, in sending in my renewal, I wish to assure you that I do so because each successive issue increased my admiration of it.

Through it I know that I shall continue to learn about Catholic literature, history, sociology, etc. This is all the more needful for me because I had read all the books on Catholic subjects that were available in our local public library.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PATRICIA DALY.

*Editor's Note:* To subscriber Daly and our other readers we suggest that they try to interest their local library in subscribing to THE SIGN. A sufficient number of requests for it from Catholics in the vicinity might bring the desired results.

## Pascal on Confession

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I notice that Hilaire Belloc's book, *Characters of the Reformation*, is one of the best sellers on the Catholic list of non-fiction. Deservedly so. Since this series of *Characters* first appeared serially in THE SIGN, may I call attention to the thoughts of one of them, Pascal, on confession?

He looks upon the rejection of that Sacrament as terrifying proof of his notion that man hates the truth! (Page 87 of Keegan Paul's translation.) Turn to Newman's *Present Position of Catholics in England* and find what he says about Protestant love of bad news concerning Catholics: "Does it not argue an incompleteness or hiatus in the very structure of their moral nature? Has not something, in their case, dropped out of the list of natural qualities proper to man?"

Newman was a Calvinist in his early days, and Pascal had the taint of Jansenism. You see Newman and Pascal lapsing into Calvinist language to describe this hatred of Catholics and their religion. Yet I have before me an edition of Pascal's *Pensees* for schools, which very carefully omits the thought about confession—though giving all that goes before it and all that comes after it.

Edmund Burke well said that persecution is the merciless policy of fear, not merely fear of retaliation but fear of the prospect of having to face and test one's own dogmas. He also said that violent persecutors are often perfect unbelievers in their own professed creed. Most modern errors are simply the restatements of the blasphemies of Sixteenth Century enemies of the Church and have the same motive—spot cash for those who propagate them.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

P. A. FORDE.

### Pro Parvulis Book Club

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I heartily agree with Brother George Schuster, S.M., in his article, *Youth Does Read*, in the May issue of THE SIGN. But the article does show a grave sin of omission. Why is there no mention made of an organization that is explicitly fighting the very crime that he deplores? The Pro Parvulis Book Club of Providence, R. I., was founded nearly two years ago to furnish, at greatly reduced prices, the very best of the choicest new books that come off the presses; to recommend others; to counsel and advise and warn; and to educate the parents and teachers of today in the vast field of children's books. A Club publication, called *The Pro Parvulis Herald*, published every two months and sent out with the books selected by the Editorial Board, is a symposium on books and quite invaluable for adults as well as children. In addition the Club has issued a booklet of 900 titles, graded and indexed for children of the pre-school age through high school. The price of this treasure is the modest fee of fifty cents.

But parents, teachers and writers do not know about this Catholic organization. And why? Let me be candid. Catholic editors of magazines show no desire to make this Club known. One would think that such editors were crying their eyes out and praying for a way out of the deluge of filth that is drowning our children, but their concern seems to cease with the printing of an article such as Brother George Schuster's. If the sponsorship and blessing of a great Cardinal, the acclaim of the intelligent Sisterhoods, the support of the clergy who are sincerely convinced of the apostolate of this organization, is not enough to recommend it to the Catholic editors—what more must we do? Advertise in their magazines? This is definitely against the policy of this Club. No money has been spent on salaries, advertising or in any other department. The Club has and will continue to grow on the strong recommendation of subscribers and fervent friends.

If Catholic editors are sincere in their desire to spread good reading among Catholic children they could do more than decry the defect. They could sponsor the cure.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

F. X. DOWNEY, S.J.

*Editor's Note:* See THE SIGN, July, 1936, p. 749; September, 1936, p. 121; February, 1937, p. 446.

### Russian Orthodox Church and Reunion

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been wondering if in this generation there is not a real opportunity for the first time in centuries for the re-establishment of communion between the Catholic Church and the schismatic Orthodox Church of Russia. They need us and we want them shoulder to shoulder with us. My lay understanding of the situation—correct me if I am wrong—is that Eastern Orthodox orders and sacraments are valid, which Protestant orders are not, and that no great change in their traditional Slavonic liturgy and customs—some of equal antiquity with our own—would be necessary once the leaders of the hierarchy made up their minds to accept the divinely instituted leadership of Rome. I am sure we of the West would welcome the Russian schismatics as reunited members of the great Universal Church, and such a reunion would be a great stride towards the ultimate reunion of all who profess and call themselves Christians.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HENRY B. HOFFMANN.

*Editor's Note:* With one or two doubtful exceptions, the Catholic Church recognizes the orders and sacraments administered by the Orthodox Church as valid. The Popes, especially during the last one hundred years, have manifested

an intense interest in the reunion of these churches with the See of St. Peter. In 1928 Pope Pius XI issued an important Encyclical in which he urged Catholics of the Latin Rite to obtain a correct and sympathetic attitude towards the schismatic Christians of the East, including Russia. After the settlement of the Roman Question, the present Pope ordered that the vernacular prayers recited after low Masses be offered for Russia.

### Remembering the Church in Wills

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Why do so few Catholics remember the Church in their wills? We read frequently of non-Catholics leaving large bequests to their churches, schools, universities, hospitals and missions; altogether too infrequently do we read of this philanthropy on the part of our Catholics. Why?

I believe one reason is that we do not discuss it often enough in our sermons; it is not often enough mentioned in our press, in parish statements and periodicals. Phineas "One-Born-Every-Minute" Barnum used to say: "If you don't advertise the sheriff will do it for you." Commercial companies spend thousands and millions yearly to make people think of their products. Can we expect Catholics to be thinking of their churches, religious institutions, missions and Catholic endeavors if we do not mention it often in our sermons and press?

If that point of remembering your God in your will were drilled into our people more frequently there would undoubtedly be less talking from the pulpit on card parties, picnics, bazaars and catch-penny schemes to finance the House of God and kindred works. Let us get our people conscious of God's part in their wills and we will not have to fear so much the sheriff advertising our church property.

EPWORTH, IOWA.

(REV.) WILLIAM M. HOLUB.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.F.H., Washington, Ind.; J.N.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.G.N., New Washington, Ohio; M.G., Cambridge, Mass.; M.N., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; M.B.V., Hollis, N. Y.; C.W., Kilternagh, Ireland; M.E.McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; S.M.J., Essex, England; H.O'R., Bronx, N. Y.; R.K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A.V.P., New York, N. Y.; I.C., Rosebank, S. I.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Joseph, J.M.L., North Wildwood, N. J.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Mother of Sorrows, I.C.M., Lawrence, Mass.; Poor Souls, O.L., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, M.F., Manston, Wis.; Gemma Galgani, J.O.C., New York, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.F.M.H., Washington, Ind.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; St. Anthony, M.W., Batavia, N. Y.; St. Christopher, E.B., Dunkirk, N. Y.; Sorrowful Mother, H.H., Milwaukee, Wis.; Sacred Heart, E.C., Newark, N. J.; St. Philomena, B.M., Union City, N. J.; Sacred Heart, M.K., Corona, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.M., Stanfordville, N. Y.; St. Anthony, E.McD., Dorchester, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, M.R.S., Chicago, Ill.; Heavenly Mother, S.M.S.A., Indianapolis, Ind.; Souls in Purgatory, M.A.R., Louisville, Ky.; H.B., McKees Rocks, Pa.; M.H.P., Hartford, Conn.; M.F.Des.M., Utica, N. Y.; K.T.B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A.J.R., Jackson Hghts., N. Y.; E.S., Wickliffe, O.; M.W.Z., Louisville, Ky.; A.M.T., Somerville, Mass.; M.B., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.M., New York, N. Y.; St. Anthony, St. Ann, A.V.P., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Francis Xavier, F.T.W., Paterson, N. J.; St. Joseph, M.G.M., Melrose, Mass.; Blessed Mother, M.P.B.M., Brookline, Mass.; K.J.G., Union City, N. J.; M.J.M., Bronx, N. Y.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N. Y.; C.S., Los Angeles, Calif.

# The New Outlook In Europe

The Restriction of the Conflict in Spain within the Borders of that Country is one of Several Hopeful Circumstances for European Peace

By Denis Gwynn

**A**N UNQUESTIONABLE sense of relief after several years of extreme tension and anxiety concerning the possibility of war in Europe, has been increasingly evident during the past month. Even at the end of last year there were abundant grounds for fearing that war was almost inevitable unless some miracle occurred to compel the conflicting governments to adopt a more conciliatory attitude. But the situation has improved gradually, until the fear of a European war has almost disappeared, and the future prospects are very definitely better than they were.

What has produced so welcome an improvement? And what results are likely to follow from the new situation? Both questions are worth considering.

## Improved European Conditions

**I**MMENSE changes have been developing during the past few years, affecting the position of every country in Europe and very probably affecting also the future relations between the United States and Europe. The whole system of international relations which resulted from the Great War has broken down, and a new system is rapidly emerging. The former system was based on two main factors. The treaty of Versailles imposed a victorious peace upon Germany, while the other treaties connected with it imposed a victorious peace on Austria-Hungary, on Turkey and on the Balkans. Intimately connected with these treaties was the new organization of the League of Nations, with its headquarters at Geneva, which was intended to inaugurate a new era of international law, enforced in the interests of preserving world peace, and providing the machinery for considering and adjusting all legitimate grievances as they might arise.

It was easy from the start to ridicule the idealism of the League of Nations system, and to point to the obvious difficulties which it would have to overcome. But it did represent the general desire of all civilized peoples, when the Great War ended, to provide some means of adjusting international disputes without recourse to the appallingly barbarous methods of warfare which

had been tried so disastrously for four years. It was an honest and really courageous attempt to save the world from the repetition of such horrors and such wholesale slaughter and desolation. And not the least reason for respecting its motives and its intentions was the fact that its principal author and sponsor was Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

The fact that President Wilson failed to secure ratification of his own policy by the United States, which he was believed to have entirely at his back, was one of those mistakes in politics which leave a legacy of bitterness and misunderstanding between peoples for many years. Without his initiative and whole-hearted support, the League of Nations would never have come into existence. Yet his repudiation by his own countrymen crippled the League from the outset. Lacking the active participation of the United States, it was deprived of much of its moral authority. Above all, it was deprived of that dominating influence from beyond the Atlantic which alone could have rectified the injustice of the peace treaties.

## Effect of Peace Treaties

**I**N THOSE circumstances Germany particularly was at the mercy of her victors in the war. She had no hope of compelling the Allied Powers, and especially France, to carry out the obligations of the League of Nations Covenant which required progressive disarmament and a reconsideration, from time to time, of the grievances which the peace treaties had created. France persisted in regarding Germany as her potential enemy, who must be permanently disarmed; while every demand that France should equalize matters by disarming herself was met by flat refusal on the ground that Germany was secretly re-arming and might become a menace again.

The rise of Hitler and the revival of Germany on a defiantly nationalist basis was the direct outcome of those conditions. Other countries also gradually felt that France was taking an unfair advantage of the peace treaties, and refused to assist in repressing the Ger-

man revival. And in the past few years we have seen Germany's sudden withdrawal from the League of Nations and her complete and successful repudiation of the whole Treaty of Versailles. Japan also had withdrawn in the absence of sufficient authority to compel her to abide by the League of Nations Covenant. And Italy, emboldened by the successful defiance of Japan and Germany, similarly ranged herself in opposition to the League when it tried to restrain her conquest of a State member of the League in East Africa.

Only since the League failed to restrain Italy, even by the imposition of those sanctions which had been devised for precisely such a contingency, have the other countries definitely decided that they must reconsider their whole position. Each secession from the League had weakened its moral authority and changed its character, by making it more and more an organization to preserve the peace treaties in their original form. And the subsequent alliances of the Great Powers had involved commitments which were never contemplated when the League was founded. France and Russia had become so closely united by their alliances that the League might easily be involved in some dispute arising out of them, and not directly connected with any national issue such as the League was intended to consider. On the other hand, Italy and Germany had come to an understanding as "dissatisfied" Powers, in conflict with the Franco-Russian pact.

## Belgium Breaks Away

**T**O ESCAPE from these obligations, yet to preserve the essential functions of the League of Nations, has been the chief problem of all peace-minded diplomacy during the past year. And in recent months very remarkable progress in these directions has been made. The first clear break was made by Belgium, when King Albert announced that his country would decline to consider itself bound by the increasing implications of the Locarno Treaty. France's quarrel with Germany was becoming more and more involved in her friendship with Russia, which was



of no direct concern to Belgium. And Belgium could not longer incur the risks of another invasion, through being France's ally, when the invasion might be due only to some quarrel between Germany and one of France's allies in Central or Eastern Europe. So Belgium would revert to her pre-war policy of strict neutrality and would abandon her military alliance with France.

### A Hopeful Sign

**I**N A morbid atmosphere of jealousies and suspicions, Belgium's decision was an extremely healthy sign of reaction. It would scarcely have been possible if Hitler had not first repudiated the Locarno Treaty, under which France, Britain, Belgium and Germany had each solemnly agreed to respect and protect each other's frontiers. The opportunity to reconsider everything with a new freedom was very wisely used, and Britain no less than Belgium has deliberately discouraged France's hopes of committing all her allies to the support of any entanglement resulting from her military alliance with Russia.

Tension was already becoming eased in these ways when the Spanish civil war introduced new and unexpected dangers of international conflict. The interests of both France and Britain in the Mediterranean were suddenly endangered by the help given to General Franco by Germany in Spain, in Morocco and in the Mediterranean islands. Germany also saw sudden opportunities for gaining a foothold in northern Africa, and both Italy and Germany began to intervene actively on General Franco's side in Spain.

Yet even this tension also has been remarkably relaxed in the past month. British preparations for rearmament have been proceeding so rapidly that any direct challenge to the British fleet and air force is now a prospect which cannot be contemplated with any real hope of success. Germany has practically withdrawn from her earlier intervention in Spain, and Italy is growing less and less inclined to incur further adventures in that campaign.

The general result has been to allay the former widespread fear of a sudden collision, while Spain—instead of becoming the cockpit for a war fought largely with foreign volunteers and foreign weapons—has been successfully isolated. Insofar as this result removes the danger of a general European war, it must be welcomed as a great achievement for patient and resourceful diplomacy. Incidentally it has given a new direction to the efforts of constructive pacifism.

The League of Nations is no longer regarded—since the fiasco of imposing "sanctions" against Italy—as an organi-

zation for restoring international peace by the exercise of superior force. But it has proved once more its capacity for usefulness as a meeting-place where the nations can combine to evolve a common policy for preventing local conflicts from spreading further. Even though it has lost its former influence as a tribunal for judging the merits of disputes, it can still command the active support of all nations which are obliged in their own interest to take steps for the restriction of local wars. And from that success there is ample scope, if only good will can be secured, for proceeding later to a general reduction of armaments.

But even this success in localizing the Spanish conflict is no guarantee that other conflicts could be localized with equal success. Spain, of all countries in Europe, is least directly connected with other Powers, and also offers least inducement to the ambition of her neighbors. The position would be much more delicate in Central Europe, where both Germany and Italy would be close at hand and could combine effectively in any adventure which they desired to undertake in common.

In other respects also the success of non-intervention in Spain cannot be regarded with unqualified enthusiasm. It has resulted—as I have explained in several of these articles that it almost certainly would—in adding great difficulties to General Franco's campaign.

### Franco's Progress

**A**S THINGS now stand there is apparently no hope of his making progress except by blasting his way through cities and villages which are giving him a fierce struggle. Experience in this most tragic war has shown that modern warfare gives an immense advantage to the defending side. The Red forces have had many months now to organize formidable defensive positions and strong lines to fall back upon if they are forced to retreat. It may be months yet before General Franco even approaches the most arduous part of his campaign, in facing the subjugation of Catalonia.

In that sense the Bolsheviks have at least achieved a large part of their program in desiring the destruction of Catholic Spain. Throughout half the country at present all churches are closed, while literally thousands of churches and sacred places have been irreparably destroyed. It will take years to replace these by new places of worship. And if the war continues, General Franco will be forced to carry on this work of destruction to reach his enemies.

Tragic above all is this sanguinary warfare in the intensely Catholic province of the Basques. Nothing could

suit the Bolshevik program better than that Catholic troops under General Franco should find themselves in this position in fighting their countrymen in northern Spain. No one can imagine that Generals Franco and Mola have any desire to inflict such destruction. Yet it is an appalling tragedy that, when Catholic Spain is fighting for its life against Red anarchy, these two Catholic forces have failed to find some means of reconciling their differences. Their conflict, in actual conditions, is utterly unnatural; and the failure of both sides to find some basis sufficient even for an armistice is the most discouraging feature of the civil war.

### The Basque Campaign

**T**HESE articles are concerned with the wider aspects. More competent specialists are already informing readers of THE SIGN on the details of the Spanish situation. But General Franco's campaign against the Basques has had disastrous repercussions on public opinion in other countries. How many people among the millions who read the newspaper reports of the bombing of Guernica have the least notion even of who the Basques are, or of how long or to what extent they have asserted their claim to separate autonomy? The rhetorical appeals by "President" Aguirre have been reported everywhere as though they represented the aspirations of a people who have been independent for generations. Actually he has been "President" of the newly constituted Basque Government for little more than six months. He is simply the nominee of the supporters of the Madrid Government, which conceded autonomy to the Basques as a means of securing local support against General Franco.

Their propaganda has been very skillfully organized by the Red Government at Valencia. I have before me a pamphlet containing a carefully edited translation of Aguirre's speech broadcast some months ago. The translation itself shows obvious signs of propagandist distortion, to anybody with a general knowledge of Spanish conditions. It denounces General Franco, for instance, for having "invaded" Basque territory (which was an integral part of Spain) with "black and infidel" forces.

No Spaniard could conceivably describe the Moors as "black" when most Spaniards are of a complexion scarcely distinguishable from that of the Moorish troops, and when Moorish blood runs through the population of Spain at least as strongly as Norman blood in England. At the beginning of the same pamphlet I find a portrait of Señor Aguirre with a crucifix prominently displayed at his elbow, although

the pamphlet itself is issued from the Spanish Embassy in London, which is the official headquarters of Caballero's anti-Catholic Government of Valencia.

However deeply one may be disappointed at the failure of Generals Franco and Mola to come to terms with the Basque Catholics and detach them from their preposterous alliance with Caballero, the whole situation indicates that the Basques have allowed themselves to be maneuvered into a position which cannot possibly be reconciled with Catholic principles. As Catholics they are being exploited shamelessly by the most ruthless enemies of the Church in Spain. They have been made a cloak to cover the abominable outrages against the Church which their supporters have organized in Spain.

### Anti-Fascists Advance

**I**NCALCULABLE injury has been done to the defenders of the Church by the Basque alliance with Caballero. Whatever their local grievances may be—and they were never so acute even in recent years that a separate provincial autonomy was generally demanded—it is undeniable that they have been most successfully exploited to hide the obvious truth that Caballero's Government intends to extirpate Catholic traditions in Spain.

If the Reds could even now win the civil war, the Basque separatists would have no more chance of retaining their independence as a small Catholic State than Georgia had in regard to Soviet Russia. But in the meantime their resistance has gone far to convincing public opinion in other countries that the Red Government is not really unfriendly to the Church, and that General Franco has been ruthlessly trying to subjugate a gallant and independent people.

Their resistance has moreover provided a pretext for the British Government to break General Franco's blockade of Bilbao by the deliberate intervention of the British fleet. It will be no less useful in enabling Léon Blum to connive at assistance to the Valencia Government in preventing Franco from advancing towards the French frontiers. The Basque Catholics have been duped into bearing the brunt of an attack which would otherwise have been directed towards Catalonia.

In the past six months the "anti-Fascist" forces have, with the assistance of international finance, made rapid headway towards restoring their former ascendancy in western Europe. In Belgium, less than a year ago, the Fascist movement had produced a most formidable agitation under the young "Rexist" leader Degrelle. His movement swept the country so suddenly that there was a real possibility that

he would effectively wreck parliamentary government. But Degrelle has since been thoroughly discredited, and his agitation can scarcely now be revived.

In France there was until a few years ago a still more elaborate "Fascist" organization, under a much more experienced leader, Colonel de la Rocque, with his *Criox de Feu*. It also has suffered an overwhelming eclipse. Disbanded and declared illegal, it has made



## Child at Play

By Francis MacManus



**M**ARY, do you remember  
How I prayed for monstrous  
gifts  
And troubled you with gnat-like  
pleas  
I hummed through starry rifts?

Through starry rifts my pleas went  
up  
And burdened heaven's air;  
Mary, do you remember?  
I think you smiled on me there.

Monstrous gifts I asked for,  
From the world's tinselled toys;  
Mary, maybe you smiled on me  
As I tasted earth's queer joys.

For earth's queer joys are bitter-  
sweet  
And cloy the mouth like clay.  
Mother, surely you laughed out then  
And thought of a Child at play.



repeated efforts to revive in different guises, but it has been so penalized, disrupted and harassed by Blum's Socialist Coalition that it can no longer even attempt to retain an organized existence.

At the time of writing France is once again approaching a period of turmoil, but the prospect of a collision between the Right and the Left scarcely even exists. The situation has changed so remarkably that any new upheaval

is likely to be caused by an uprising of the extreme Left to force Blum and the more moderate leaders to go much further in the direction which the Communists desire.

Confronted in Spain by a determined anti-religious government which controls half the country and has had ample time to consolidate its lines for defense, General Franco has a desperate task in attempting to restore the traditions of a Catholic government throughout his country. He has to reckon also with the increasing hostility of France—which has unique opportunities for stultifying the non-intervention policy—and with the increasing adverse pressure of international finance. Paris today commands the pledged support of both London and New York on a basis of accepting the dictation of international finance, and the whole policy of international finance is irreconcilable with the success of a Catholic and Fascist government in Spain.

General Franco's program would mean a period of intense national effort towards reconstruction on a basis of national independence. It would give no scope for exploitation by foreign capitalists or for the infringements of national independence, in loans from international financiers.

### A Catholic Revival

**T**O ASSUME that General Franco will succeed in dominating Spain is to assume that he can defeat not only his Red opponents but the whole weight of the interests which desire that he should fail. On the other hand, they do not desire that the Communists should gain control either in Spain or in France. One can, however, hope reasonably that Franco will not be completely overwhelmed by the very formidable combination of influences which oppose his victory.

At least he has saved Spain from becoming the field for another Bolshevik revolution in Europe. He has restored Christianity in more than half of Spain when it was being attacked with savage persecution and ruthless destruction. He has given new life to the Catholic revival in western Europe. As a devout Catholic he has set an example of ardent courage and personal self-sacrifice which Catholics in every country will be proud to follow. And in an era of sudden convulsions, when vitality and the capacity for discipline and self-sacrifice are the real tests of national vigor, it may well be that the Catholic reaction against Bolshevism and against the sordid materialism of international finance will yet regard Franco, even more than Mussolini, as the leader of a movement which may yet save the Christian faith throughout Europe from its enemies on all sides.

# Readers and the High-brow

## "High-brow" Is Often an Epithet Revealing Contentment with the Mediocre

By John Gilland Brunini

WITH almost the speed with which it became accepted in every-day use, the slang phrase "high-brow" took on an implicit designation of opprobrium. Somehow, without quite knowing exactly what a "high-brow" is, people did not want to be considered one. The "high-brow" was set apart, dismissed into a leper-like category with a contemptuous shrug, and one set about to prove possession of such qualities as would unequivocally demonstrate the lack of such stigma.

The phrase inevitably took on wider applications. A "high-brow literature," a "high-brow music," a "high-brow art" were labeled and shunted aside with scorn. Very obviously, then, the number of things relegated to this classification increased in proportion to the decrease in the user's education until, down to the point of the illiterate, the classification became an omnibus. Even the most popular weekly, for instance, would be "high-brow" to those who could not read.

Such potentialities for extension of the term to include almost anything beyond the ken of the individual using it have sapped "high-brow" of its original slang sense. Relativity steps in to give it a death blow. As Bunker Hill might look like a mountain to a plainsman, and a mound to a Swiss; so one person's "high-brow literature" may be the cheapest kind of trash to another. All depends on the position of appraisal.

Now consciously or unconsciously, something of the foregoing considerations must enter into the lives of every reader and into the editorial policies of those responsible for all publications. The task is much simpler for the reader since he has only one person, himself, to consider. But when one individual reader becomes multiplied, as he does for the editor, then the problem becomes one of many ramifications.

For general purposes the editor casts his die once and for all. He deliberately rules out certain classes from among his potential readers. Conceivably he could publish what would interest all those who can read; but, practically, he eliminates. If he publishes an English magazine, he eliminates all those who cannot read English; if a trade magazine, all those not interested in that trade. If he expects to find his audience

among children then his contents will be based on an appeal to those below adolescence.

The editor has thus deliberately done what any reader would do for himself. Neither has a quarrel with the other and the only surprise would be if the editor reproached the reader because, not understanding English, the latter passed his magazine by; or if the reader reproached the editor because his magazine was devoted to the woolen industry and the former had no interest in that industry. In either case it would be asking the other to be something he was not or to do something he originally had no intention of doing.

These examples may, of course, be thought simple and axiomatic—as indeed they are—but they are nevertheless fundamental. Their consideration would accomplish very much in the clarification of the relationship between editors and readers and the better understanding of the rôle each plays. By and large one need give little heed here to the editor—he belongs to a small class and must work out his own problems in this regard. The public can accept him or reject him. But why the individual rejects him may be a question, in immediate and remote effect, much more important to the individual than to the editor.

Very few editors, particularly those who publish magazines which pretend to any normal standards of quality, have not received letters from their readers which level the charge (although possibly not in the same words): "Your magazine is so 'high-brow.' Why must you be over our heads?" It happens that the editor—just as he implicitly says to one who does not read English: "This magazine is not for you"—could write many things in reply. But letters such as these, whereas he may print them in a Communications Department, are more frequently left unanswered than not.

AND why? Primarily, no doubt, because there can be no utility in a reply. The editor has two alternatives—he can blissfully or worriedly continue on his course, or he can lower his standards to satisfy his correspondent. Pursuing the former he knows he runs the risk of losing that particular reader; and

pursuing the latter he understands that, the process of placating once begun, his editorial policy is jeopardized. He does not want to satisfy *every* taste or *every* degree of intelligence in the first place; and if he were to heed each correspondent then he would essentially cease to be an editor and would surrender that office to his public with resultant chaos. Since his policy, if he is a person of integrity and conviction, is fixed on its essential standards, he cannot be expected to undermine it.

The correspondent, who may very easily represent a wide class of readers, is nevertheless very much in the position of asking the leopard to change his spots. And there is certainly pertinency in questioning if the leopard could make the change, should he? Were he to do so he would cease to be a leopard and would have to be given some other name in the feline tribe. The analogy is not perfect, for a magazine is not dependent on format or externals to make it what it is. It is itself because of its editorial policy essentially, and to change that policy would be to make it into something entirely different, however faithfully its physical aspects may be preserved.

"COME down to my level," pleads the correspondent to an editor who must presumably be somewhere above the clouds. "There are plenty like me." And back of this plea can be heard the rustle of bills ready to cataract into the editor's cash box. Will he come down?

But there is a converse of this question and, as has been mentioned, it is much more important than that voiced by the supposed correspondent. The question could take many forms, but to preserve similarity it would be from the editor to the correspondent: "Come up to my level." It would not be framed in so many words; in fact it might be imprudent for many editors to frame it at all. More effectively it should come as the still quick voice in the correspondent's own mind.

The fox is ridiculed in the fable of the sour grapes. The real moral of the story lies in admission of the grapes' sweetness, yet, because they are out of reach, being content to realize they cannot be enjoyed. What censure attaches to the fox comes from the fact that he



refused to face the truth about the grapes. And something of this refusal is lurking in the attitude of those who insidiously damn with the accusation "high-brow." They forget that the phrase originally meant "one who belongs to the intellectual class" and hence, applied to a publication, "one which appeals to the intellectual class."

There is little to be gained in proclaiming that the "high-brow," like the fox's grapes, is sour. One may decry the man who is nothing but an intellectual, minus all other human traits; but one cannot rightfully decry the intellect. The entire history of man in every aspect, his nature, indeed his religion, is predicated on the exercise of his intellect, is predicated on this faculty as his mark of distinction from everything else in the world, and is predicated on his innate urge to better himself.

IT MAY be that the things of the intellect are beyond the reach of certain people. However, the world can listen long and it will listen vainly before many, who still preserve the use of reason, will state that they have reached an intellectual level beyond which they cannot go. Even the most illiterate backwoodsman would vehemently deny that he could not learn to read if he made up his mind to do so. If he adds that the ability to read is no more valuable than the ability to balance a golf club on his nose, he may deceive himself into consolation over his illiteracy but he does not lessen thereby the value of an ability to read.

In the civilized world the preeminent value of an education has long been recognized, and no more so than today. There may be disputes in regard to quality and kind of education, the means for obtaining it and the methods of its imparting. But there are few sound thinking people who would put an arbitrary limit on quantity.

There can be no stage in any individual's life when he is justly entitled to say that his education has ceased. A high school diploma and a college degree are merely incidents along the highroad of learning which disappears into eternity. If the graduate denies this then he has failed to acquire the prime gift of any schooling, which should properly be designed not to impart so many facts and figures but to equip for a lifetime of acquisition of new knowledge.

Among the many methods for such continuous acquisition of knowledge, such enlarging of one's intellectual horizon, reading takes a very important place. Certainly all reading is not necessarily helpful to the intellect. Actually a certain type offers an intellectual sedative rather than a stimulant. Others provide pure enjoyment and nothing more—one could continue to read along this line and not add one millimeter to

intellectual stature. The voracious follower of pulp fiction, for instance, continually exercises his reading ability, enjoys himself, but advances not at all. To the contrary, he is more often than not apt to fall back. An intellect fed on mental pap will weaken just as any healthy man would languish on a constant and sole diet of mush.

If the reader is content with mental pap, with reading which can slide down smoothly and without the slightest exertion of the intellect, literature for him becomes merely another source of temporary, fleeting entertainment and misses its higher and nobler functions. He will find his level and there he will continue for the rest of his life unless he changes his attitude. And the longer he demands and intellectually subsists on predigested food, the more blunt his taste for finer things will become.

There are sufficient who will cater to his tastes—any newsstand displays magazine after magazine designed for this purpose the fulfillment of which will net their publishers full coffers. But there are, as well, many editors who set their intellectual standards higher. These may build no Matterhorns, even for sub-average intelligences, but if the individual wishes to rise, the peaks need not be attained in one jump. A gradual ascent is generally the order of the day, and patience and persistence have overcome where other traits have not.

It is in the existence of something a little better and just beyond, that there lies the best incentive. In many endeavors men are very much in the position of the horse that plods along the road because a bundle of hay, which he will never reach, is tied just beyond his nose. The attainment of a goal may give great happiness but the wise never overlook the joy of the struggle to that attainment, and no goal is ever won without another appearing on the horizon.

Contentment with the mediocre may satisfy, but those who constantly associate with the mediocre are never apt to get beyond that class. The tennis player does not improve his game by confining his opponents to those no better than he. His mettle is tested when he comes up against someone from whom he can get more competition than he has had before. One's intellectual abilities need something in the nature of obstacles and, if these must be met with the aid of a dictionary or a little serious thinking, the situation is rather to be welcomed than deplored.

"Tell me who you go with and I will tell you who you are" is a saying which can be applied to reading habits. For there is an equal amount of truth and poetry in the statement that books are excellent friends and a person's intellectual calibre can very readily be determined by what kind of books and what magazines he habitually reads.

## Blind Man's Act of Faith

By Melanie Vier

I know that when I see God's light,  
And grief is past, and dull despair,  
Then I shall view a Truth so fair  
Earth knows it not; a sky so bright  
That I shall not begrudge the blueness lost to sight;  
A country lovelier than the best  
Men travel here; a happy rest—  
A day that lives on, owns no night  
Of blackness known so long to me,  
A day that burns with Living Flame: this I believe,  
Blind, seeking one faint spark.  
My soul is thirsting to be free,  
To smile on Beauty, at His Hands receive  
The Wisdom sheltered in eternity,  
To see that God was ever shining through the dark.

# Our Lady of Chenstohova

Chenstohova in Poland Has Long Been a National Center of Devotion to Our Blessed Lady. It Is Especially Dear to the Present Holy Father

By John Blake

*Note: The Polish name Czestochowa is usually given its English phonetic spelling as Chenstohova, the more convenient rendering for the general reader.*

EVER since the Lateran Treaty restored Castel Gandolfo to the Pope as part of his temporal domain, the Vatican City, he has made use of it as a summer residence. It has become known that the chapel of the castle is now dedicated to the patron of Poland, Our Lady of Chenstohova. Once more the Holy Father has paid tribute to that heroic nation, so endeared to him not only by her tribulations and sufferings, but through his own acquaintance from three years of life there.

In former times *Polonia semper fidelis* was the motto of her kings, and it has been said that the new-born Polish republic is Rome's most faithful daughter. In actually having been living in Poland when she regained her independence after a hundred and twenty-four years of bondage, the Pope saw history vividly in the making, that history to which his three decades of life in libraries had hitherto been devoted. Pius XI has been called "the Polish Pope," and many consider that his elevation to the throne of Peter less than a year after his return to Italy was due to his work there.

The association with Poland began when he reached Warsaw in June, 1918, as Monsignor Ratti, the Legate of Benedict XV. At that time the city was held by the Germans, who had captured it from the Russians three years before. A month later the Legate made his first visit to Chenstohova, and commenced travelling about the country, learning the language meanwhile. November brought Armistice Day and the disarming of the armies of occupation throughout the country. Poland was now free, and the Polish government, headed by Paderewski as premier, sought Monsignor Ratti's appointment as formal representative of the Vatican to the new nation. In June, 1919, he was made Papal Nuncio, and a month later Archbishop of Lepanto, a title recalling that victory for Christendom of which, as of a Polish king on the battlefield of Vienna, the Pope of that day had said:

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." The new prelate wished to be consecrated in Poland instead of at Rome, and in October the ceremony took place in the cathedral at Warsaw with Archbishop Kakowski, now Cardinal, officiating.

"In this fashion he also became a Polish bishop," says Rom Landau in his biography of the Polish dictator, the late Marshal Pilsudski, who himself was present as a personal friend. Continual journeys took the new Polish bishop into many parts of Poland, and beyond her borders into Lithuania, Latvia and Silesia. He won high praise for his courage in remaining at Warsaw when the Soviet armies advanced within six miles of the capital in August, 1920. There was general regret over his departure when in the following February he was appointed Archbishop of Milan, his native city, and created Cardinal. Then, a year later, came his election to the Papacy, and the end of the travels which had ranged from ascending Alpine peaks to visiting obscure Polish villages. As the fifth Pope to become the Prisoner of the Vatican, he made himself the last by the signing of the Lateran Treaty seven years later, and in going to Castel Gandolfo he commemorated those distant days by setting up a Polish shrine in his new realm.

WHAT Mexico possesses in Our Lady of Guadalupe, and France in Our Lady of Lourdes, Poland has in the picture of the Virgin and Child venerated as the Most Holy Mother of God of Chenstohova. Many miracles are attributed to this picture, which has been treasured since 1382 in the Pauline monastery on Jasna Góra, the "Gleaming Mountain," a hill near the city. It is of unknown antiquity, and legend asserts it to be a portrait from life painted by St. Luke, though admittedly such claims are made for some fifty others in Europe. The picture came to Poland as part of the dowry of a Ruthenian princess from Constantinople, whither it is said to have been brought by St. Helena the Empress. In the late Fourteenth Century it was at Belz, a town north of Lwów, from which it was taken during a Tartar invasion by the starosta Ladis-

laus Opolski on the way to his castle in Silesia. The story goes that when the wagon reached the crest of Jasna Góra it would move no further, and the picture was left in a little wooden church there. Pauline monks from Hungary were its first guardians, as they are today, and the Gothic chapel then started still stands amid many later buildings. The fame of the shrine began to spread, and particular favor was shown by King Ladislaus Jagiello, whose marriage to the Polish Queen Jadwiga brought about the union of Lithuania with her realm and made Poland one of the great powers of Europe.

THROUGH the centuries Chenstohova has been a center of pilgrimage and devotion; she is the "Heart of Poland." She has shared the stormy history of the rest of the nation; she, too, has been a bulwark against invaders. Chenstohova, plundered by a Bohemian army during the Hussite wars in 1430, began to surround herself with walls in 1500. The pentagonal ramparts, moat, and bastions built in 1620 defended Jasna Góra against powerful Swedish armies in 1655 and 1705. Of the gallant defense in the siege of 1655 the Polish Dumas, Henryk Sienkiewicz, has given a stirring account in his epic novel, *The Deluge*, which makes extensive use of details from the monastery records. It was symbolic of Poland's survival of another and more devastating flood, the abating of which has been reserved for our own days.

Chenstohova, however, was not to prove forever impregnable. She was taken by the Russian army in 1772 after determined resistance, and again by the Prussians in 1793. Her fortifications were dismantled after Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and the walls lowered to half their height, but they still look most imposing. The Congress of Vienna, that city which Poland had once so bravely saved, awarded Chenstohova to Russia in 1815, and a century later the German army in its turn marched in. A few years passed, and saw her Polish once more.

In our times as many as three hundred thousand peasants from all over the country come to Jasna Góra on the

two great festivals, Assumption Day and the Nativity of Our Lady, while on one occasion a million assembled. The vivid devotion of the Poles to the Blessed Virgin reflects itself in the ancient hymn *Bogarodzica Dzięwica* (Virgin Mother of God), ascribed to the year 965 and adopted as a battle anthem in the Eleventh Century. Even in the war of 1920 against Russia it was sung by armies in the field. For centuries Our Lady has been called *Królowa Polski*, Queen of Poland, and is saluted as such in the Litany. One sees the title on her statue in Polish churches in this country.

The defense of Chenstohova in 1655 was a pivotal incident in national history, like the raising of the siege of Orléans by St. Joan of Arc in 1429. During the fearful turmoils that ravaged Europe following the Reformation, Sweden had become a great military power and the leader on the Continent of the Protestant world. Poland, as a Catholic country, was regarded as a potential enemy, and the thrones of the two nations had become sources of trouble. A Polish king, Sigismund III, already had been refused the succession to his father, John III of Sweden, because of his religion. His sons Ladislaus IV and Casimir V ruled in Poland after him, and kept the Swedish claim without acting upon it. Ultimately the famous Queen Christina abdicated in Sweden and became a Catholic, being succeeded by her fiery cousin Carl X. It was this king who launched a sudden attack upon Poland, which had been struggling for seven years against a terrible Cossack insurrection in the Polish Ukraine, aided by the Tartar horde. Casimir V had taken the field with the royal army, his successive victories resulting in the secession of the Cossacks to the Tsar of Muscovy in 1654. That year and the next the westward march of Russian troops began. Then followed the assault from the north, which proved almost irresistible.

IN JULY of 1655 Carl X sent 60,000 men into Poland from Swedish Pomerania on the shore of the Baltic. The first Polish army encountered, that of the palatines of Kalisz and Poznań with 24,000 men, went over to the enemy without firing a shot. Marching upon the capital, Carl X crushingly defeated Casimir V at the battle of Opoczno, entered Warsaw in triumph, and proclaimed himself king. Prince Radziwiłł, grand hetman of Lithuania and the most powerful noble in Poland, also deserted to him; the Elector of Brandenburg overran East Prussia; the Russians continued moving west, taking Vilna, Kovno, Lublin, Grodno; and Ukrainian armies passed Lwów. On the 17th of October, after a two months' siege, Cracow surrendered to the King of Sweden,

and the conquest of Poland seemed complete. Casimir V was a fugitive in Silesia, his armies dispersed and his power gone. As an admiral of the Imperial fleet in the Mediterranean he had known shipwreck, and now a nation had foundered under him. A Jesuit and a cardinal before coming to the throne, his colorful career seemed at an end. But the last act of the drama was yet to take place: the victors commenced the siege of Chenstohova.

AT THAT time the monastery on Jasna Góra was counted among the smallest and weakest fortresses of Poland. Its defenses, however, had been augmented by twelve heavy guns sent by the castellan of Cracow, and a band of knights had joined the monks. The garrison thus formed, hardly two hundred in number, consisting of a hundred and twenty monks with thirty nobles and their followers, was under command of the prior, Augustin Kordecki, a man of no military experience but of great faith and courage. He refused to surrender when the enemy approached on the night of November 8th, their cavalry burning the church of St. Barbara outside the walls. The monks fired on them with cannon and drove them off. Well may they have remembered that St. Barbara, whose name was borne by several Polish queens, is the patron alike of towers and of artillerymen. Ten days later the siege formally began when nine thousand Swedish troops, mostly infantry, with nineteen heavy guns, assembled for the attack. Two squadrons of Polish cavalry in the service of the enemy came with them. They occupied surrounding buildings, which were forthwith demolished by the cannon of Chenstohova, after which a truce was arranged for the night. Meanwhile entrenchment was under way, and at dawn the Swedish cannon began to thunder, to which the fortress vigorously replied. Even at midnight the beleaguered citadel was still firing, with the camp-fires as targets.

At the onset the Swedes had counted upon taking Chenstohova in two days, but incessant bombardment failed to daunt the defenders. The monks marched in procession about the walls, singing as they went, the prior bearing the Host in the monstrance, and trumpets sounded hymns from the towers, whence continual music was played to encourage the gunners. Ingenious precautions were taken against the starting of a conflagration. On the roofs the prior stationed squads to haul up water brought in relays from the wells, and to extinguish with wet cloths the frequent fires set by the torches and flaming masses of rope hurled with cannonballs. What could not be battered down, the besiegers hoped, might be burned, and they tried all manner of means to this end.

Blazing masses of hemp which could not be quenched were flung onto the roofs, but these were promptly hauled off with hooks and pushed over the walls. The cannonballs wrought great damage, but many bounded off the walls, and it was popularly said the Virgin turned them back in their flight. There were even sallies under cover of darkness. Attempts at undermining the ramparts proved unsuccessful.

In this fashion the garrison held out defiantly. Negotiations anew to induce surrender were undertaken in vain. The last truce followed an appeal from the prior to cease firing on Christmas Eve, but the artillery resumed on the afternoon of the 25th. Another fierce day of bombardment followed, forerunner of the raising of the siege, which took place that night under cover of a heavy snowstorm. When morning came on the 27th, no sign of the enemy was visible from the walls.

For dazed Poland this gallant resistance had turned the tide; she awakened and seemed to come to herself. There was a national rising. The Confederation of Tyszowiec was signed for the defense of "the King, the Faith, and Freedom." The Polish troops that had deserted to the enemy began to return *en masse*. Casimir V passed the Carpathians and entered Lwów in triumph. It was then that he made the famous proclamation of Our Lady as Queen of Poland, a dedication he later repeated at Chenstohova. This recalls the action of the Florentine Grand Council under Niccolò Capponi in 1528, which elected Christ as King of Florence and inscribed it on the portal of the Palazzo Vecchio. The reconquest of Poland now ensued.

ON THIS note the story of Casimir V might well end, even though ultimately he was driven to abdicate in 1668, calling upon the nobles to protect the kingdom from their own lawlessness. Twenty years afterwards the mighty Sobieski, as King John III, was to rebuke the Senate in the following words: "Posterity will be stupefied to learn that the only result of so many victories and triumphs, shedding an eternal glory on the Polish name throughout the world, was—God help us—irreparable ruin and damnation. Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed." They have passed on, the victorious and disillusioned kings, and after them Poland herself, but she is risen again and her flag is upon the sea.

Chenstohova, seen by the writer one November day, appeared an industrial town, her textile manufacturers employing most of her eighty thousand inhabitants. Even in the distance, however, she was dominated by the object of her fame. To the west, near at hand, rises



the "Gleaming Mountain," Jasna Góra, a low hill crowned conspicuously with a lofty tower. This is said to be the highest in Poland, and at night a bright light has been maintained from the distant past on its summit, serving nowadays as an aviation beacon. The approach is by a wide tree-lined avenue, up which the pilgrims march with their banners, dipping them in salute as they draw near.

The monastery makes a most picturesque appearance with its massive pentagonal walls, the façades of many chapels, turrets here and there, and the soaring spire above all. In this citadel-like silhouette lingers some resemblance to the abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel off the coast of Normandy. Most of the hilltop is a great trampled plain, on which the pilgrims mass in multitudes, often spending the night there, though great barracks are provided for their accommodation. The moat, now dry, is used for flower-beds. The fourteen Stations of the Cross, bronze groups by a noted sculptor, are erected outside the ramparts. Four cannon balls remain embedded in various walls, and a statue of the valiant Prior Kordecki also commemorates the siege. A later ascent of the tower showed cloisters and arched courtyards among the clustered buildings, as part of a wonderful view. It is not, however, the immense church with its colossal steeple, rebuilt in 1690 after a fire, that is the actual shrine, but the original Gothic chapel adjacent.

A crowd was kneeling there, attending the service of Benediction, and several peasant women, wrapped in their shawls, lay prostrate before the altar. No one took notice of them or found them in the way. The chapel was dark except for brilliant tall candles flanking the glittering monstrosity with the Sacred Host. Above was the renowned picture of Our Lady of Chęstohova, dim and mysterious. No distinct impression of the visage could be obtained in the shadowy gloom either then or at Mass next morning. The Virgin and Child are visible only as to face and hands, the rest of the figures and the background being covered in the Slavonic ikon style with silver plating set with jewels. They are adorned with heavy crowns upheld by angels, and their robes have an exotic profusion of ornament. Amid this glistening array of gems the face of Our Lady looks forth, darkened through the centuries by the smoke from candles and incense. The picture is known as the "Black Madonna," and similar coloring is frequently met with in old Byzantine work, but it has been called early Italian rather than Byzantine in style. Reproductions do not agree upon the details nor the expression. Below the silver "over-dress" the Virgin's mantle is described as black, with crimson lining and gold edging, decorated with tiny gold *fleur-de-lis*, and the Christ-child's robe as red with a gold pattern and edged with a gold band, while the

background is green. Two gashes on Our Lady's cheek remain from the Hussite outrages, when the picture was carried off, slashed with swords, and thrown away. Copies of it are displayed in Polish homes, and often in shops.

When the service ended a golden screen moved slowly down, within the frame, over the picture until it was encased for protection. It is said to have been shown outside the chapel only twice since it was first brought to Jasna Góra. Following the siege of 1655 it was borne in procession to celebrate the victory, and in 1932 it again appeared, on the occasion of the 550th anniversary of its arrival at Chęstohova. Five hundred thousand pilgrims came that time, and with the peasants knelt the President of Poland, Dr. Mościcki, professor at the University of Lwów; the Prince-Primate, Cardinal Hlond, Archbishop of Poznań and Gniezno; members of the Cabinet, and generals. Here, as in the Middle Ages, Our Lady receives the veneration of high and low who seek her intercession before God. The famous mural by Puvis de Chavannes showing St. Geneviève watching over the sleeping city of Paris, towards the end of her life, suggests the gracious care with which the Most Holy Lady of Chęstohova is affectionately believed to hold Poland in her keeping. Well may we pray with countless others that she will protect this glorious and tragic nation against the perils of whatever nature that the future still holds.

## Our Own Swords

By Hugh Blunt

**SUFFERING** is not an unmitigated evil. It is rather a gift of God to be used for our own sanctification and for the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth.

**J**ESUS CHRIST had swords in His Heart; Mary, His Mother, had Swords in her heart; and we, if we are in any way to be like them, must have Swords in our own hearts.

I am afraid that most of us have tried to make up a religion of our own—Christianity without the Cross, life without the Sword. We could try to fool ourselves, like the ancient Stoics, that there is no such thing as suffering, that it is a matter of control—until like an eastern mystic we can make a pin-cushion of our body, or walk on red-hot embers, or lie down on a bed of knives, and ignore it. Or, like the modern Christian Scientist, we may affect to

believe that the supposed corporal pain is but a mental hallucination; or, like the fatalist, pronounce that if there is pain it is a part of life, neither good nor bad, and that the only thing we can do about it is to grin and bear it.

Now most of us never reach that unreal foolishness. We are easily cognizant of pain. There is no joke about it. Give us a tooth-ache and we think that the end of the world ought to be just around the corner. No, we do not think pain non-existent, purely imaginary. I wonder if anybody ever really thought so. The trouble with us is that instead of minimizing it, we exaggerate it. At times we exaggerate it to the

point that we think it essentially evil in itself, such a monstrous evil that we cannot understand why God allows it to exist, why we who are the children of God are made to endure it.

If we had our way, religion would be a pleasant experience, no racks, no scourges, no gibbets, no crosses, no heartaches, no tears. But we cannot have our way. And whether we have religion or not, we have got to have our pain.

For pain is ever with us: cares of heart, sorrows of soul, lacerations of flesh, twistings of the nerves. Take them out of life, and somehow there is not much left. Remember the sword *Excalibur* of King Arthur, in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*? We are told how the Lady of the Lake, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful . . . gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword." On one side of it were engraved the words, "Take me"; and on the other side the words, "Cast me away." And so when King Arthur, after his life of combat

and sorrow, lay dying, he bade Sir Bedivere throw it into the middle mere. So life with us is chiefly a cross-hilted sword, to be cast away only when death comes.

Pains are ever at our side, ever asserting themselves. How common it is for those who are in the continual presence of such company to ask, "Is life worth living?" I remember one, who in the time of a great personal affliction by death expressed that same question. The answer of a friend was, "Life is pretty good between times." Between times, yes. But always we remember that there is another sorrow getting ready to meet us, so that the "between times" becomes shorter and shorter. No; there is always the flaming sword before the paradise of delights from which we have been expelled.

**S**TRANGE, but the first instrument man saw was not the axe or the hoe, but the sword. When Adam sinned, God said to him: "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken. . . . And He cast out Adam; and placed before the paradise of pleasure Cherubims, and a flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

The flaming sword that keeps us out of Paradise and—paradox—the flaming sword that eventually conquers Paradise for us.

Anyway, there is in that flaming sword before the gate of Paradise the whole secret of the mystery of pain. For it is original sin that forged that Sword of Sorrow. And if pain existed for no other reason than this, that it is what man has deserved for his sin, its existence is justified. Sinners all are we, and we deserve no better.

So many of us try to fool God into a bargain. We say to Him, "Now, I am pretty good. I never commit a serious sin; are You not going to be good to me? Keep me from poverty, keep me from suffering. We are such good friends, Lord. Treat me as a friend. I can understand how these sinners suffer so. They deserve every bit of it. They are no friends of Yours. But I am Your friend, and there is a bargain that Your friends should not suffer." But the fact is that God never made any such bargain. God never said, "Serve me and I will make you a millionaire." Just the contrary. That was the mistake made by Job. He had thought that a good life here brought its reward here.

It is not enough to serve God just for what you can get out of Him.

We have so much talk about suffering, so much running away from it, because we have not wished to face the truth. Poor cowards that we are, we have convinced ourselves that suffering is an unmitigated evil, to be kept away from us as far as possible. We have left God out of the equation. We have looked at the thing in the dark, rather than in the full light of Faith. For, try as you may, you will never settle the question of pain unless you believe in a future life, unless you see that Gate of Heaven opening behind "the flaming sword, turning every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

For suffering is a gift of God, to be used in the establishing of the Kingdom of God. No one is fool enough to think that pain is an ultimate end, to be cherished for itself. A howling dervish might think so, or an insane Flagellant, or a sadist. Not so the Christian. With him pains are "growing pains," marking the process of increase in manly stature toward citizenship in the Kingdom. Truly a gift from God. When Saint Ignatius was asked what was the shortest way to perfection, he replied, "Ask of God sufferings and patience; for when God gives this to anyone, He gives him many benefits in one." It was the same philosophy of life that made Saint Francis of Assisi call sickness and suffering his sisters.

**N**OW there are many ways of regarding this gift of God. It is a multiple gift, "many benefits in one."

One of these benefits, and not the least, is that it is a good ounce of prevention. There is an old saying, that the burnt child dreads the fire. Hell looms up as a pretty hot furnace before most of us. It gives us the creeps. Why? Because it is pain, excruciating pain, to go on forever and forever. And I who know what pain can be here on earth, even from my puny fire, shudder to think what is the horror of that bottomless pit.

I should never fear about that if I had not the knowledge of what pain can be, insignificant as this pain is to that. I dread the fire because my fingers have already been burnt. And if I instinctively shrink from this pain, how shall I endure that other pain? And if God is as kind as my mother, He will let my little fingers get a touch of the flame here so as to save me from eternal damnation. You will never fear pain till you know what it is. We flee from the fire of hell because we have already been initiated into pain.

It is no blessing to have too much happiness here. We grow content with that. It becomes the only Paradise we want to know anything about. We should be content to go on that way forever, and the further on we go the

less spiritual we become. If you find your heaven on earth, that is the only heaven you will ever find. We meet so many like that. Their lines are always cast in pleasant places. Some of them have not a speck of religion. Their horizon is limited to earth. And we wonder at it.

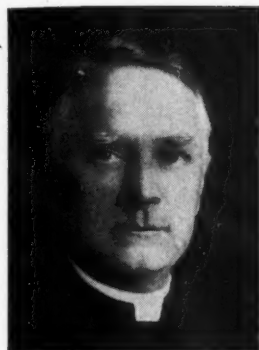
But listen to the Psalmist. "Behold these are sinners; and yet abounding in the world, they have obtained riches. And I said: I have in vain justified my heart and washed my hands among the innocent. And I have been scourged all the day; and my chastisement hath been in the mornings. . . . But indeed for deceits thou hast put it to them: when they were lifted up thou hast cast them down. How are they brought to desolation? they have suddenly ceased to be: they have perished by reason of their iniquity."

Yes, a bad man can be happy in this life just because of his sin, and because he has nothing to do with God. He gets his reward here, and that is the end of it. He is drunk with joy for the night, but there is a long day on which he opens his eyes, that long day on which hearts are revealed. Of course, that is not to say that the evil man always escapes punishment in this life. There are many vices that carry their own punishment with them. Nature, violated, avenges itself. But this is not the problem we face. Somehow we say, it serves them right. The difficulty is, how is it that the good, or those who are really trying to serve God, have to suffer?

It is a question as old as the world. Even the pagans grappled with it. "Why are good men subject to misfortune since there exists a Providence?" asks Seneca. And he answers: "Because in delivering the virtuous man to the blows of misfortune, God treats him with a paternal discernment. He works to render him worthy of reward; He purifies and strengthens him, and prepares him for Himself. Because, strictly speaking, there is no real evil for the just man, trials being as useful to him as are combats to the athlete, and war and danger to the soldier."

**A**ND he adds: "We are astonished that God, Who loves good men, should make fortune their adversary. But I find nothing more admirable. We see here two combatants, both worthy of having God as spectator of their struggles: the strong man fighting at close quarters with adversity." Pretty good for a pagan! But we need not wonder that a pagan did not get the full meaning of pain. "Behold the word," says Bossuet, speaking of suffering, "which the apostles heard not and did not wish to hear, that it is necessary to suffer, that it is necessary to die, that it is necessary to be crucified with Jesus Christ."

# Personal Mention



PATRICK HEALY

of the Church. His children have grown to love him more with the passing years.

Dr. Healy has sketched the early career of the Holy Father, before passing on to the crowded and eventful years of Pope Pius XI's pontificate. The character, vision, activities, influence, the sorrows and joys of the reigning Pontiff are described in detail.

The author, a priest of the archdiocese of New York, was educated at Dunwoodie Seminary and the Catholic University. Since 1903 he has been a member of the University faculty, and has taught as the incumbent of the Patrick Quinn Chair of Church History.

**T**HOSE unacquainted with the work of the clergy often ask: *What Are Priests Doing?* The activities of the clergy in the parish, missionary, educational, literary and economic field are discussed in this issue by FR. PAUL STROH, C.S.S.R.

His own varied career, since his ordination by Cardinal Hayes in 1925, awakened his interest in the multiple duties of his fellow-priests. After parish work in Philadelphia, he was sent on a new venture to Toronto. Archbishop Neil McNeil had appealed to the American Redemptorists to take care of 4,000 recently-arrived emigrants from Central Europe.

Our author was assigned to the charge and founded the first Catholic Settlement House in Ontario. His deep interest in social problems is continued now at the Catholic University in Washington.

This summer he will give his third series of lectures on Sociology and Economics at the summer school of the College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.

**JOHN BRUNINI** has brought out into public a question which is of concern to every editor who attempts to put quality into his magazine. The subject of *Readers and the High-brow* is one that is treated at times in the Communications Department, but more frequently by private correspondence. In his plea for



JOHN BRUNINI

intellectual improvement and a sense of appreciation, the writer reminds his audience that all can learn, and that education should not cease with one's graduation from school or college.

A native of Vicksburg, Miss., and a graduate of Georgetown University, he began his literary career as a reporter and feature writer in New York City. For a time associated with *Commonweal*, he is now editor of *Spirit, A Magazine of Verse*, published by the Catholic Poetry Society of America. His book of poems, *The Mysteries of the Rosary*, was a selection of the Catholic Book Club.

It has been the unswerving effort of Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan to advance *Social Justice Without Violence*. In a recent interview at Lansing, Mich., with the EDITOR of THE SIGN Mr. Murphy expressed himself freely on his opinions and findings on the question of social justice.

His successful settlement, by peaceful methods, of one of the greatest labor disturbances in American history, has made him a national figure. A devout Catholic, with a record of accomplishments in his native State and in the Philippines, he is striving to put in practice the directions on social problems expressed in the Pope's Encyclicals. His proposed Bill for Industrial Peace is now before his State legislature. Its outcome and final form will be awaited with keen interest by all who wish the individual states to provide for a solution of their labor problems.

When DR. BERNARD GRIMLEY takes us *Back Stage in Spain*, we have an experienced guide for, after studies in colleges in his native England, he went to live in Valladolid. He has never relinquished his interest in Spain. His knowledge of that country and his contacts there have kept him informed of the developments of recent years.

**R**ETURNING to England, he engaged in parochial and missionary labors before becoming co-editor, with Dr. Herbert Vaughan, of the *Catholic Gazette*. Many of his lectures at the Cambridge Summer School have appeared in book form. Editor, since 1933, of the *Catholic Times*, he has contributed frequently to other periodicals. As this issue goes to press Dr. Grimley, who has been preaching in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New York, and lecturing elsewhere, will be on his way back to England.

The assaults, from the right and the left, on our form of government have made us wonder about *The Destiny of Democracy*. Closer to these conflicting currents of thought than most of us, GEORGE STUART BRADY reminds us that we must not weaken in our battle to preserve our liberties. A practical interest in the problems which are common to all of us will guarantee their preservation.



BERNARD GRIMLEY



# NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

## Damien The Leper

by John Farrow

When Damien of Molokai, standing at the altar railing that hot Sunday morning in June, began his sermon with the significant address, "We lepers . . ." he was announcing the consummation of his sacrifice. He had been stricken by *Death before Death* as the Ancient Egyptians called the dread disease of leprosy.

As a young man in his twenties, Father Damien had exiled himself amongst the victims of this terrible disease in the graveyard that was Molokai. Leprosy—swathed in sterilized bandages, treated in light, airy, sunlit hospitals, is revolting; but leprosy as this young priest found it in Kalawai settlement was horrible beyond human imagination. He, himself, likened it to the phantasmagoria of a nightmare. Beings distorted beyond human appearance; rotting flesh and horrible stench; fear and hopeless apathy; a land from which laughter was banished, and only the pitiful moans of the dying and the unending funeral dirge chanted by booming surf and the plaintive cries of the wheeling birds broke the stillness of this Isle of Horrors. Years later, when some semblance of order and decency had been introduced through the heroic labors of Father Damien, Robert Louis Stevenson, visiting Molokai, called it, "A pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in." And when Damien first came to that rock-bound prison in the Pacific, he found a moral degeneration that rivaled the ravages of physical disease—unbridled lust, drunkenness induced by the fermented and distilled juice of *Ki* (a native plant)—a drunkenness which fired the brain and caused a sort of madness. Only one standard of conduct maintained in this Kingdom of the Dead, "Aole kanawai ma keia wahi—In this place is no law."

It was imperative that a corps of doctors, nurses, mechanics and engineers be furnished the leper colony. For twenty years, Father Damien, in addition to his priestly duties—which alone would tax the strength of a normal man—was sole doctor, nurse, mechanic and engineer. He washed the sores of the diseased; built their houses; dug their graves; made their coffins (two thousand by his own hands, it is estimated); piped water down from the hills, and gave to Molokai the *luxury* of running

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water and faucets. It was an almost impossible task, but this heroic priest, so providentially equipped for the work, persevered, alone and opposed, and dying saw success.

John Farrow has written a fascinating story of the life of this truly fascinating leper priest. Father Damien is no stranger to the English-speaking world—R. L. S. saw to that—but one does not really know the man, till the book is read. An engrossing tale of high adventure, well written and compelling interest; fire at sea; a battle for life in shark-infested waters; single-handed rescue of shipwrecked sailors—Father Damien's life was never without its unusual episodes. Mr. Farrow makes the priest live again—a man of more than ordinary physical strength, and superb moral courage. Damien, impatient of governmental red tape; chafing against the stupid meddling that would hamper his work for the dear lepers; Damien; the Saint, whose daily Mass was an inspiration to devotion; who ignored the honors an admiring world would lavish on him. One readily concurs with the approval of Hugh Walpole, "Now that I have read this book I feel that I have Damien as a companion for the rest of my days."

Nor is this work the perfervid production of an enthusiastic hero-worshiper. Rather, the author leans backward in his efforts to avoid fulsome praise and suspicion of whitewashing defects. One might say that the true character of Damien forces its way to the light in spite of the caution of his biographer. *Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$2.50.*

## An Essay on the Nature of Contemporary England

by Hilaire Belloc

Hilaire Belloc is a master of lucid, vigorous prose. He knows the historical origins of modern England. He is a keen analyst of character, whether individual or national. He has a Gallican capacity for brilliant summary and defense of a thesis. His competence, therefore, for the task essayed in this book is certain.

The result is excellent. He is concerned primarily, of course, with contemporary England. But his book, which is short enough and of sufficiently absorbing interest to be read at one sitting, contains many wise observations of more general application. Besides, as he is careful to point out, "not to understand what modern England is may, if the error be prolonged, lead the foreigner into dangerous collision with it."

His thesis may be stated summarily as follows: Contemporary England, begotten chiefly by William Cecil and born during the generations of the religious revolution, is specified by three main characteristics: it is aristocratic, it is Protestant, it is commercial. The evidence, offered by Mr. Belloc to sustain this thesis, seems quite conclusive.

Since a "fruitful statement on any political truth must be dynamic," Mr. Belloc feels obliged to indicate what changes, in his judgment, are now apparent in the above mentioned factors of England's spirit. He believes that the only "one which would seem to be failing is that aristocratic quality which has been the vital force of the country since modern England began to be." The increasing urbanization of the populace only serves to accentuate the commercial spirit and the anti-Catholic bias of typical England seems to Mr. Belloc to be fixed, not indeed forever but "so far as one can affirm the permanence of anything human."

Read the book. It is admirably objective. It is stimulating. It belongs on your "must-list."

*Sheed & Ward, N. Y. \$1.25.*

## Return From the U.S.S.R.

by André Gide

Interest in the once highly publicized Russian experiment is on the wane. Some of America's leading Communist sympathizers and noisiest "liberals" have recorded their disappointment after seeing conditions at first hand. Now comes the famous French novelist, André Gide, a man who "publicly proclaimed his solidarity with the Bolsheviks and his conviction that the U. S. S. R. is the hope of the world," to confess his disillusionment.

He reports his impressions of those things that the Soviets take pleasure in showing and of those things he was able to observe while on his own. He refused to let himself "be dazzled." Much of what he saw and heard left

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him in a state of chagrin and keen disappointment. In the few pages of his brief book he offers some surprising revelations. Coming from a man so vehemently sympathetic toward the Soviets they cannot be dismissed lightly. One bubble that he pricks completely is that of the vaunted freedom of the people. He says: "In the U. S. S. R. . . . there can be only one opinion. . . . Every morning the *Pravda* teaches them just what they should know and think and believe. And he who strays from the path had better look out! So that every time you talk to one Russian you feel as if you were talking to them all."

For anyone interested in proving the Russian Experiment a fiasco this book is worth while. It is brief and to the point. The translation is well done. It must, however, be borne in mind that although André Gide is bitterly disappointed, his book is offered as a warning to the Soviets by one of themselves rather than a denunciation.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N. Y. \$1.00.

## Candle for the Proud

by Francis MacManus

Here is a story that will appeal to the Irish—a story that tells of their land in the Eighteenth Century when the natives were subjected to the oppression of English landlords. The peasants, struggling to gain a livelihood, find the common land has been fenced off and their cattle forced to starve. A few, but only a few, are driven to apostatize from their religion so that they may find a living for themselves and their children among their Protestant friends.

The tale is dramatically told. The reader senses the black night of the farmers as they wait in their cottages while the young men are abroad pillaging the lands of their oppressors. There is a poetic vein in Mr. MacManus' style of writing that tells of the eerie darkness, the terror, the despair that is in the hearts of all, of the sole vestige of light that remains for the common people who are true to their religion. For *Candle for the Proud* is nothing but a simile for the Catholic Faith in Ireland's dark days.

Briefly, the plot deals with the old poet, Donnacha Ruadh MacConmara, who in his early days had studied in Rome for the priesthood only to find that he had not the vocation. He came home, married, and his son and daughter are grown when the story opens. The three are likewise victims of the Protestant oppression so that young Donnacha takes to thieving and Maire begs on the road to get the crumbs of livelihood. Only old Donnacha broods on the hard days that are abroad when

no young scholars come to him to learn of Latin and Greek; when the poetry that once flourished in his soul has dried and flown. Seeing the squalor of his hut, he is driven to despair and gives up the Catholic Faith so that he may qualify for the newly-vacant position of Protestant sexton. But he finds no peace here. One day he learns that the village priest has been accused of murder and sentenced by an English court to be hanged. The old spirit revives then in Donnacha Ruadh. The end of the story finds him a hero among the people, for he has saved Father O'Casey from the gallows, returned to his religion, and rescued his neighbors when they attempted to burn down the house of the absentee landlord.

*Candle for the Proud* is a sequel to *Stand and Give Challenge*, an Irish Catholic story of high merit.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.50.

## Bread Into Roses

by Kathleen Norris

*Bread Into Roses*, Kathleen Norris' latest novel, introduces three sets of triangles which at critical points lose an angle and dissolve neatly into two valid marriages for the heroine. The way to a second marriage is prepared when one of the angles squares off into an experiment in sin. Though I am very sure the authoress would disapprove the indelicate word "sin," we must report that the experiment unfolds into a questionable divorce, the usual remorse and in the last chapter, a very obliging and timely suicide.

If you like fancied spreadings on the more sophisticated spots on the Magic Carpet, you will observe that Kathleen Norris displays herself as a competent guide in this perniciously anaemic novel. If you like to dream about the gaities and the lubricities of the upper edges of the social crust, you may venture about dizzily though vicariously in the person of the enamored Susannah. If you enjoy the honesties and the satisfying simplicities of the simple life you may enjoy these, too, perhaps again vicariously, in the person of a disillusioned Susannah. Anyhow, the simple life is a favorite theme, sort of a *leit motif* with Kathleen Norris.

But then *Bread Into Roses* is a harmless, pointless novel. We have mastered the idea that infidelity never rewards, that divorce breaks hearts and that selfish passion menaces the incidental child. If Kathleen Norris were now to become a Catholic novelist it would be no longer necessary for her to mark time in the matter of our education. *Bread Into Roses* is a somewhat delicate gesture inviting the attention of a group who love to toy with a few ideas of a particular sort.

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## A Lamp on the Plains

by Paul Horgan

In this, his latest novel, Paul Horgan has created a group of characters that present themselves in all the naturalness of people one has actually known and associated with. Some of these characters are compelled to answer questions that are hard to answer, to walk in ways that are strange and difficult—and we watch with pity or with approval while they respond as best they may.

Danny Milford is the central character of the story. The development of his character and mind has been woven by Mr. Horgan into an intensely interesting story. Danny is young in years, poor in worldly possessions, and with little mental or religious training. He is placed among associates who try to give him what they can out of their own intellectual and moral resources. The result is what might have been expected. There is all the success to which natural motives and natural ideals can lead; there is all the failure and frustration which are inevitable when religion does not enter into life as a vital factor.

Mr. Horgan's choice of characters and plot is well made. The splendid flow

of his prose has already won for him wide recognition. His theme and many of the incidents in the story are suitable only for mature minds. The philosophy of life which here and there crops to the surface in the course of the story, is often exceptional in quality. Yet, the book can hardly be called a Catholic novel. It is a Catholic novel only in the sense that it suggests how great is the need in human life of the vitality and strength of Catholicism. It shows how much and how little can be achieved by the powers of natural reason and the inadequate help of man-made religions. *Harper Bros., New York City. \$2.50.*

## The Priesthood in a Changing World

by John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D.

Dr. O'Brien, chaplain of the Newman Club at the University of Illinois, has written an inspiring and provocative book for American priests; inspiring because he urges in eloquent language the need of greater activity on the part of priests for the extension of God's kingdom on earth; provocative because his viewpoint is not conditioned by accurate knowledge of the relationship between priestly sanctity and zeal—a fault which is not uncommon among those who are enthusiastic in the cause of active works. Again, his opinion in the matter of disseminating knowledge of the "safe period" is likewise probably due to an exaggerated judgment of the urgency of its need and confidence in its efficacy. There are good grounds for dissenting from both the above viewpoints, and, no doubt, contrary views will be expressed more at length when the book is reviewed in the clerical magazines. But despite these defects, the book deserves to be read by the clergy, for it brings home forcibly to them the great harvest which stretches before them and the pressing need of setting about garnering it. The enthusiasm of the author is infectious. Several of the chapters have already appeared in Catholic magazines.

*P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.75.*

## Reorganization of Social Economy

by Oswald Von Nell-Bruening

The sub-title of this volume explains the aim of the author, which is the development and explanation of the social Encyclical of Pope Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*. The English edition was prepared by Rev. Bernard W. Dempsey, S.J., Assistant in Economics at St. Louis University. The latter had no other purpose than to present a faithful translation of the German original of Father Nell-Bruening. The translator, however, has increased the value of the

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book by omitting examples and references which had interest only for German readers and adding footnotes and other addenda, including an available bibliography on several topics.

The present volume is the first detailed commentary on the Encyclical which has come to hand. It is a pleasure to write that it fulfills the purpose the author had in mind in an admirable manner. He divides the Encyclical into sections and follows them with his explanation and comments. The paragraphs of the Papal document are numbered, but not the paragraphs of the author. It might have been more helpful to the reader had he added corresponding numbers to his commentary.

It is becoming more apparent every day that the plan for the reconstruction of the social order submitted by Pope Pius, and before him by Pope Leo XIII, is the only efficacious remedy for a very sick world. The Holy Father regards the world situation not from the viewpoint of a selfish partisan of either capital or labor, but from the vantage point of the serene moral heights which are above all partisanship. He seeks the social welfare of all human society in accordance with the dictates of the Gospel of Christ. Only when employers and employees, as well as governments, agree to accept the principles of social



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justice and charity sanctioned by the teaching of Christ will there be peace and stable order in society. Of course, there are many problems which are difficult of solution even when all parties concerned in social reorganization agree on the fundamental doctrines of the Encyclical, but these difficulties will more readily yield to arbitration and a just settlement when the eternal principles of social justice and charity are accepted and obeyed. The Holy Father himself admits that the Church does not interfere "in technical matters, for which she has neither the equipment nor the mission." Such matters are left to men familiar with such problems. But there can be no discussion concerning the right of the Church of "propagating, interpreting, and urging, in season and out of season, the entire moral law," and of demanding "that both social and economic questions be brought within our supreme jurisdiction, insofar as they refer to moral issues."

It is a pleasure to welcome this volume. It deserves a commanding place in the mounting volume of social literature. Schools, seminaries, study clubs, and, of course, the interested individual, will find it an interesting and authoritative treatment of the social question.

*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$3.50.*

### The Saint of the Wilderness, St. Isaac Jogues, S. J.

by John J. Birch

Isaac Jogues! The name itself seems symbolic in its juxtaposition of guttural Hebrew and refined French. The martyr who bore it carried about with him all the marks of high spiritual culture and intellectual attainment which adorned the French Jesuits of the seventeenth century. He was a gentle soul like his Old Testament namesake. But like him, he was doomed by God's decree, to sudden, swift destruction in a wild, deserted portion of the earth. Unlike the Isaac of old, however, God did not withhold the arm upraised to strike.

The story of St. Isaac Jogues is a twice-told tale for any American Cath-

olic. There is no need of outlining it here. But the lives of God's martyrs have a fascination about them that makes the re-telling of their story ever a live and inspirational thing. Dr. Birch, the author of this present life of Jogues, has been caught up in that fascination. Although a non-Catholic, he gives us a story deeply spiritual, deeply moving, altogether worthy of the saintly man who has been his own spiritual idol since boyhood.

The book, never uninteresting, is yet uneven in value. The Jesuit background and the account of Jogues' youth and education leave the impression of haste and even of shoddiness in composition, but once one moves with Jogues from old France to New France, the story takes on the quality and tempo of some old richly stirring drama unfortunately burdened with a flat and tiresome prologue.

It is too bad the author did not make the saint *live* in his youth as we see him live and die in his maturity. But for all that the book is decidedly a compelling picture of the high romance of another of God's saints.

*Benziger Brothers, New York, \$2.00.*

### Christ as Organizer of the Church

by Most Rev. John J. Swint, D.D., LL.D.

The truly apostolic Bishop of Wheeling, by the publication of this attractive book, contributes a worthwhile exposition to popular apologetic literature. The intelligent Catholic, the instructor of prospective converts, and non-Catholics who are interested in our Church will welcome this handy collection of lectures.

Probably the most widely accepted theory of Protestants today is that Christ came merely as a Teacher and that He was in no sense an Organizer. He left it to man to do the organizing. Hence church organizations are entirely man-made and purely human. The purpose of these lectures is to show that Christ Himself organized His Church and that you cannot separate Christ as a Teacher from Christ as an Organizer. They also tell us something of the nature of the Church and of our obligations toward it. The titles of the lectures are: "Why Men Do Not Believe; The Divinity of Christ; The Church; The Bible; The Pope; Infallibility; The Growth of the Church; Is One Religion as Good as Another?; Why I Am a Catholic." Every one of these discourses is written in good taste, is vibrant with solid reasoning power, is clear in its statement of truth, is well adapted to the mentality of the non-Catholic mind.

*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.25.*

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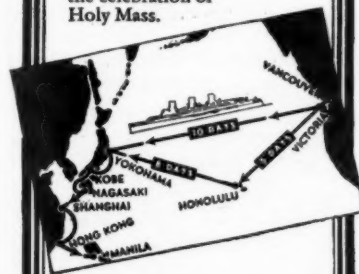
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## Historic English Convents of Today

by Dom Basil Whalen, O.S.B.

The laws established in England to crush the Catholic Church in that island destroyed the conventual life and made its reestablishment impossible for many decades. With the stamping out of the religious life in England the only way open for English Catholics who wished to enter a convent or monastery was to escape to the Continent and become associated with some foreign community. But as the number of Catholic refugees on the Continent increased and when the passage of time brought no amelioration in the oppression, it was natural that thoughts should turn to the establishment of permanent foundations.

Dom Whalen's book tells the story of the twenty-three convents established on the Continent for the reception of English women who wished to embrace the religious life. Eighteen of the twenty-three convents retain their corporate identity to the present day and all but one of the eighteen surviving institutions are at present in the British Isles. The transfer of the convents from the Continent and their settlement in England was due to the fact that the Penal Laws were mitigated in time and thus the nuns were able to go to England when political disturbances brought about the suppression of their houses on the Continent. Most of this later persecution was at the time of the French Revolution but it is interesting to note that the last suppression was that of the Augustinian Canonesses of Paris affected by Clémenceau in 1910.

This story of English convents is an interesting religious and historical document. It reveals the extremes of cruelty and oppression to which a government went in its project of crushing the Universal Church and of setting up one by law established. But its main value is that it portrays faithful and heroic Catholic women who were ready to embrace poverty, persecution, and exile in order to serve God and man.

Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. \$3.00.

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## Shorter Notes

JESUS CHRIST THE DIVINE BRIDGE BUILDER, by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P., D.D. (The Paulist Press, N. Y., \$10). An attempt to compress the Theology of the Incarnation and Redemption within the pages of a pamphlet is at first sight a daring one. But yet has not the Church compressed all her Theology within the framework of the Creed? If doubts should remain, however, they can be satisfactorily dispelled by reading *Jesus Christ the Divine Bridge Builder*.

The author has couched theological thought and terminology in a language that is erudite, yet facile withal. He first poses the question of Shakespeare, "What's in a name?" and answers it by unfolding many of the sublime prerogatives bound up in the Scriptural names for the Saviour. He then explains the unique character of Christ as the God-Man; he sketches in broad outlines the contour of His Kingdom, the realm of Grace. He sets Christ before us during the eclipse of His Passion, when the sun was for a time obscured. We see Him emerge from the tomb in triumph, thrilled by the realization that we as well as He are victorious, and we know that a Bridge has indeed been built between the chaos of our nothingness and the fulness of His Godhead.

It is a pamphlet you will want to keep by you.

LORDLESS, by MISS E. G. KNEEN (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., \$2.50) is a novel of the fifteenth century. The story opens at the deathbed of Timur, the Lame. While Dilkusha, the youngest wife of Timur, is watching in the death chamber, Fray Sebastian, a young Dominican, enters and endeavors to convert the dying man to Christianity. This starts the theme of the story. In the confusion which follows the death of Timur, Dilkusha puts herself under the protection of Sebastian who starts out for Europe. During the long journey an attachment springs up between the two and this makes the Friar feel that he has violated his vows. In reparation he concludes that the woman must suffer and, though she is a pagan, he puts her in a convent and proceeds to Constantinople where he receives a dispensation from his vows and puts aside his habit. The remainder of the novel reveals the experiences of the two through long years, though they do not meet again until Sebastian is near death at Belgrade where Hunyadi has just turned back the hosts of Islam. Many incidents in the story are interesting but the characterization is sketchy and inadequate. The main defect of the book is that it presents a twisted idea and portrayal of the religion and religious life of the period.

**CHRIST AND LITTLENESS**, by REV. JAMES F. CASSIDY (Benziger Bros., N. Y., \$1.50) is a study of an aspect of Our Lord's Life. Christ once said, "Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart" and it has been recognized that in this precept the Master made humility to be the very foundation stone of Christian spirituality. That meekness and humility are found in the life of the Divine Teacher is amply revealed by a careful study of Sacred Scripture, yet for many the extent of this truth may be hidden. It is the endeavor of Father Cassidy to demonstrate how Christ practiced littleness from Bethlehem to Calvary. There is nothing of weakness nor cowardice in this Divine Littleness. It is the way that Christ has revealed Himself as "the power of God, and the Wisdom of God" and in this we must remember that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men." The book can be recommended as a valuable and solid contribution to the field of spiritual reading.

**THE INDEX TO AMERICAN CATHOLIC PAMPHLETS**, by EUGENE P. WILLING (Catholic Library Service, St. Paul, Minn., \$1.25). There has been a steady increase in the number of Catholic pamphlets published in America. Priests, teachers, students, study club members and the man in the street find in them a desirable form of reference. Space limitations prevent many Catholic magazines, *THE SIGN* included, from giving adequate notice to these small but effective publications.

This well-planned Index, therefore, supplies a great need. Classification by subjects as well as an alphabetical index of authors make it readily usable. It is a guide to all pamphlets obtainable from publishers until January, 1937. A supplement, we understand from its author, will be available later.

**BIBLE CHILDREN**. Selected by BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON (Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., N. Y., \$1.50). Stories concerning adventures in the lives of children are of particular interest to the average child. Realizing this, Blanche Jennings Thompson offers the child an introduction to the Bible through a group of stories about the children of the Old and New Testaments.

The book contains thirteen stories, each illustrated with a full-page drawing by Kate Seredy. Although the stories are condensed and the language simplified so as to be comprehensible to the child's mind, Miss Thompson has altered the Bible text very little. She relates the adventures of Isaac; of Joseph, the slave boy who became governor of Egypt; of David, the shepherd

boy who became king, and of all the other children of the Old Testament. We read also about St. John, about the boyhood of Jesus, and about the children Jesus loved.

This beautifully illustrated and carefully selected group of stories will make an appropriate and lasting First Communion gift for boys and girls.

**THE PRIEST**, by ABBE PLANUS, translated by REV. J. L. ZOPH, (Benziger Bros., \$2.75), is a book of retreat meditations and instructions for the special use of the parochial clergy. The author is well equipped for his task, as he has devoted his life to the training of clerical aspirants and has had much experience in giving retreats to the clergy. His tone is straightforward yet sympathetic. He knows the spiritual and material temptations which are likely to assail those in care of souls. His treatment of these problems will prove enlightening and inspiring. Both the above books are printed on ivory-tinted paper, which, to this reviewer, is repugnant to the eyes.

**THE WAY OF LIFE**, by REV. LEON A. McNEILL AND MADELEINE AARON, (St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00, library edition; 50 cents, study club edition), is a discursive treatment of the nature of the Christian life, the precepts of God and the Church, and the eternal destiny of man. It is lively and engaging. Each chapter is supplemented with a questionnaire and suggestions for putting the lesson into practice.

**MONSIGNOR JOSEPH JESSING** (Josephinum College, Worthington, Ohio, \$3.00) is a biography of the founder of the Pontifical College Josephinum written by four priests who are former students of that college. The memory of this good priest is worthy of being perpetuated. Born of good Catholic parents in Germany, he early dedicated himself to the service of God and the Church. Through no fault of his own, his ambition to become a priest was delayed many years and was not fulfilled until after coming to America. This was providential, for in America there was a great need of priests to labor among Catholics of German ancestry and Father Jessing's zeal soon brought him to the front in the field of his chosen work. His vigorous mind and strong physical constitution enabled him to

carry on an amazing amount of charitable, literary, publishing and educational work in the interests of souls. His crowning achievement was the establishment of the Pontifical College Josephinum for the education of worthy young men for the priesthood with the special mission of attending the spiritual needs of Catholics of German descent throughout the U. S. The biography gives considerable details of the many activities of Monsignor Jessing.

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# Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

## Vocal Prayer Meditated

**I**N THE Rule of Life set forth in the *Manual of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion* we read: "Whatever vocal prayers you say, let them be said slowly, attentively and fervently. One Hail Mary devoutly said will be more pleasing to Mary than many long prayers said hurriedly and without attention."

We must not confine ourselves to reciting the words with our lips; it is necessary that we should raise to our God our minds by attention, our hearts by devotion and our wills by submission. We must be watchful over ourselves, because habit easily begets routine.

As an instance of how concentration on the words of vocal prayers serves to make prayer easy and at the same time elevates the mind to God, the following incident is related in the life of St. Paul of the Cross. One day he went into the garden and began to say the Rosary. The first words of the Our Father caused him to reflect on the sublimity of this thought—that the God Who made the world, Who conserves the world, Who will one day judge the living and the dead—this same God is our *Father*. How wonderful, how full of inspiration, it seems incredible! Yet it is true—Jesus said it. Thinking these thoughts, he got no further than the first bead of the Rosary.

St. Ignatius teaches a manner of praying vocally, suitable for everyone, for any time of the day, and which may be practiced during almost every kind of manual work. It is very useful for such as may have contracted a bad habit of reciting their vocal prayers too quickly:

*First:* Recollect yourself and ask yourself: What is it I am going to do?

*Second:* Beg the grace to derive much fruit from this exercise.

*Third:* Commence the prayer very slowly, leaving the space of a full breath between each word: Soul—of Christ—sanctify me. Body—of Christ—save me. Blood—of Christ—inebriate me. Passion—of Christ—comfort me. O good Jesus—hear me. Within Thy Wounds—hide me.

During this time we think on the sense of the words we have just pronounced, or on the dignity of Him to whom we pray, on our own baseness, our miseries, on our needs.

It is easy to understand that this method should contribute much to excite attention and devotion; it is already, as it were, a timid attempt at a more advanced prayer.

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,  
GENERAL DIRECTOR.

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## Gemma's League of Prayer

**B**LESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

|                            |           |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Masses Said                | 4         |
| Masses Heard               | 21,623    |
| Holy Communions            | 15,205    |
| Visits to B. Sacrament     | 21,620    |
| Spiritual Communions       | 27,626    |
| Benediction Services       | 7,500     |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings     | 28,402    |
| Stations of the Cross      | 6,653     |
| Visits to the Crucifix     | 14,644    |
| Beads of the Five Wounds   | 3,871     |
| Offerings of PP. Blood     | 43,901    |
| Visits to Our Lady         | 12,602    |
| Rosaries                   | 23,201    |
| Beads of the Seven Dolours | 2,575     |
| Ejaculatory Prayers        | 1,437,225 |
| Hours of Study, Reading    | 20,633    |
| Hours of Labor             | 22,646    |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity. | 17,973    |
| Acts of Zeal               | 26,692    |
| Prayers, Devotions         | 120,995   |
| Hours of Silence           | 13,223    |
| Various Works              | 73,753    |
| Holy Hours                 | 85        |

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead (Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.



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 Pope Pius blessing a crowd on  
 Ascension Day at St. John  
 Lateran Church in Rome

His Holiness at the installa-  
 tion of a radio at the Vatican

Pope receives from Benedic-  
 tine monks the first volume of  
 a new revision of the Vulgate

Below:

His Holiness at the opening  
 of the mission exhibit in Rome

(Acme Pictures)



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 1879

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 and Archbishop of Le-  
 panto—1919

Appointed Archbishop of  
 Milan, March, 1921

Elected Pope, February  
 6th, 1922





